JULY, 1945
FATHER'S DAY ISSUE

THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 178

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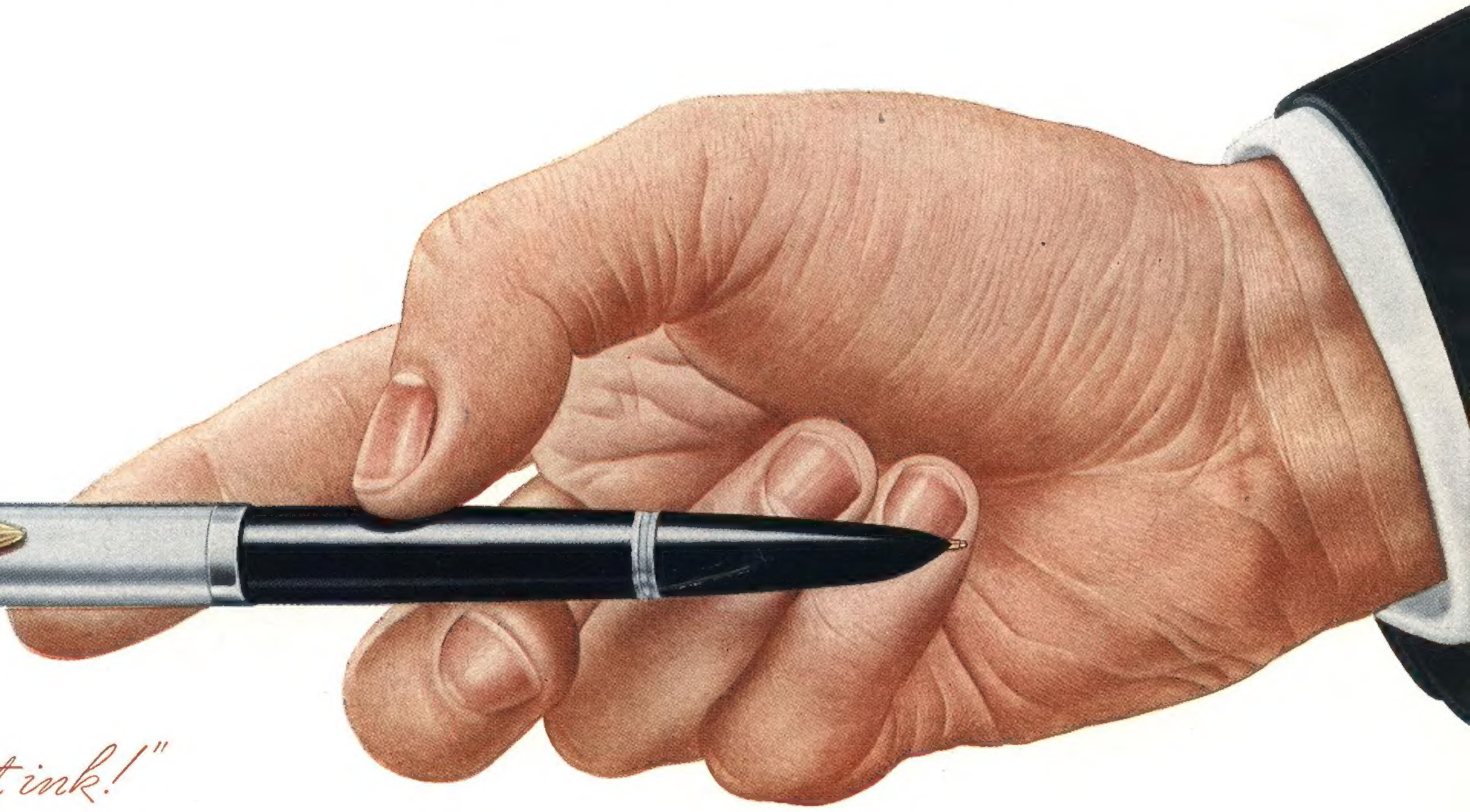

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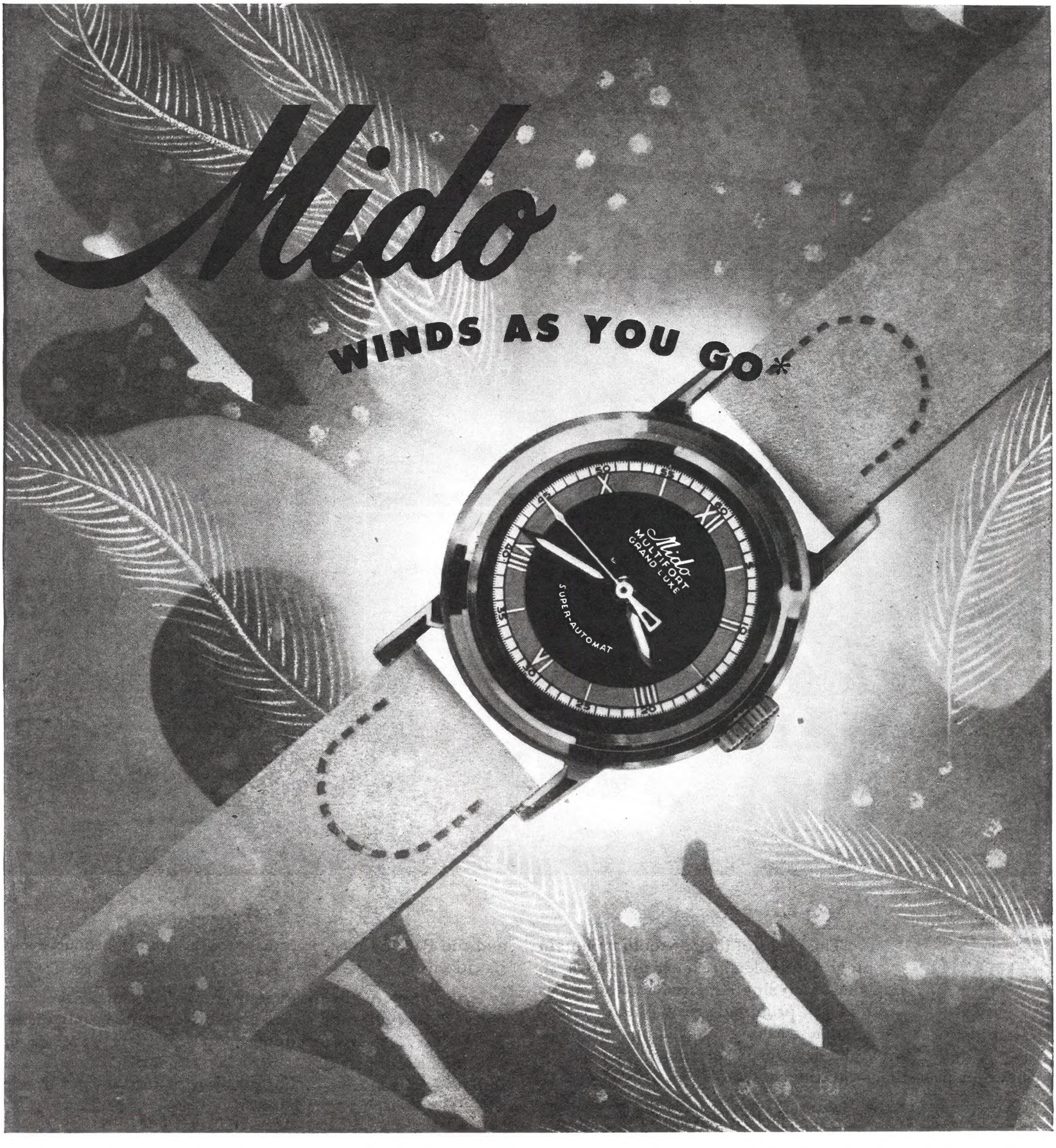

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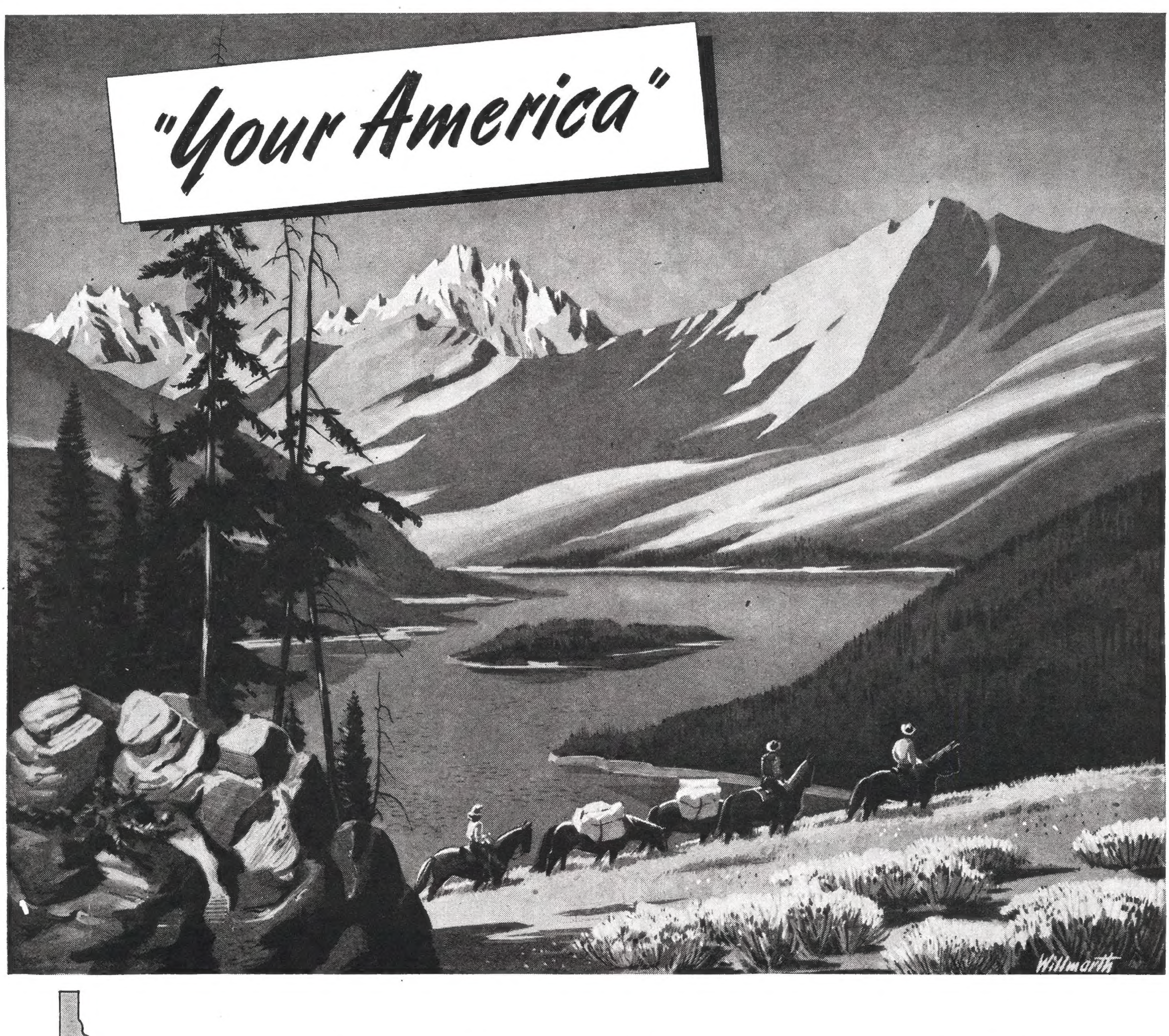
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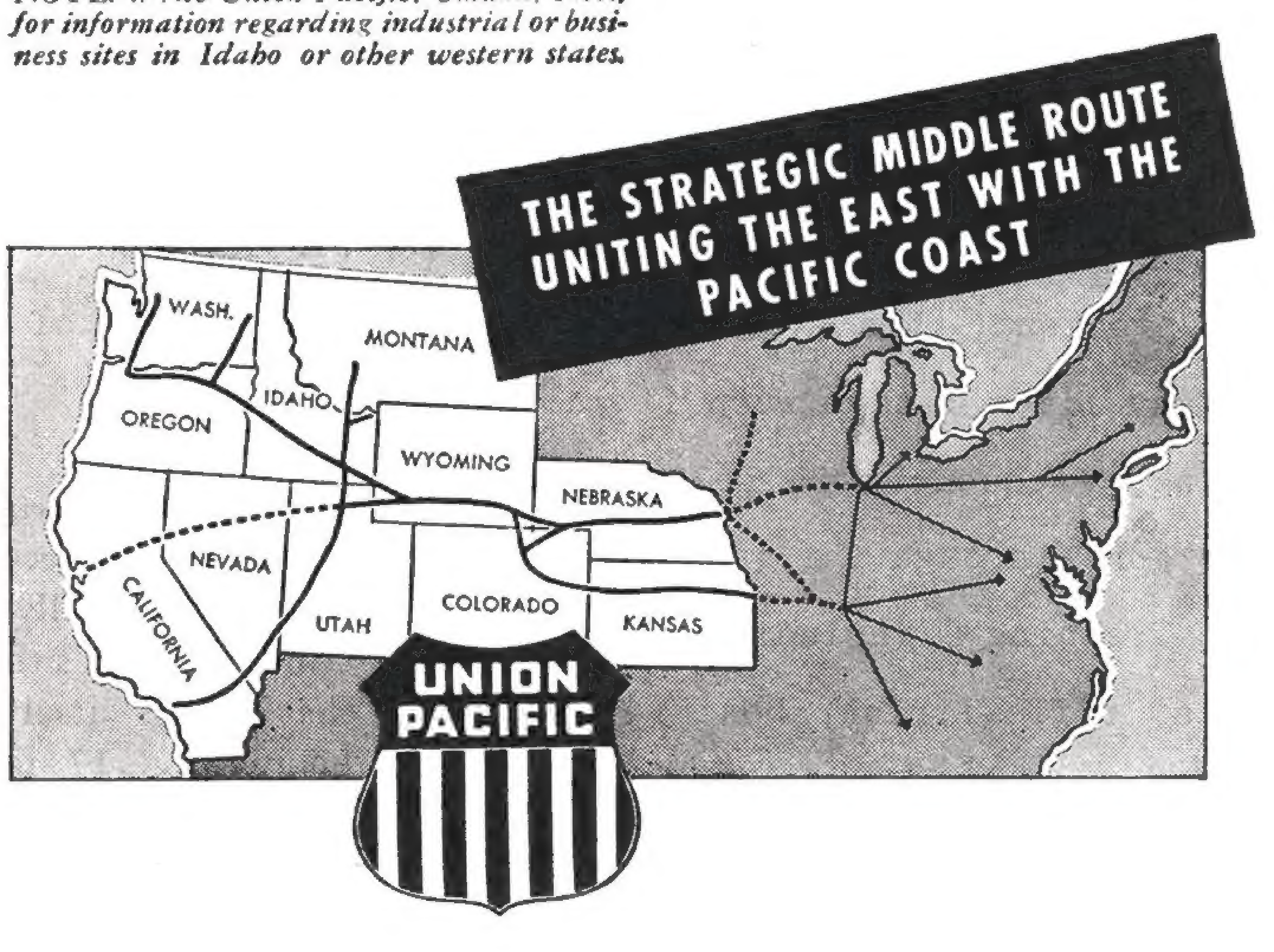
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Another Job for the Varga Girl

It's not exactly news to us to hear that the Varga Girl is doing a job on the morale front; we've been hearing it for years, from the Army and the Navy and the Marines. We haven't room to print more than about one in a hundred of the pictures we get from overseas, showing the ingenious uses of this famous feature, not only in pin-ups on countless lockers and barracks' walls, but on everything else from planes and destroyers to jeeps and even flame throwers. But here's a new one, from F. M. Seeley of Biwabik, Minnesota:

"I have been doing something for some time now and have decided that it wouldn't be a bad thing for some other fathers, or mothers, too, to know and use.

"In every issue of the Esquire there is a folder of a Varga Girl. I have been cutting these out and writing to one of our kids on them each month. I run the point of a knife down as close to the binding as I can to remove as much of the picture as I can. Of course, it is too wide to go into the ordinary typewriter as it is unfolded. So I put it in folded, type on the pretty white part taking care not to print onto the picture. Then turn the folded picture and fill the other side still taking care not to print on the picture. In order to get as much on the page as possible I type up to the picture, move the carriage across the picture and continue the line up to the margin.

"Then I have the Esquire Varga calendar. I do the same thing with this each month. These calendar pages are blank on the reverse and I make use of that side to finish up my letter on.

"And do the kids like it? Charles, in the Army somewhere in Germany now wrote back and said, 'I like your illustrated stationery and do the fellows! Every time I get one there is a mad scramble to see what it is this time.' Mark, on an LST over there says, 'Your stationery can't be beat. It is the only one I have seen so far and the gobs are on my tail every time I receive mail from home to see what I have drawn this time. I even got a two-bit piece from one of the fellows for the picture from one of your letters. I always cut out the picture after reading the letter and then have a picture as well as the letter, and the boys can share the picture with me in the quarters.'

"How did I start doing this? I don't know, but I have carried it on now for two years and shall continue as long as you print your magazine and the war goes on."

It may seem late to be passing this along, but we have a hunch that however soon the actual fighting may end, there'll be American boys overseas and lonely, for a long, long time to come. So Mr. Seeley's idea may well catch on.

David A Smart
Publisher

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T.M.REG.

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

July, 1945 Vol. XXIV. No. 1 Whole No. 140

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1945

ARTICLES

Page

The Straight Dope from Daddy . . *A frank letter from a bridegroom to his future son, to be read when the boy is seventeen* . . . . Joseph Roger Carr 31
Proposition: Am I a Good Father . . *Arguing that time erects certain barriers and any man who claims he and his son are buddies is a liar* . . . Franklin P. Adams 34
Ralph De Palma's Glorious Failure . . *Dawson won the 1912 race, but DePalma earned a cheer never again heard in Indianapolis* . . . . . Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker 38
Why You Are Different! . . . *By their reactions to this cartoon you can probe the psyches of your unsuspecting friends* . . . Lts. W. T. Pratt & R. W. Wilkerson 43
The Magnificent American Male . . *The war wasn't fought in vain if some shrilly assertive feminists step down to their normal role* . . . Sgt. Gene Philip Fortuna 54
The Mad Emperor of Long Island . . *Jacques Lebaudy's imperial adventures began in Africa, where he used his millions to hire subjects* . . . . . . Victor Boesen 60
Life Afloat with Father . . . . *Whether sailing a canoe or catboat, becalmed or in a raging squall, the Old Man never lost his British aplomb* . . Ira Henry Freeman 65

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *Our piquant critics* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *The Belles-Lettres Boys* 26
Opinion: This Man's World . . *On the terrible beauty of democracy in arms* . . . . Paul Gallico 46
Books: Obscenity and Obscurity . . *Questioning the literary value of dirty words* . . . . . . Sinclair Lewis 51
The Lively Arts: The Songs America Sings . . *A supplement to* Sing Out, Sweet Land . . Gilbert Seldes 57
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *Recipes for Vichysoisse and Eggs Beurre Noir* . . . . Iles Brody 68
Jazz: The Rhythm Section . *Papa Haydn and Louis Armstrong* . Leonard Feather & Paul Eduard Miller 76
Education: Esquire's Ready-to-Speak Spanish II . . *Short-cut lesson in grammar* . . . . . . Frank Henius 78
Potables: There's Rum Without Tears . . *Sunshine Cocktail and Fish House Punch* . . . . Lawton Mackall 97
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *With emphasis on* Foolish Notion . . George Jean Nathan 98
Anecdotes: Going the Rounds With Esquire . . *The Pilot and the Seabees* 100
Wearables: F-Day Minus Seven . . *Alerting all offspring for Father's Day* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 109
Discs: Esquire on the Record . . The Song of Songs *according to Orson Welles* . . . . Gilbert Seldes 116

FICTION

The Valley of the Shadow . . *When the doctor said there was still some reason to hope, Mr. Walton despaired for the life of his beloved son* . . . . . . T. K. Brown III 32
Showdown at the Turnagain . . *Lud Kilbane was a noisy patriot, always searching for slackers, fond of reminding folks, "There's a war on"* . . . . Kenneth Gilbert 36
Back to the Farm Up Home . . *With all the emotion of a night-club crooner he longed for growing things, the good clean smell of manure* . . . George Victor Martin 44
The Devil of the Woods . . . *Laban took little interest in his fur pelts for he was consumed with a desire for revenge against the wolverine* . . . . . . Paul Annixter 52
Something Rotten in Mozambique . . *Nick Sideris, an ex-patriot in Laurenço Marques, was delighted to help a fellow American* . . . . T. E. Kruglak 58
A Horse Named Stringbean . . *The aged race-track tout had the heart of a child and he lived in a never-never land where right always triumphed* . . . . Richard Bry 66
Breakfast on the Ferryboat . . *Anderson seemed strangely commonplace among the artists and adventurers and dreamers of Tahiti* . . . . . Donald Barr Chidsey 74

PERSONALITIES

Art Career in Two Keys . . . *Recalling the crackers and milk days of Milton Avery* . . . . . Harry Salpeter 73

PICTORIAL FEATURES

De Palma Pushes His Mercedes Home . . . . *Painted especially for Esquire by* Peter Helck 39
Varga Girl . . . . *Classic Example* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 41
American Beauties, Western Style . . *Ann Sheridan* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 55
The Esquire Canteen . . . . . . *Seven Lively Arts* . . . . *Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 56
American Beauties, Eastern Style . . *June Bright* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 61
Broadway for the Boys . . . *The dancing De Marcos* . . . . *Photograph by* Gjon Mili 64
Among Hollywood's Nebulae . . *Ruth Hall* . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 69
Cartoon Spread . . . . *Firecracks* . . . . *Drawings by* Frank Beaven 70
A Group of Paintings . . . . . *Courtesy of Durand-Ruel Galleries, New York* . . . . Milton Avery 72
Hollywood . . . Set to Music . . *Gloria De Haven of* Step Lively . . . . . . *Photograph by* Eric Carpenter 81
Esquiregraph No. 9 . . . . *W. C. Fields* . . . . *Photocollage by* Ravitz-Palazzo 84
Graduation Day at King's Point . . *Hailing the U. S. Merchant Marines* . . *Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 93
Father's Day Gift Portfolio . . *Suggestions for June 17* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Sydney Ravitz 94
Boeing's C-97 . . . . *The cargo and troop transport* . . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 96

SPORTS

No Fun in Sports Rules . . . *Hints for punching up the Olympics and other games* . . . . Herb Graffis 85
They Made Me a Cinderella . . *Baseball success story, as told to Ralph Cannon* . . . . Luke Sewell 86
The Boy Gets a Chance . . . *Bright prospects for Esquire's All-American Game* . . . . . . Joe Hendrickson 87
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *Women vote on sports and on athletes as husbands* 88
Bobby Jones on Golf's Future . . *Looking forward to Good Neighbor Tourneys* . . . . O. B. Keeler 90
Any Man Can Run . . . . . . *There's the English style, the flatfoot and the Finnish* . . . . Charles B. Roth 92

BRIEFS

Gone with the Windfall . . . *Aussie tears and laughter speed the departing Yanks* . . . . Sidney Carroll 33
Few Men Are Worth Looking At . . *A certain lady sculptress had better think twice* . . . . Parke Cummings 37
How to Be a Poker Wolf . . *Rules for bluffing, folding and bumping the pot* . . . . Joseph A. Wing 91

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories *by* Saalburg, Runnette, Murley and Ivers . . . . *beginning on* 106

EDITORIAL: Fanfare and preamble to a distinguished short story

A couple of months ago, in the *Sound and Fury* columns, a letter-writer reminded us that we had once purportedly admitted that Esquire is much more widely looked at than read. Well, we didn't admit it; we stated it, but calmly, as a truism, something to be taken for granted, and not to be considered either an admission or a revelation, any more than "admitting" that two and two make four. Almost every piece of printed matter, from the daily paper down and up, is much more widely looked at than read.

But it is true, if not especially remarkable, that Esquire's pictures have had much more widespread attention than its text. (Just one good reason is that there's no particular point in pinning-up a story.)

In any case, we never seem to find it necessary to call the customers' attention to any one particular pictorial feature. It's the written contents of the magazine that you'll find us cheering you onto, in this corner, month after month. And every time there's something that we especially hate to think you might possibly miss, we do back flips and somersaults all over this page in a desperate effort to get you to turn, right from here, to the page on which you'll find the particular story or article in question.

The object of the game, this time, is to get you to go from here by the shortest possible route to page 32 of this issue. In fact, if you're willing to go there now, without hanging around here for further argument, we cheerfully settle for that and excuse you from plowing all the rest of the rows of type on this page.

On page 32 you'll find the story that is our especial pride and joy this month, *The Valley of the Shadow* by T. K. Brown III. We hope you'll read it and we hope you'll like it. But if you'll read it, whether or not you "like" it as a story, we feel sure that you will put it down, after finishing it, with the feeling of having just had a terrific emotional experience. Our own feeling, after reading it in manuscript, was a hollowed-out exhausted sensation, with difficulty in catching our breath such as we had some years ago at the moment of realization that we had succeeded in swerving out of what had a few seconds before appeared to be an absolutely inevitable and guaranteed fatal highway accident.

We put stress on the matter of reading it all the way through, although it wouldn't have occurred to us to do so just on the basis of our own reading of the story. We read it right through, our attention held like that of a rabbit by a rattlesnake. But we showed the story in galley proofs to a female of whom we are very fond, perhaps because she has never yet been invited to lecture at any institutions of higher learning, and she had to be reassured, a couple of times, that we had not mixed the galleys up, and that the galley with which we asked her to begin was indeed the one with which the story began. She seemed to find the beginning sort of "impressionistic or something," but she liked it fine after being prevailed upon to persevere.

(Long-memoried old Esquire addicts will recall that we had a peck of trouble, when this magazine was young over the plaints of the plain readers who were bothered by the "goofy endings" of so many of our stories. But bedad and bedivil if this isn't the first time we ever had any complaint from any reader, plain or fancy, about a story's beginning.)

So take it easy, if by any chance you find the going bumpy as you start the story, because we're willing to bet that before you end it you'll find it turning you inside out.

T. K. Brown III (See page 32)

T. K. Brown III can't be claimed as an Esquire discovery, since he has already been published by *Story Magazine.* However, the fact that we have not been first on the bandwagon has never hampered our enthusiasm for beating the drum. The last time we can remember being scooped by that same magazine, a matter of better than ten years back, the young author seemed not to suffer from the fact that he had both *Story* and Esquire betting on him. The unknown youth in that particular case was William Saroyan. So the augury ain't bad.

But if T. K. Brown III goes on to become as famous as we are here and now ready to predict that he will some time be, any resemblance to the facile Armenian, who in that period used to turn out two or three stories a day, will be less than incidental; it will be in reverse. For it would be impossible to find any more diametrically opposed attitudes and approaches toward writing as an art, a profession and a career.

Brown is twenty-eight years old, and was in college, here and abroad, until four years ago. He has since taught German, Spanish and French in a prep school in New York, and been a German radio announcer for the O.W.I. He comes of a Quaker family, is a twelfth generation American, and was born and brought up in a college town, Swarthmore near Philadelphia, where his father was a university professor.

Lest all this should make him sound like a cloistered don, we'd rather give you the rest of the information we have about him in his own words. We knew, from his original letter of transmittal that came with the script, that this story, *The Valley of the Shadow*, is to be part of a novel for which he is under contract to Farrar & Rinehart. So we wrote him, to try to find out more about the novel in question and his writing plans in general, and we found in his letter such a refreshing contrast to the conventional attitude of the young author toward his craft, that we'd like to pass it on intact:

"I find it hard to tell you anything about my attitude toward writing, for fear of sounding fatuous. I know that I've read interviews with authors in the Sunday *Times* book section, in which second-rate hacks and best-seller authors and such have said what they want of their writing, and it has sounded honest and real and like just what an earnest writer should ask of himself; and when I compare these statements to what they've done in their books I say to myself, Cheeses, how can a guy feel that way about his art and still turn out his sort of crap? And so, by an easy extension, I'm afraid to say what I had hoped to do in that story or what I aim at achieving in my writing, because any discerning reader can in his turn say: You may have aimed at it, bud, but you sure didn't hit it."

(Wouldn't you say, far as we've gone, that this Brown sounds like a nice guy?)

"Well, that's one part of my attitude toward writing, that sort or perfectionism and self-scrutiny, which is hard to reconcile with the fact that when I write something it is not something that socks you between the eyes and leaves you breathless; more often than not—just another story, just another novel, not too good, not too bad. In the meantime I keep on trying; try to use words as best they can be used (I have a very particular feeling and affection for *words*, collect them in lists, find out where they come from, read dictionaries), try to put them together in sentences that are meaningful and sit well in the mind and the senses, try to make the whole thing build and have structure. I think my concern with *form* is greater than that of some. I guess any jerk can say that sort of thing—I know he can, I've read it often enough. What counts is still what he does."

(Not to keep interrupting every other minute, but we have to point out that he has put into words, precisely, just what we were trying to say about this story, The Valley of the Shadow, *that it does, at least for us, "sock you between the eyes and leave you breathless.")*

"I work very slowly: two pages a day is unusual. When I have finished a section of the novel or a story I read it through, cursing softly, and put it away in a drawer. Half a year later I take it out and throw it away. The second time I do it it is likely to be a bit better; the third and fourth times ditto. But even after many revisions I always tell myself that it needs 'one final revision.' This, you can see, is a very slow process. I've been working on the novel for several years now and it's about a quarter 'done.' It keeps growing on me, not in possible size, but in possible scope and implications. It hasn't been scheduled yet, obviously. Two, three years, maybe.

"The theme of it is an individual's search for a community to which he can belong, starting with the loss of the one to which he originally belonged and progressing through a hierarchy of possible solutions until he finally finds redemption. 'The Valley' is the first chapter, and is meant to symbolize in a sense his loss of community with all the living, in that he is confronted face to face with death and can no longer accept life as a simple matter of course, as most people do. When he grows up he looks for a community first through his mind (the attempt to be an artist); then, giving that up as hopeless, he searches for a working community among simple ordinary human beings (the attempt to be an active, rather than a contemplative, man, in non-heroic terms); then with the outbreak of this war comes his effort to find a community in the fellowship of danger and combat (the attempt to be an active man on the heroic level); and finally, after he has been blinded in the war, his discovery of a community in the complete surrender of his will, self-assertiveness, and driving impulse to *search* ("as soon as I stopped looking for it I found it")—a surrender to the passive voice of his blood, telling him simply to live. There is this also to be said about the novel's theme as a whole, that since it is a story of successive rebirths, and since every rebirth implies a previous death, the action takes place in the constant presence of death, and the life of the protagonist is a constant confrontation and reckoning with death in all its forms (spiritual and physical, sought and unsought, violent and slow). His story is the story of a growth from a morbid fear and love of death to a calm acceptance of it.

"In conclusion, if I should be asked to name the writer whom I admire and revere above all others, I should name James Joyce."

For those who either want or need any exegetical comment on *The Valley of the Shadow*, there are some valuable clues in the latter portion of Brown's letter. A very few of the many people in our shop who read the story were uncertain of the meaning of its ending. We hesitate to be too specific about it here, for fear of spoiling it for you if you have not yet read it. But in case you are one of the minority who are left wondering (Did he or didn't he?) when you come to the end, a rereading of the next to the last paragraph of Brown's letter will resolve the question for you.

That's all we want to say about it now. In fact, we may already have said too much. Our purpose, as we announced beforehand, was simply to try to make sure that you would read it.

Our reason is that we consider this story remarkable both as promise and performance; that we feel that it marks the advent of a very fine writer, of whom splendid things may confidently be expected.

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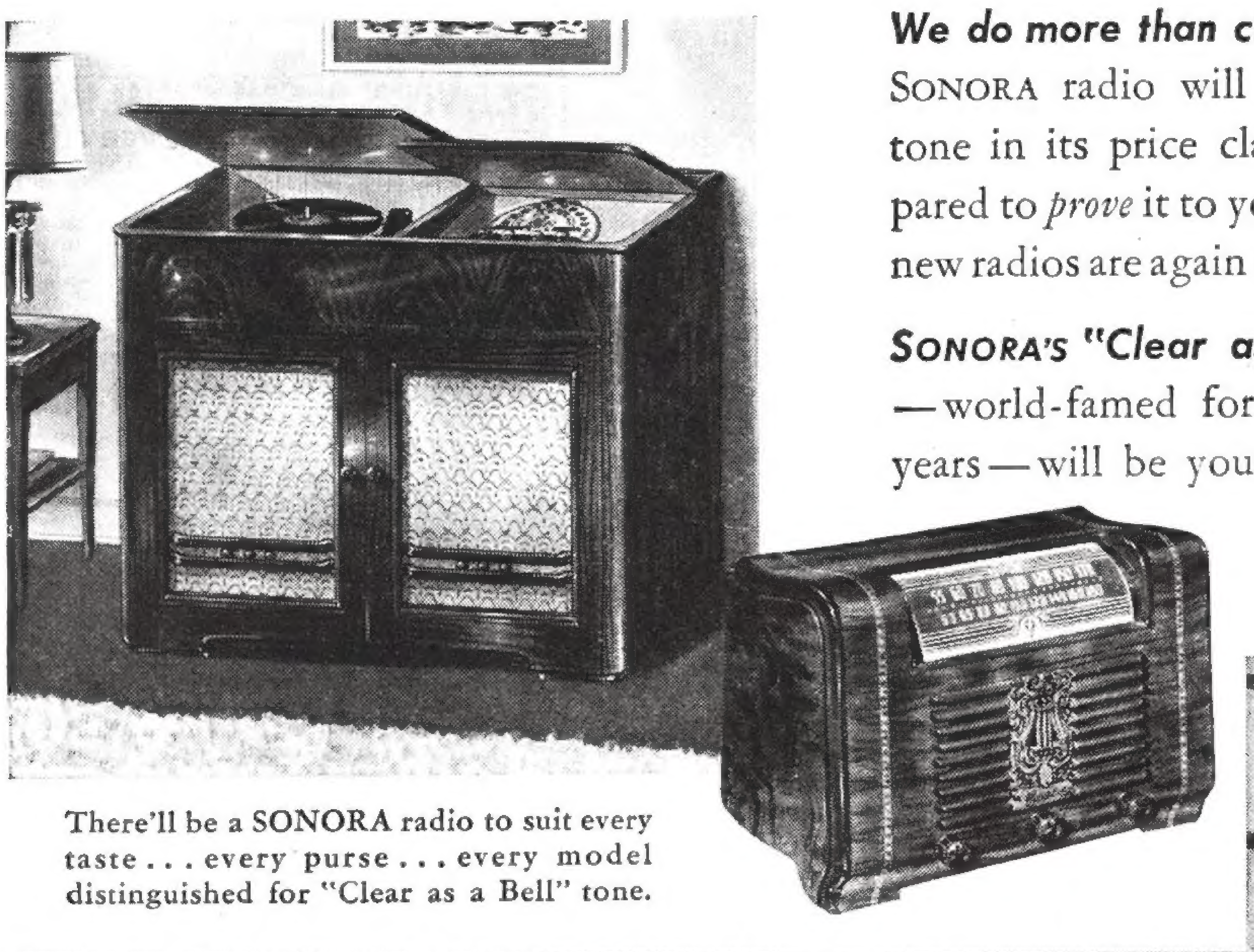

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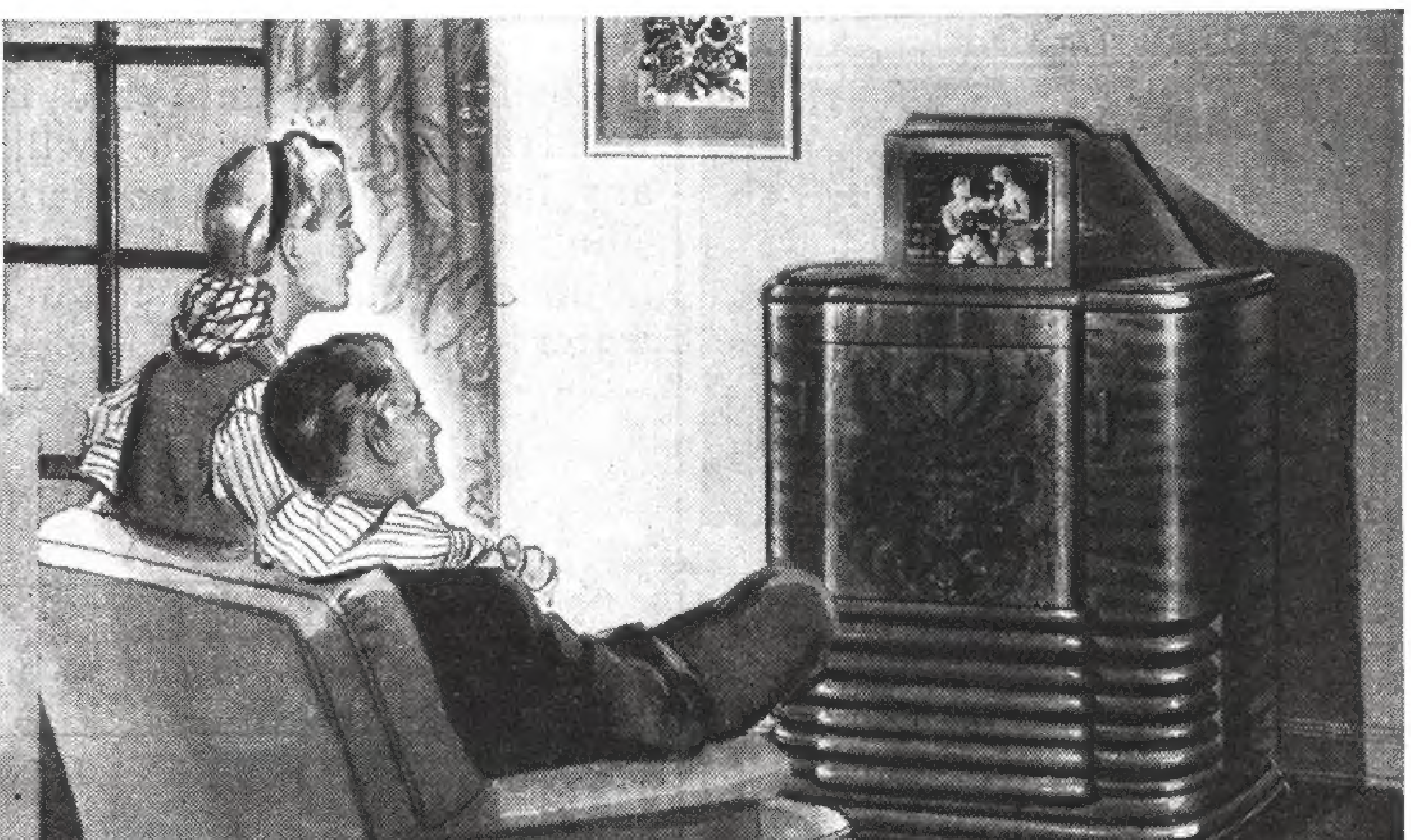

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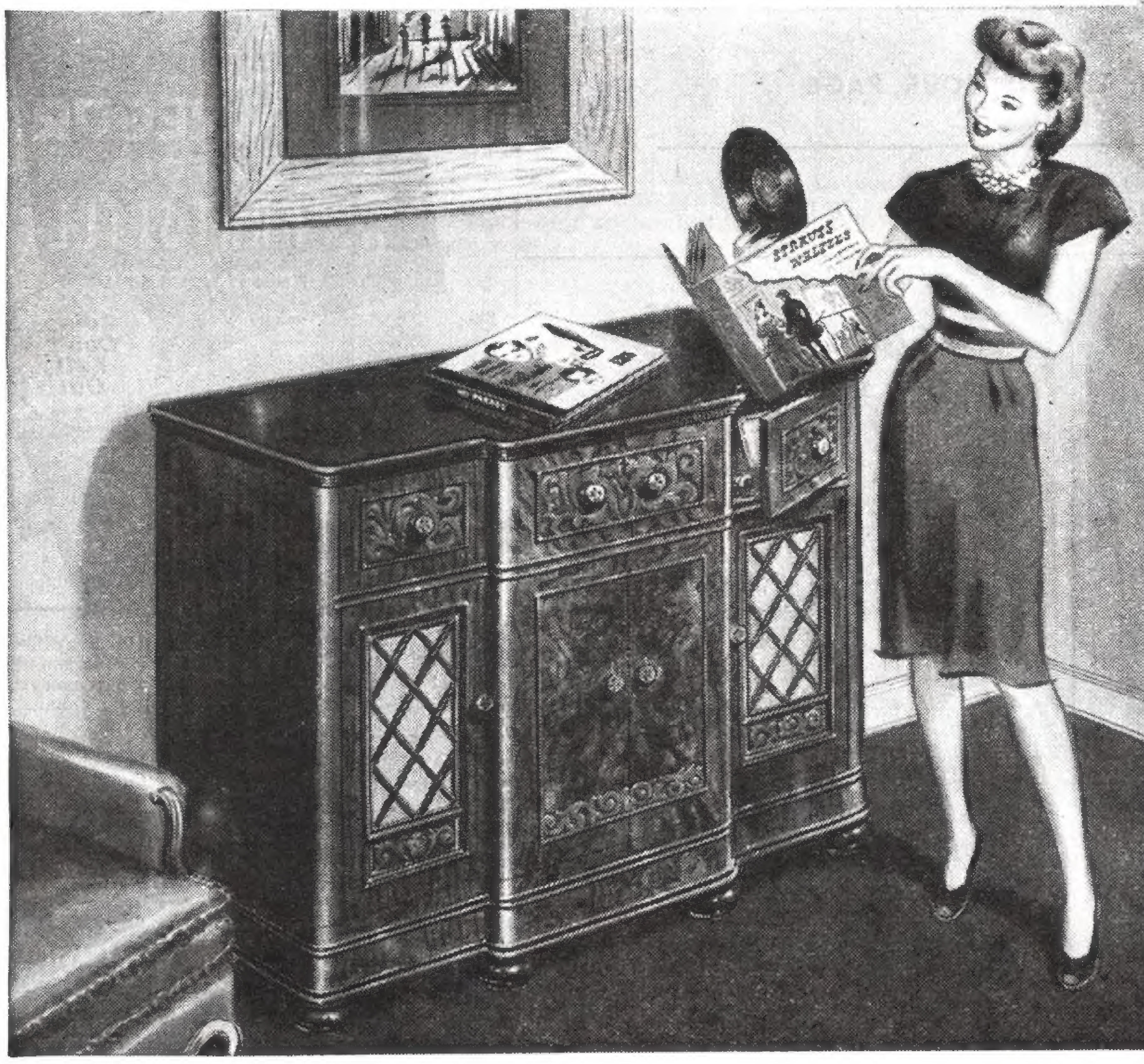

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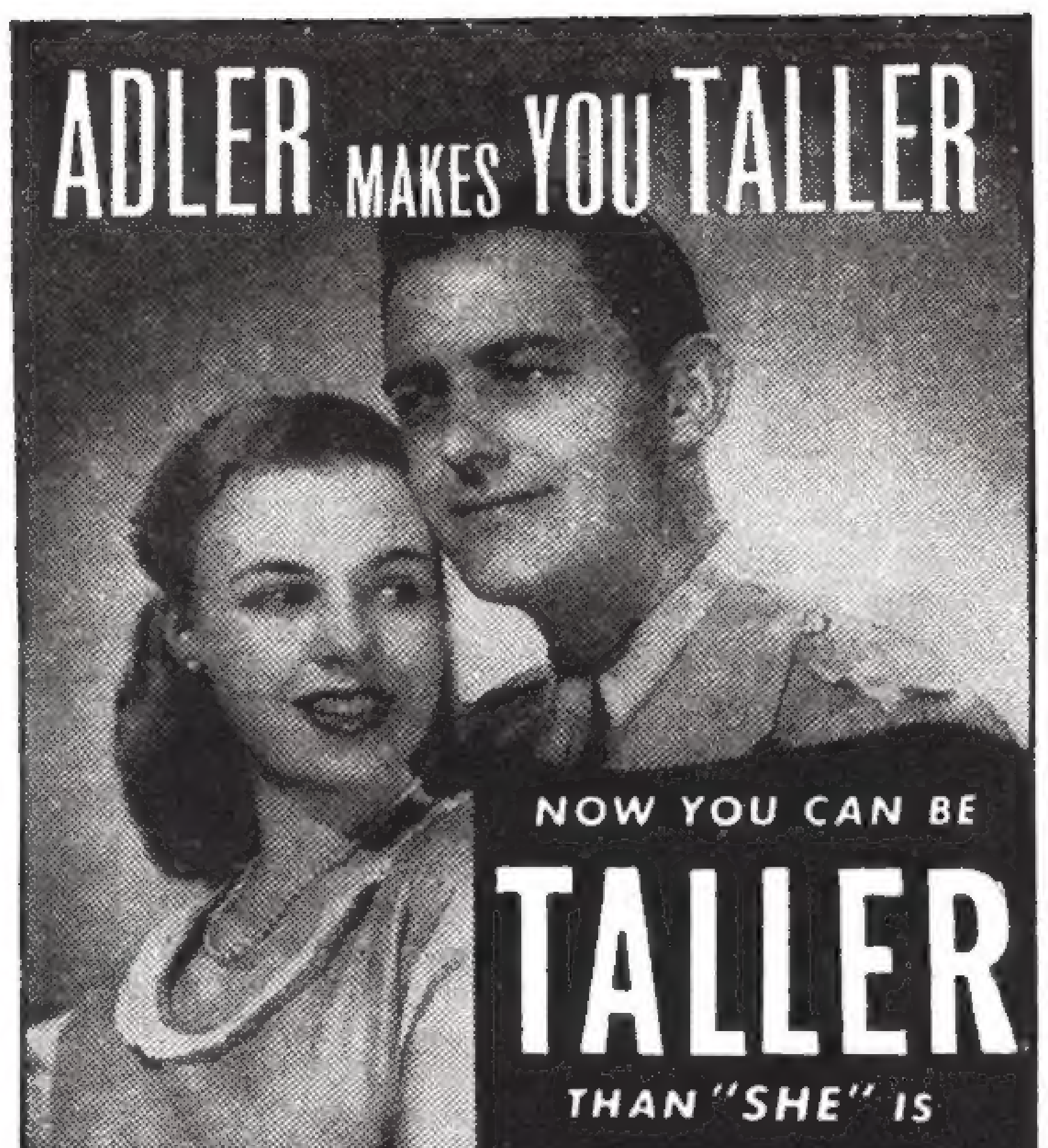

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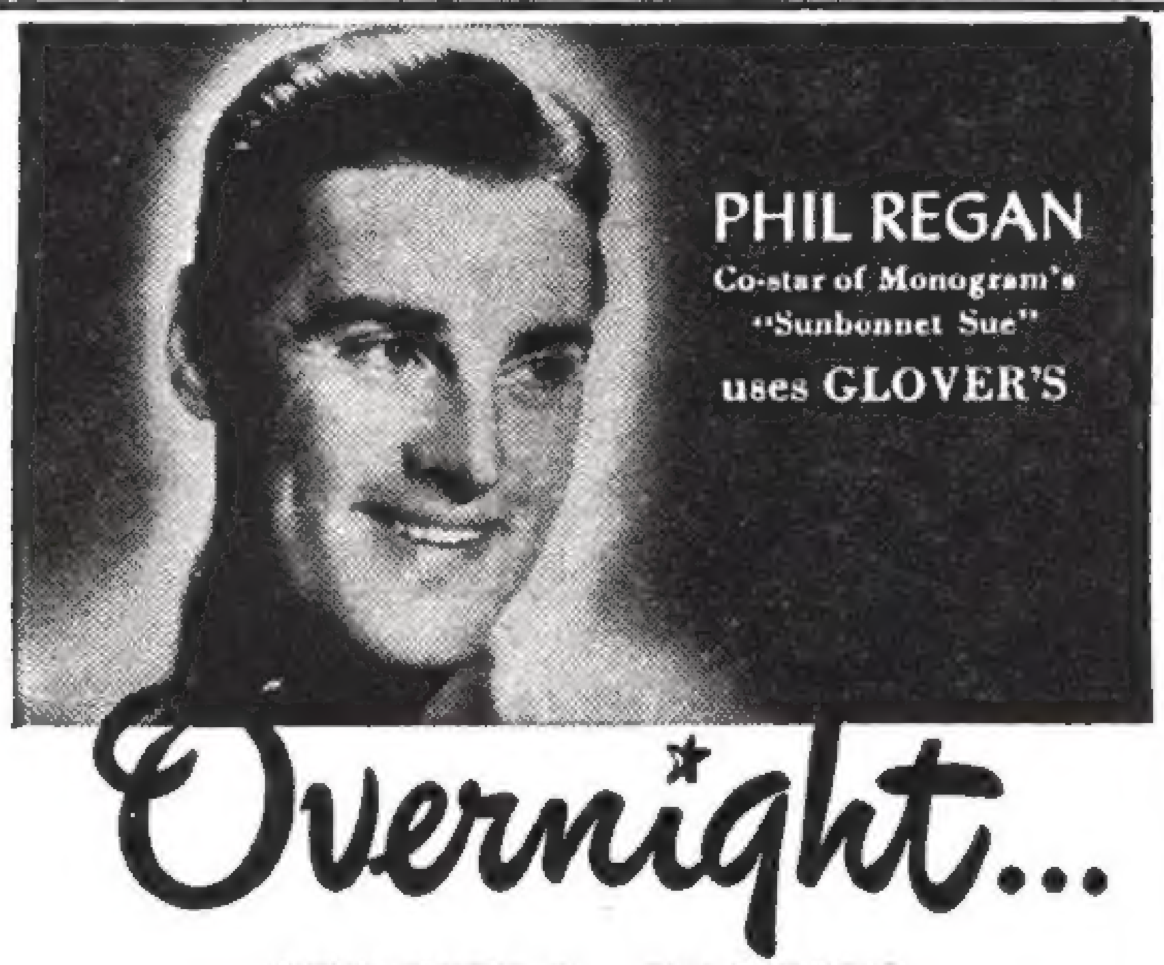

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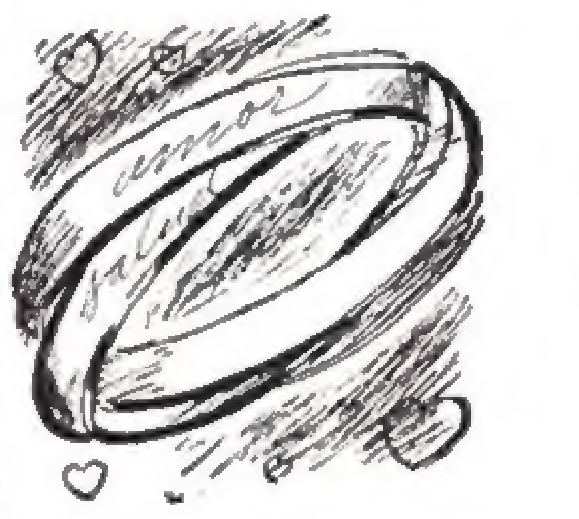
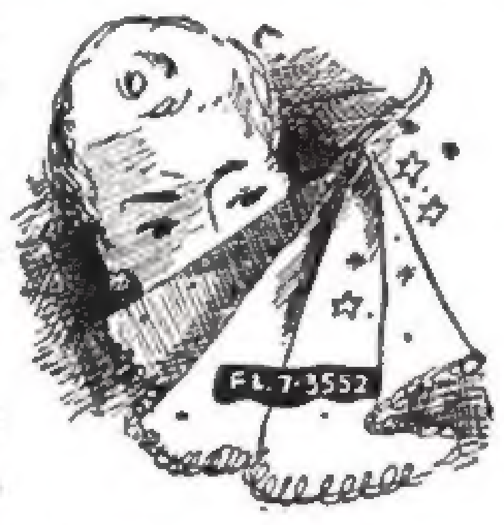
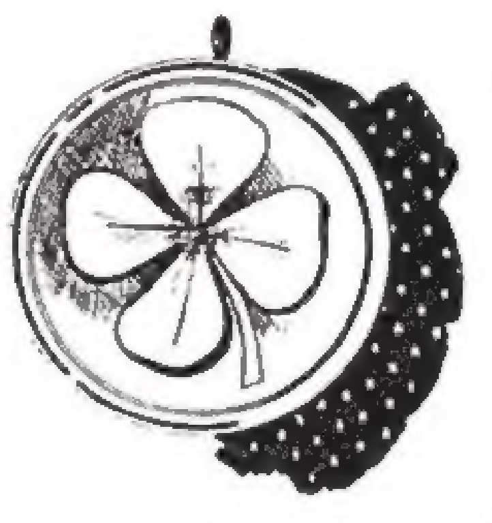


FRIENDSHIP RING. A lot of sentiment is melded in this Sterling silver ring imported from Chile. Three individual rings of heavy silver are entwined to make one. Each ring is inscribed with your good wishes. One says "Amor" (love), another "Salud" (health), and the third, "Dinero" (wealth). What more could a gal want?

PAGING WILLIAM BEEBE. Apparently the fellows in the South Pacific don't spend all their time spearing Japs. There's quite a bit of spear fishing, deep sea diving and such going on, and requests for aqua goggles are many. We hereby tender a fine pair made of solid rubber with heavy glass hermetically sealed into the rubber frame. The goggles will fit any face and make a watertight joint with the face if properly adjusted. Full, clear vision under water!



THE LINE IS BUSY. Here's a bit of whistle-bait that will prove that you're really on the beam. It's a 20" square chiffon "dinner" handkerchief and you have her phone number embroidered on the corner in silver or gold thread. Cute? These chiffon come-ons may be had in white, black, green or pastels.



WALLET WONDERFUL. Wallet designers become more ingenious each season. Now comes a compact contrivance with tricks galore. Spaces for bills, change purse, identification cards, calling cards, twin picture frames, key chain holder, lucky four-leaf clover plastic charm, and eyelets so it can be attached to long key chain for slack wearers (dames attach 'em to belts). Folds up thin as a dime to fit into blouse pocket. Genuine leather . . . all colors.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

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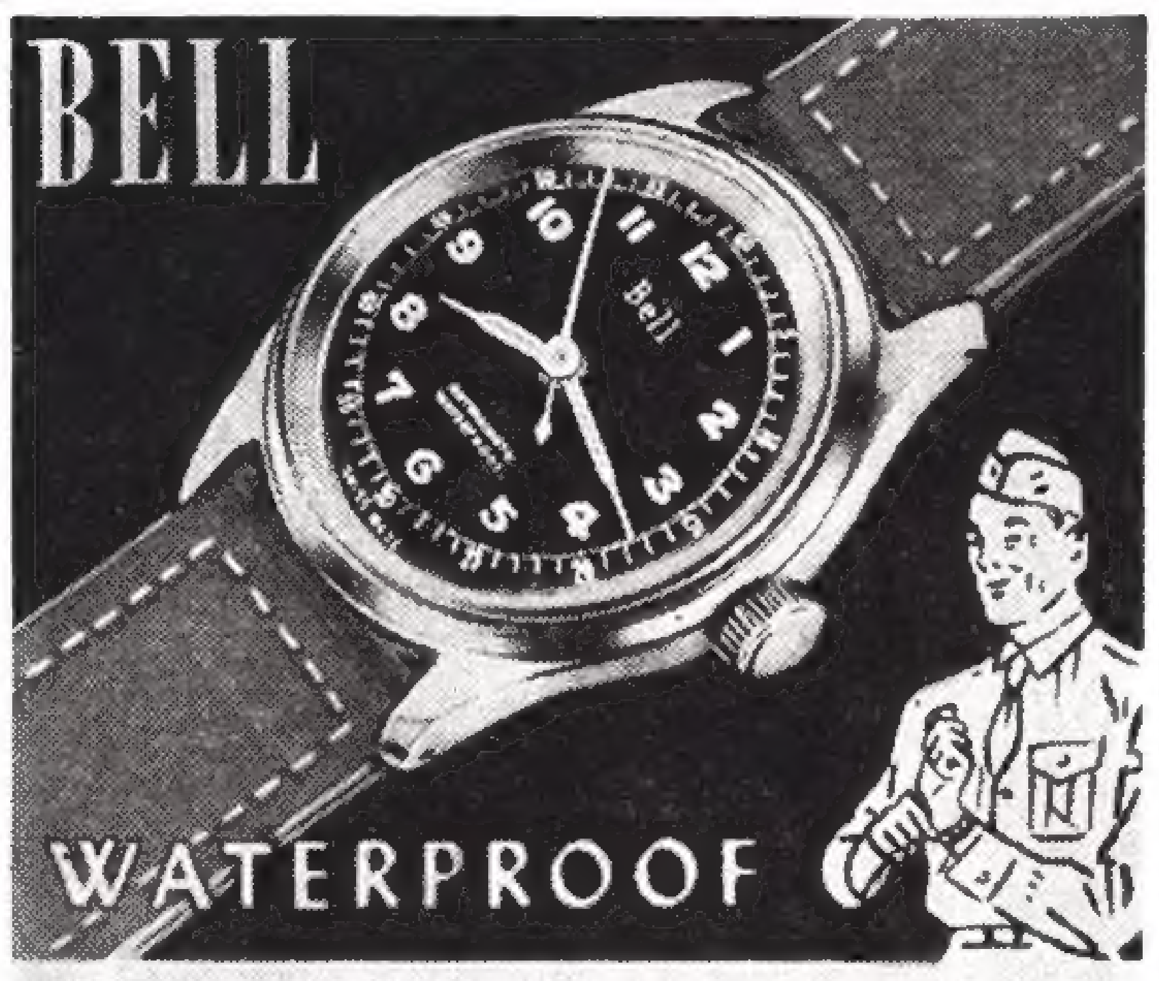

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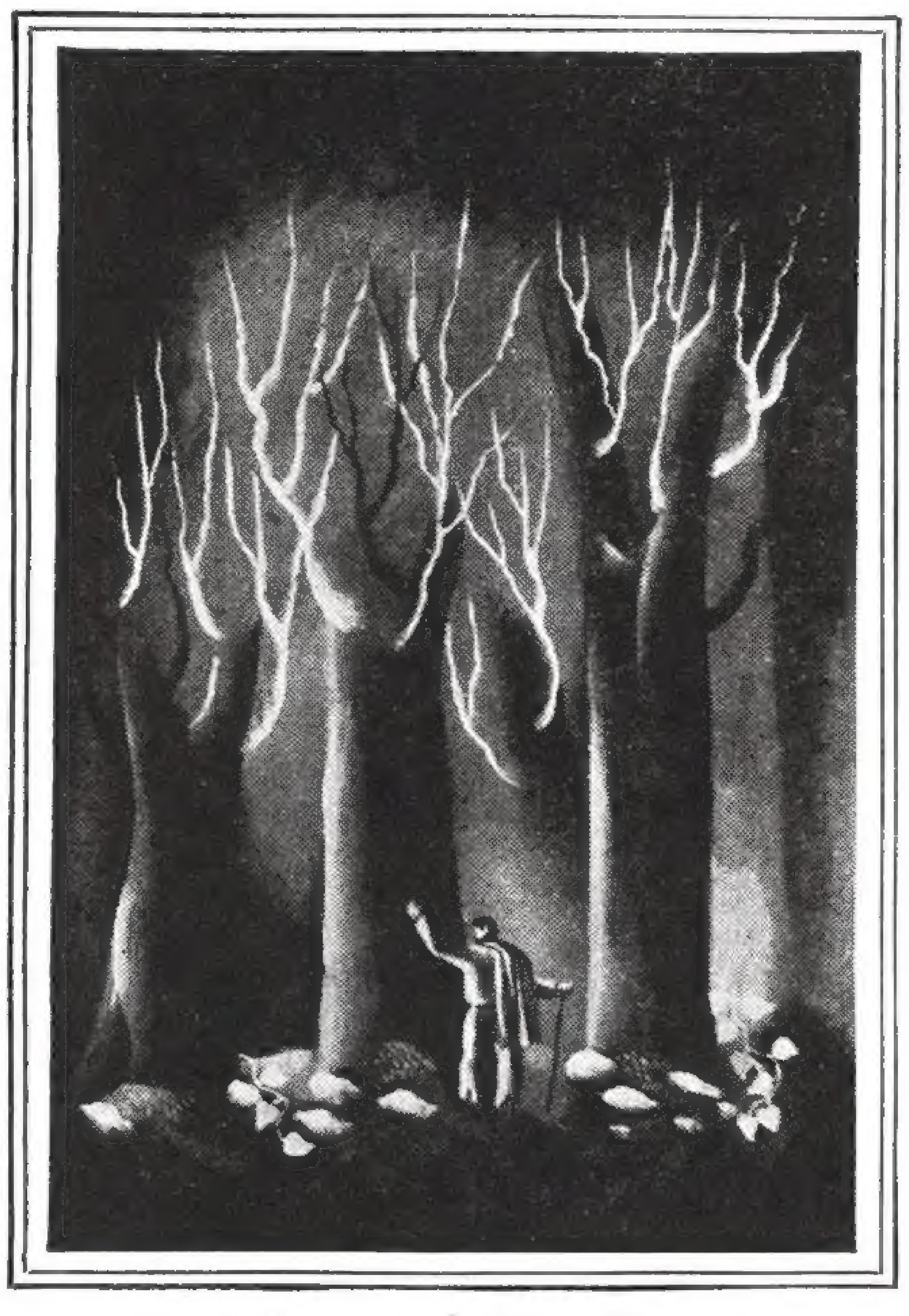

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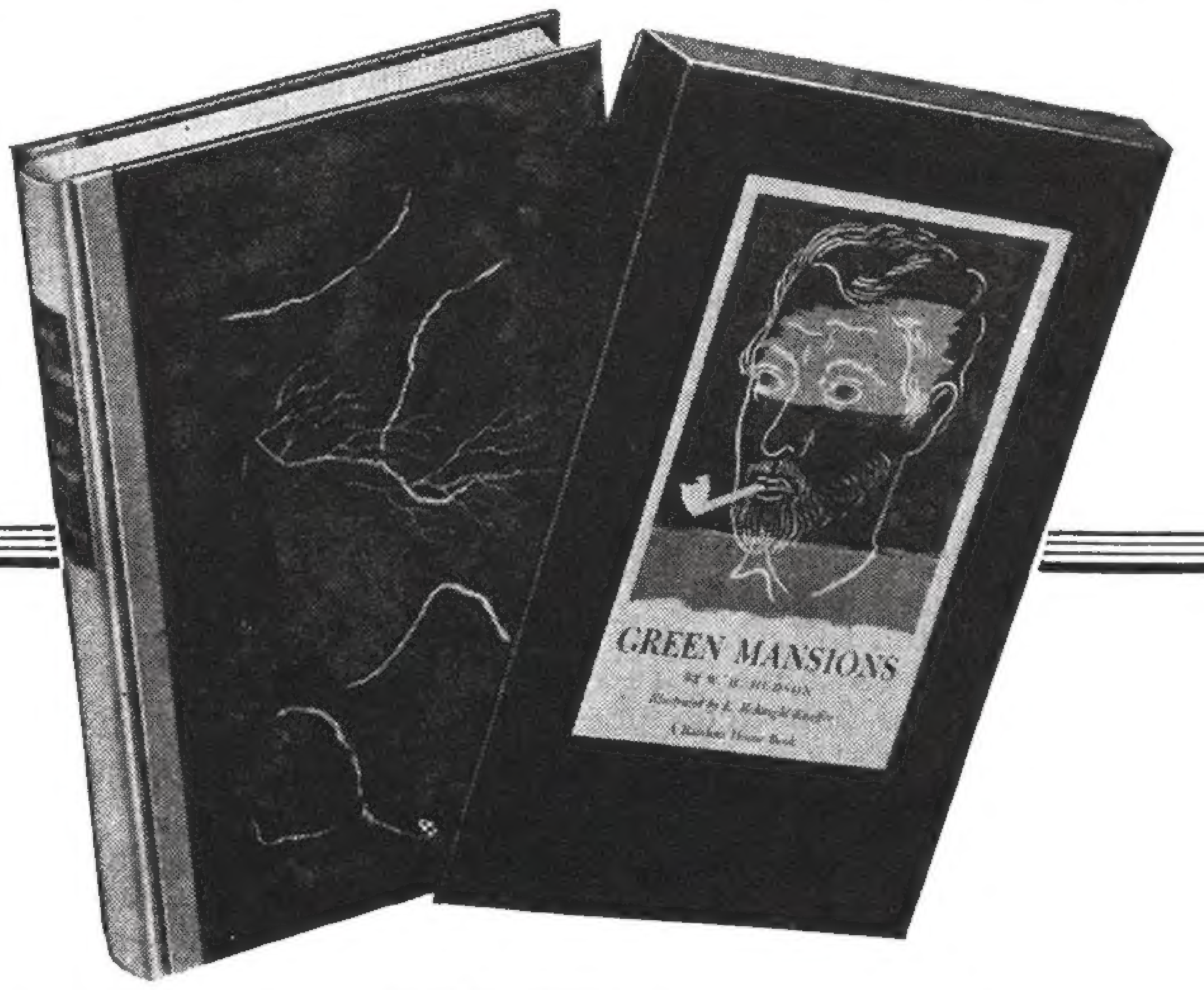

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Rosamond Lehmann

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HE GOT IT FOR THE ASKING

I would like to refer to the article *Years for the Asking* on page 44 of the May issue of Esquire.

My husband determined his real age last night and proved he is as young as he thinks he is. He didn't do so well in the sections concerned with hairline, old skin, missing teeth, and pulse, but he threw the exercises for a positive loop.

Today he is in bed. He has a variety of aches and pains, all of which are a direct result of last night's exhibition of youth. At the present moment he is undoubtedly older than anybody in his entire family and this includes a recently buried uncle.

Might I suggest that future articles dealing with the subject's real age be confined to armchair demonstrations? Believe me, tricky lifts of a highball glass or throwing burnt matches at the fireplace are more in order for the once young. Your current effort has made a complete physical wreck of a fair-to-middling husband.

Yours truly,
Lillian Hatherell
Roscoe, Calif.

ESQ HELPS OUT WITH THE HOMEWORK

Many thanks to you and to your jazz expert Paul Eduard Miller for the very gratifying recognition of our Standard School Broadcast programs of Aframerican jazz music, published in Mr. Miller's *On the Edge of the Clef* in the April, 1945, issue of Esquire.

You will be interested to know that we have already received hundreds of requests for our pamphlet from your readers in all parts of our country and Canada. All these requests are being complied with as soon as possible, and these readers of yours are being told that their names are being placed on a special mailing list to receive also a copy of the revised outline we are planning to issue in the near future. The revised outline will contain additional material resulting from our experience in broadcasting two series of Aframerican jazz programs as part of our music-enjoyment course.

Thank you for making it possible for us to participate in the fine work you are doing to make American youth conscious of its country's unique contribution to the art of music.

A. F. Michaelis
San Francisco, California

PROOF THAT CROWS ARE BLACK EVERYWHERE

We thought you'd be interested to know the result of a Jazz poll conducted here in Rio amongst collectors of hot records; I take at the same time the opportunity to extend my congratulations to Esquire for the excellent articles on Jazz it publishes every month.

THE WINNERS.

New Orleans Style: Louis, Omer Simeon, Kid Ory, Zutty, Earl Hines, Pops Foster.

Chicago Style: Max Kaminsky, Peewee, Floyd O'Brien, Freeman, Jen Stacey, Wettling, Artie Bernstein.

Modern Style: Roy Eldridge, Hawk, B. Carter, Goodman, Lawrence Brown, Wilson, S. Catlett, Albert Casey, Oscar Pettiford.

THE RUNNERS-UP:

New Orleans: Mutt Carey, Darnell Howard, Preston, Jackson, James P. Johnson, Baby Dodds, Wellman Braud.

Chicago: Muggsy, Mezz, Branis, Bud Hunter, Joe Sullivan, Danny Alvin, Artie Saphiro.

Modern Style: Henry Allen, Higginbotham, Pete Brown, Lester Young, B. Bailey, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Slam Stewart, Joe Jones.

Jorge E. Guinle
Rio de Janeiro

ESQ THE MAGAZINE FOR THE Ph.D. OR BUM

I was deeply impressed by William Dale Jennings' article *Children of the Cemetery*. He can write. Golly, he really can write. This time I'll stand up for what I like. I'm delighted with Esquire's refreshing realism and forthrightness. And the range in the type of stories and articles! You can be a Ph.D. or a bum and enjoy Esquire. And whether people know it or not you can be a twenty-year-old girl and a minister's daughter at that and still appreciate it. (I'm one.)

There are certain men—educated beyond their intelligence—who write ponderous jerky letters to Esquire ridiculing it. There are men who never get the point. They ought to realize that Esquire gets the last laugh. When it prints such letters, readers like myself, are merely exasperated with the writers.

Marion W. Scholten
Rome, N. Y.

ESQ'S HOT PILOT

Here's one for your page ten (*The Sound and the Fury*).

Esquire is my (and all "pilots") favorite *passe-temps* here: we like it especially because it covers a multiformity of subjects of import to the average man.

However, we couldn't enjoy *For the Sake of a Plane* in the March issue (although admittedly a canard) because, as the old darky said, "It jes' ain' possible!"

For your information, the 9th Pursuit (a misnomer-fighter is the word) would still be excavating for Aaron to hold a wake for him. If he had started his pull-out at 5,000 feet (we'll give him an extra 1,000 feet) at 720 m.p.h. indicated or 774 m.p.h. actual airspeed, he would need an extra 10,000 feet to regain level flight, provided a 4G constant acceleration were not exceeded.

The average pilot cannot withstand more than 4G acceleration for periods (10-20 seconds) necessary for pull-outs from high-speed vertical dives without blacking out. Accelerations higher than 4G for extended periods will result in blacking out and loss of consciousness. To wit: it requires over 15,000 feet (not 4,000) to pull out of a vertical dive at 720 m.p.h. I.A.S. at 5,000 feet!

Also his true airspeed of 774 exceeds the speed of sound (760 m.p.h. at sea-level, less at altitude) which gives a Mach No. greater than one. It is believed no fighter has a Mach No. greater than 0.86. The ship would not have reached that speed but assuming it had, it would most probably have disintegrated. It definitely would have encountered compressibility effects which increase the normal time required for pulling out.

Any pilot guilty of the procedure of releasing one brake, goosing the throttle to swing the plane around, and THEN releasing the other brake, would invoke God's *and* his C.O.'s wrath. Rubber is still precious!

Thos. H. Jones
Overseas Capt. A.C.*

*P-38, P-39, P-63 & P-47 Jockey.

REMINDER THAT LATIN AMERICANS ARE DECENT

As a Latin American I have greatly enjoyed James Paul Stoakes most veridical article, *Latin Americans Are Different*, published in the April, 1944, issue of the Esquire Magazine.

Please let me congratulate you for this fine piece and allow me at the same time to tell you that I agree with it entirely.

There are a few things that I will not take up and which, no doubt, Mr. Stoakes sees differently from your North American point of view (race prejudice, etc.) but aside from this, the whole article is the truth itself (political imbroglios, mock dictatorship, etc.) and he deals with them in a very nice way.

The incident of the "prostitutes of Managua" is a most embarrassing one for us Nicaraguans. In the history of our country you will not find a more shameful one and I am only sorry that he did not state this fact in his piece so that people that do not know a thing about Nicaragua will not be mislead to believe that this kind of incident is only one of our everyday life. I am sure that this affair will add a lot to the many black spots in Somoza's record which, as everybody knows, is already quite besmirched. You know that any decent man will shrink with nausea when reading that harlots have been entertained at the Nicaraguan Presidential Palace by the President himself.

Anyway, it is not my wish nor my intention to criticize President Somoza's acts as I have never done before. From here I simply limit myself to join quietly my countrymen's passiveness, heartily deploring the facts and silently praying for a new dawn and for better days to come for Nicaragua and her people.

Sincerely yours,
Enrique A. Brockmann-Melendez
Ellis Island, N. Y.

CONTINUING THE SAGA OF SGT. RUSSELL

I was quite interested in Mrs. Snodgrass' letter in *The Sound and the Fury* of the January issue thanking Esquire and S/Sgt. Russell for her matrimonial success.

Gentlemen, take it from one who knows—Sgt. Russell's idea of a "Pen-Club" for his Panama stationed squadron was a decided success!!

I arrived in Panama and was assigned to the same organization to which Sgt. Russell was assigned in November of 1941—just about the time the letters started "pouring in" in response to the appeal for letters which was printed in Esquire of that month.

All well and good for those were the balmy days of peace and the increased volume of mail bothered no one, except possibly, the Postal Department. But then came December 7th and an official order that all outgoing mail would be censored by unit censors who would be detailed "in addition to other duties." In a word, I was "IT." The volume of mail those boys put out was unbelievable, and most of it was the result of the pen-club. I spent my days censoring letters and my nights dreaming of the stacks of mail that I would have to face on the following morning!

It was an open secret in the organization that Sgt. Russell was not above appropriating, for his personal correspondents, the girls who mentioned sending candy and cookies to anyone answering their letters. Consequently, he was soon writing regularly to a large number of girls—and receiving an equally large number of packages, as a result. Don't ask me how he managed to keep up with his correspondence, but I can vouch for the fact that he did—to my sorrow.

Wherever Sgt. Russell is now, I sincerely hope he has gotten his "fill" of cookies and settled down to one girl, for the sake of his present censor.

Incidentally, several marriages occurred as a result of the club, when the men returned to the States. So their writing (and my censoring) did have excellent results.

Your magazine is really appreciated over here and my copy is read and reread until it falls apart. The only complaint seems to be the uncertainty of delivery which is a necessary evil during the war.

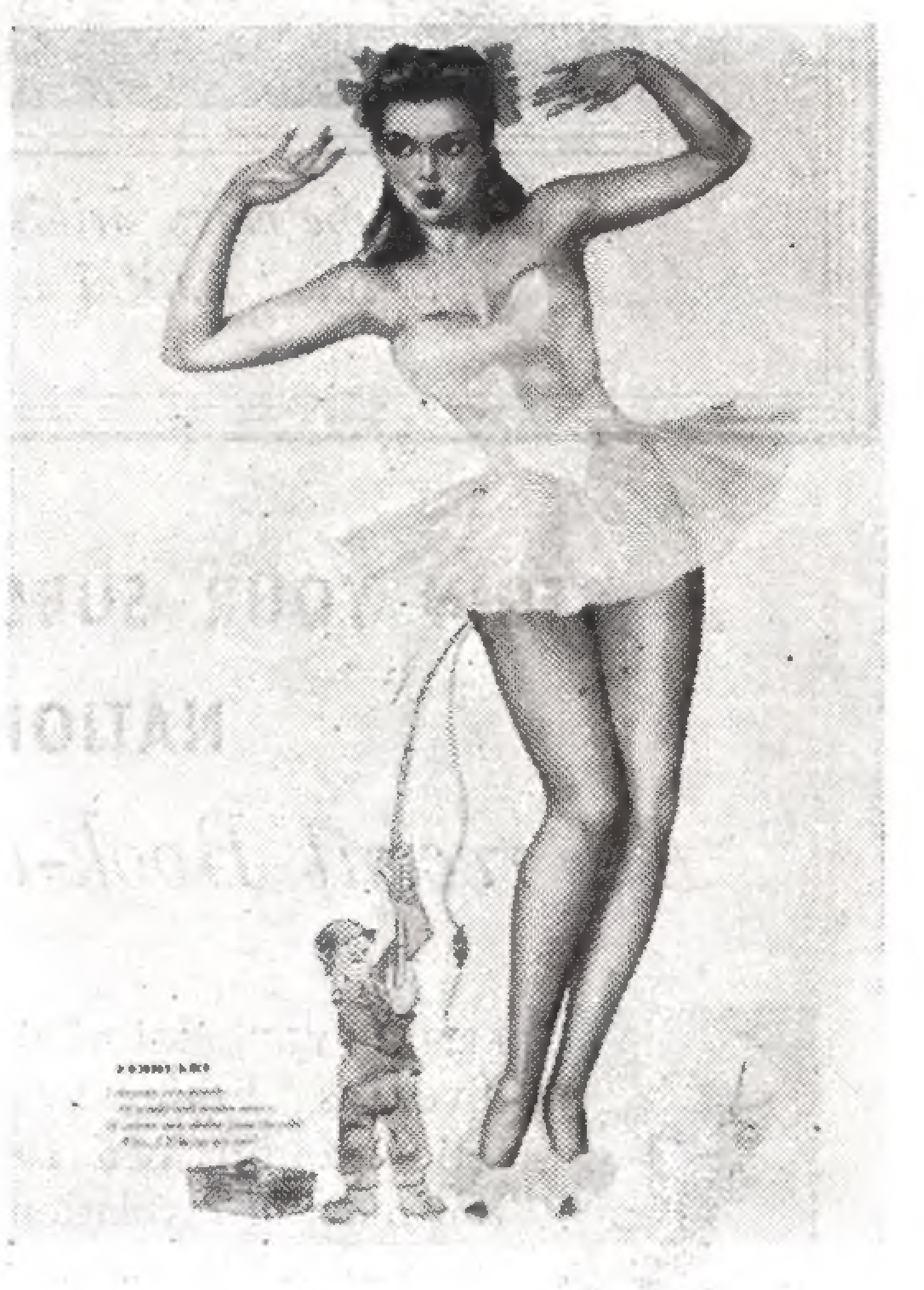
James W. McKee
Capt. A.C.
Somewhere in New Guinea

MOE GIVES THE VARGA GIRL A LIFT

I am taking the liberty of sending you the enclosed photographs.

The originals now decorate the walls of our special service office.

"Moe" the G.I. character, who seems to be causing Varga's lovelies some embarrassment, is the creation of 1st Lt. Ted Petok of Detroit, Michigan, our Special Service Officer.



Varga's February girl seemed to lack just the touch that Moe and his fishing pole have given her.

All due apologies to Varga.

Pfc. Jerome L. Siegel
Overseas

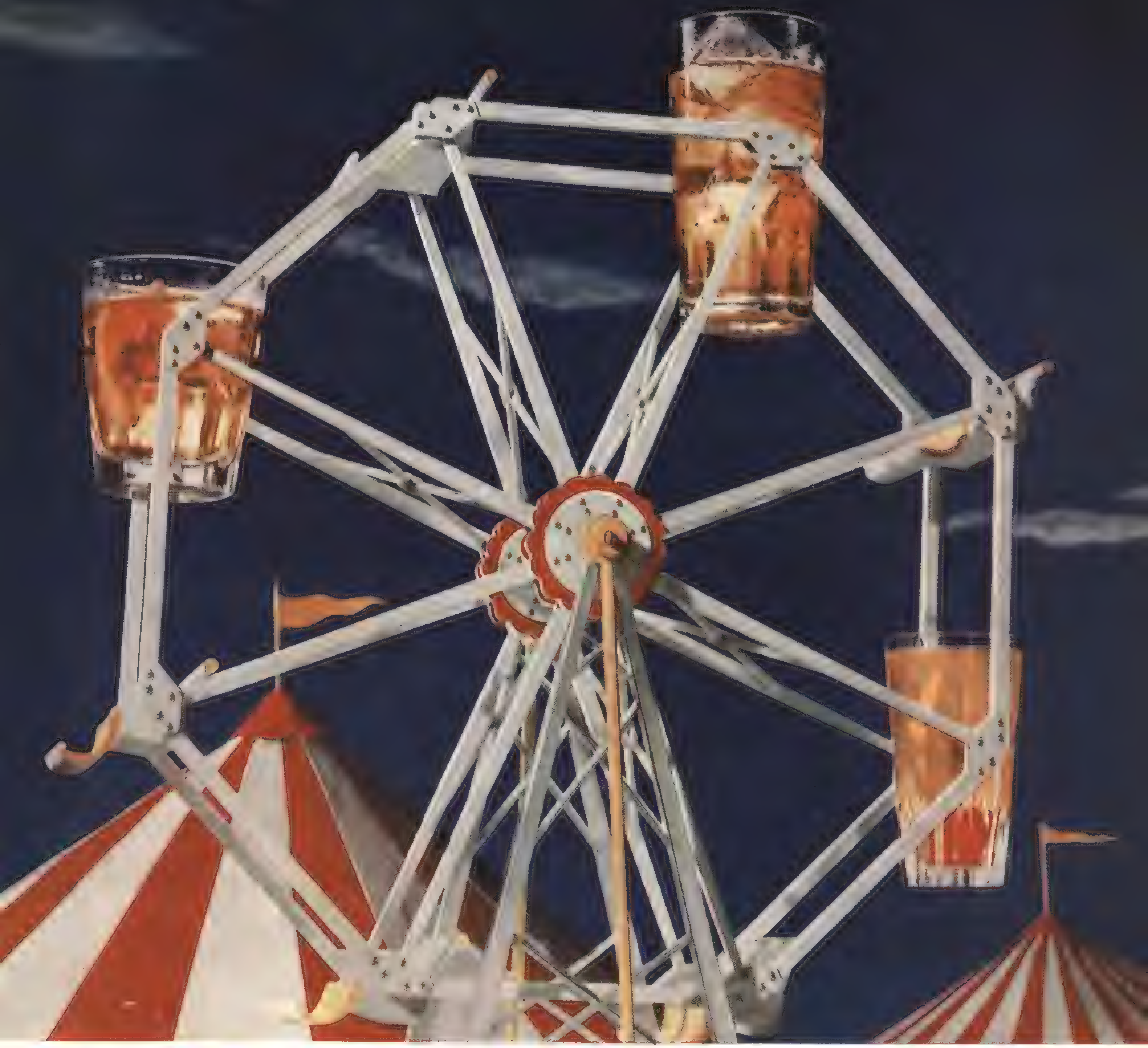
AMEN GALLICO

Bravos by the bushel to Paul Gallico and Esquire for roasting the money-grabbing scavengers responsible for the stinking commercialization of war news broadcasts. Iwo Jima was "sponsored" by the blood and guts of American Marines. Why, then, must the news of Iwo Jima be sold over the air in the same breath with soap wrappers and box tops? The war news does indeed belong to the people! The realization that there are persons unscrupulous enough to use the news of our fighting men as a tool for turning a fast dollar is enough to give a person vomitations. Gallico's diagnosis of this latest radio ulcer is most timely. Whatever the cure, may it be applied with expediency.

Taking this opportunity to thank you for the many years of enjoyment your magazine has afforded me, I remain,

Very truly yours,
George Moran
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Continued on page 110



Gentlemen came from miles around

They *would* have, at any rate, if this ferris wheel had not been just a toy dreamed up by our photographer.

For the drinks—the delectable highball, the flavorful whiskey sour, the superb Old Fashioned—were made with Four Roses.

And there's no whiskey in the world exactly like Four Roses. That's because Four Roses is an exclusive combination of specially-distilled whiskies... selected to give it a magnificent flavor all its own. It's still the same great whiskey it was before the war.

If you want to make *extra special* mixed drinks, we'll send you, free, our 16-page Four Roses recipe book (except in States restricting such mailing). Address Frankfort Distillers Corporation, Department 30, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York.

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The same great whiskey today as before the war

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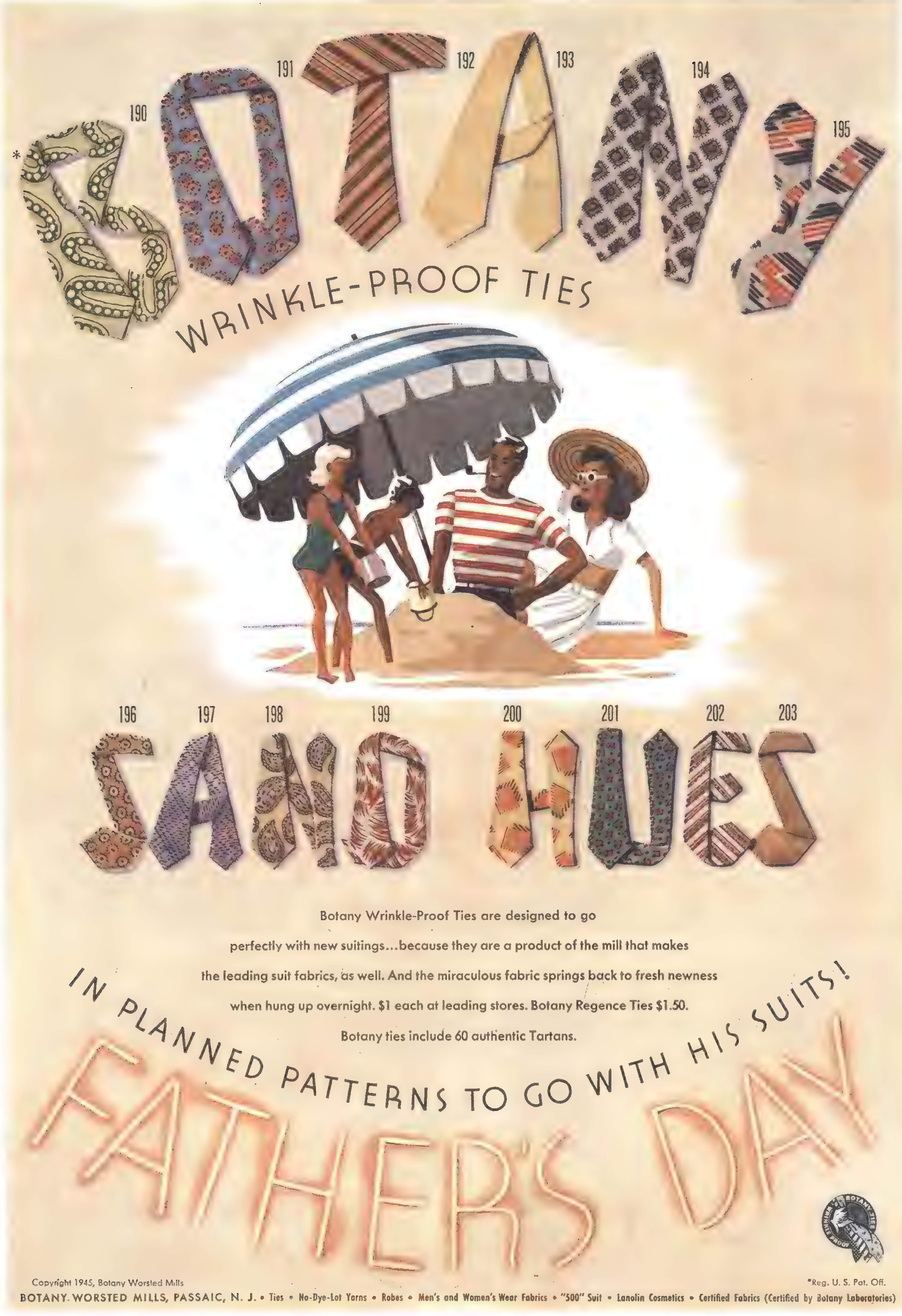

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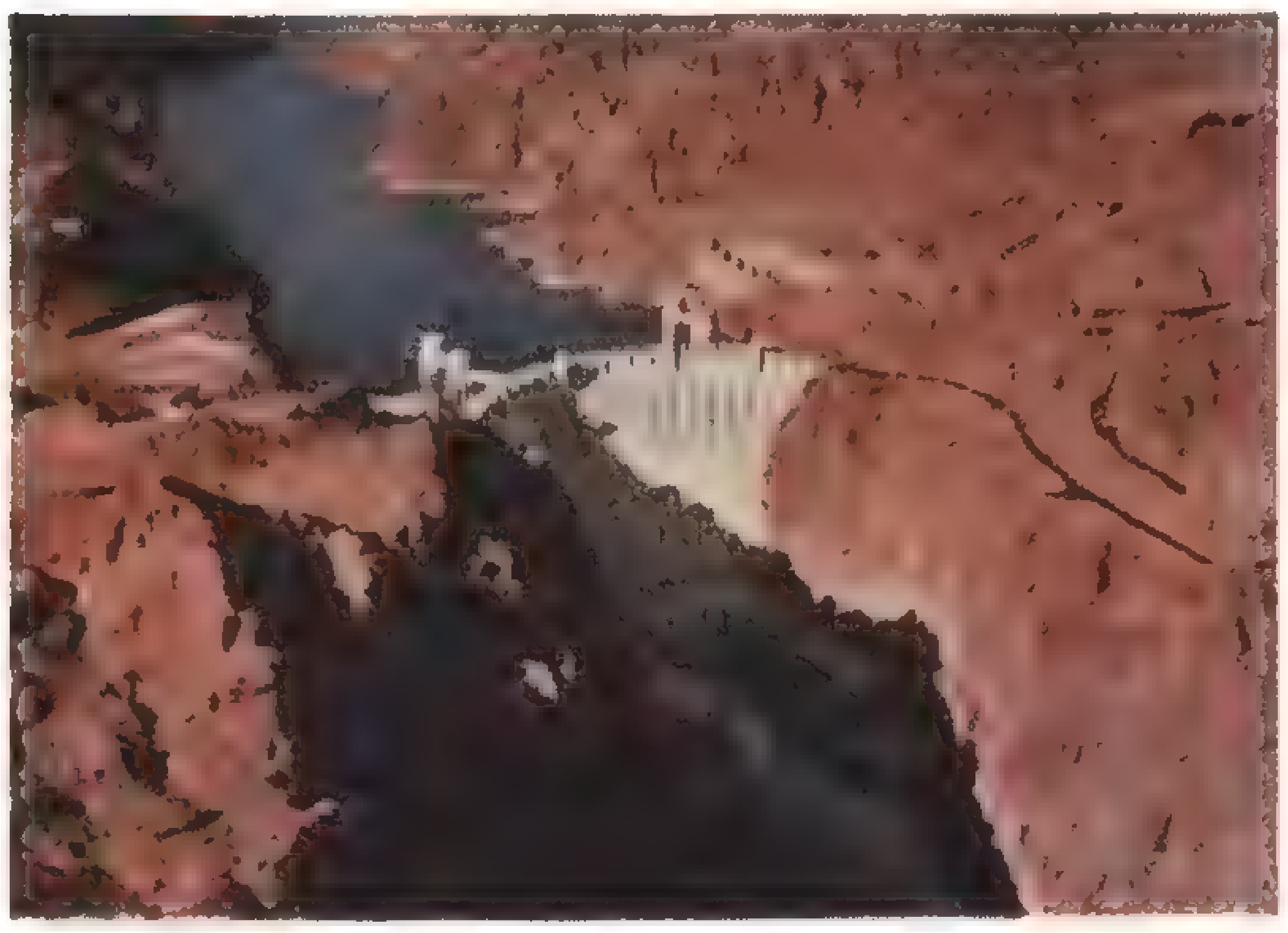
This is the story of what is likely the biggest thing that has happened in our time . . . of a new kind of power spreading throughout the world . . . of a new force affecting our lives, our outlooks, and our incomes as perhaps only electricity has done since the turn of the century.

1. Under the wing of a giant Lockheed Constellation, in the shadow of one of the big ship's four Wright Cyclones, two men talk. One is a veteran airline pilot who lives and works in a world most people haven't yet begun to know or understand or even to imagine! The other, a man who has seen a whole vast western section of America change in his lifetime as if by magic!



2. The Westerner operates a ranch that was literally made possible by power — electricity and irrigation from the great Boulder Dam harnessing the Colorado River. Power which made possible the conversion of millions of acres of barren wilderness into fertile ranches and farms!

3. No wonder he's eager to hear the pilot tell of a new super-power — such as that of the Wright Cyclone . . . the engine which speeds the great Boeing B-29 Superfortress across the air miles to Tokyo . . . power that makes possible a trans-Atlantic flight every 13 minutes of the night and day.

4. Most efficient power plant in the world, today's Cyclone packs a horsepower into less than a pound of metal. Four Cyclones develop more power than the mightiest locomotive operating in the Rocky Mountains . . . and already this new power is changing ranches and farms, business and homes . . .

5. These Cyclones help make possible the operation of U. S. transport planes over more than 110,000 miles of global air routes. For example, 1,800 cargo shipments daily leave a single U. S. airport, and millions of miles are daily flown by U. S. airlines and the Air Commands of our armed services.

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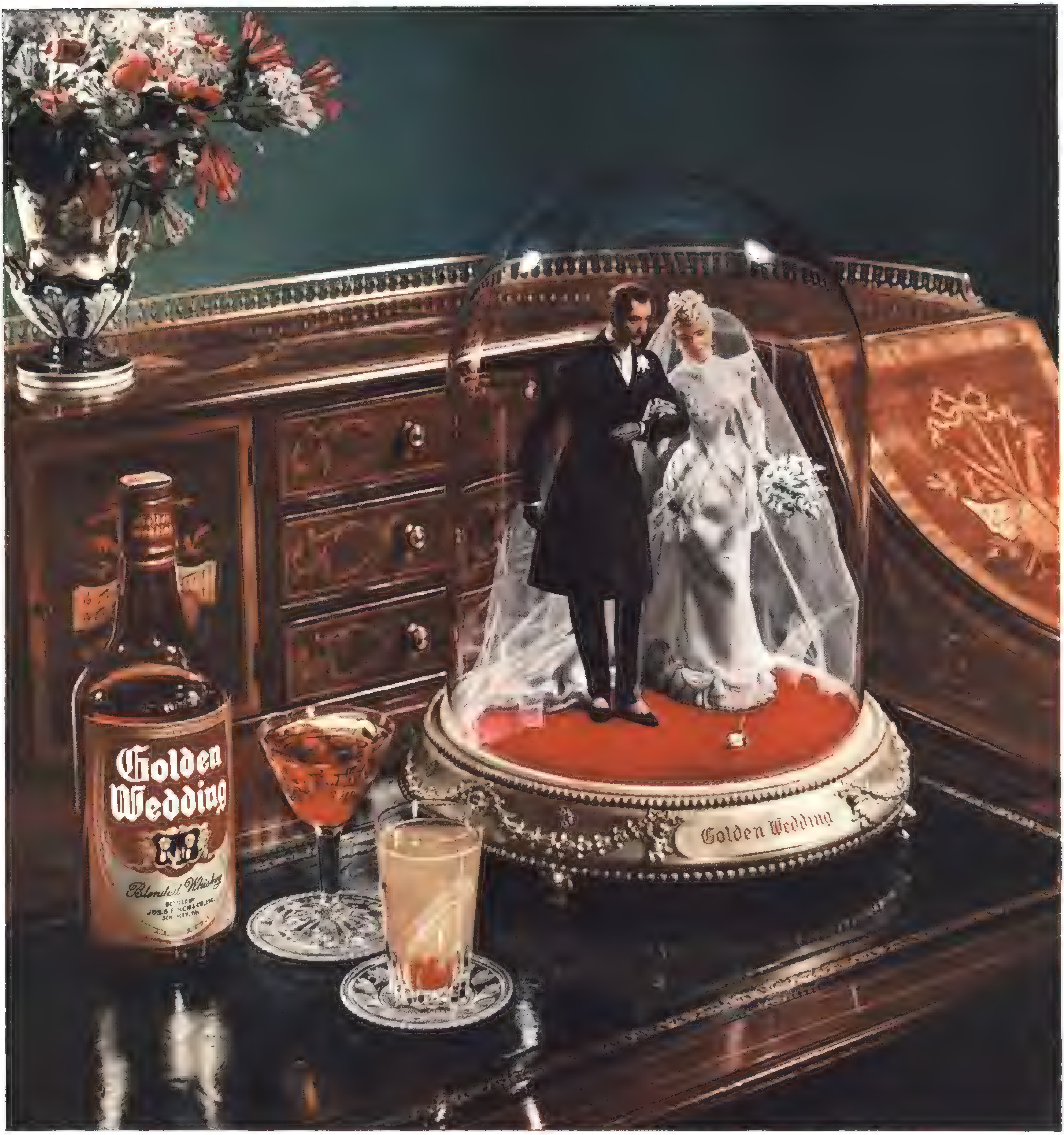
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Talking Shop with Esquire

BOTTLED PINE WOODS. Here's a quick way to cram a Maine vacation into your regular bathtime. Pour a shot of northwoods pine oil into your warm bath water. Soak the chassis in same, and see how jagged nerves dissipate. The stuff comes in a husky he-man pint bottle. Another refresher in a towering, gleaming white tricorn bottle contains cologne, purported to be the secret formula once used by the Russian Ambassador to the court of Napoleon. In those days, the spicy fragrance was compounded by macerating astrakan hides with alky for a year to produce the scent of Russian leather. The modern formula is a reasonable facsimile thereof. Then there's the after-shave lotion whose bottle is encased in an over-all jacket of felt, swell to protect the liquid while traveling, and nifty on a chiffonier. Such felt colors as purple, green, navy, khaki, red.

FOLLOW THE HORSES. Even if you can't go to the track, you can remind yourself of happy days with a new shaving set called Saddle Club. The wooden shave bowl of creamy lather is decorated with a horse's head. Talc and hair dressing bottles have wooden caps. Good gift.

WANNA SAVE A DUCK? You've maybe heard of Ducks Unlimited, a society of sportsmen who band together to preserve wild game. Part of their activities include selling handsome neckties hand-embroidered with wild ducks flying hither and yon. Generous portion of the cost of these ties is contributed to the society's conservation program. Buy a tie and save a fowl . . . during the past year, the duck population has quadrupled due to the efforts of Ducks Unlimited.

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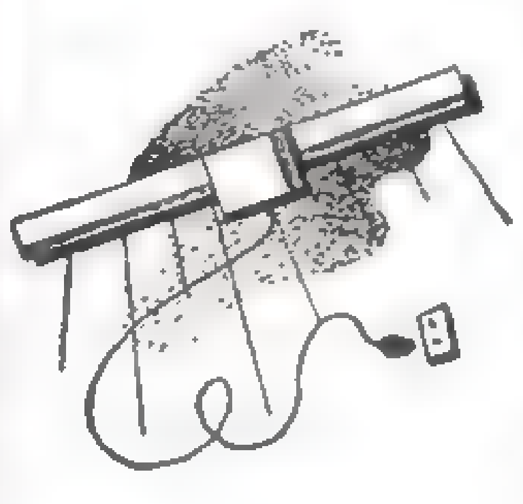
Talking Shop with Esquire

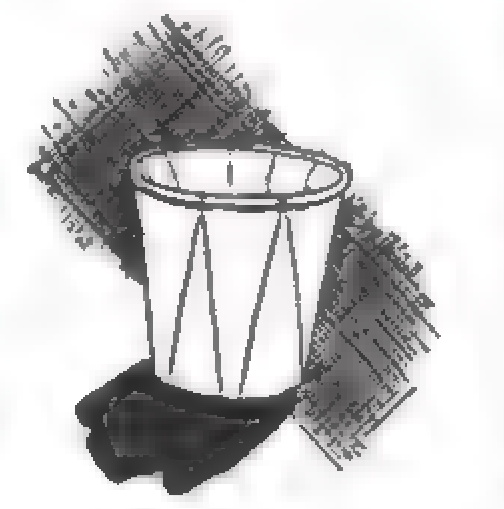
LETHAL POLISH. It's getting so a poor germ hasn't got a chance! Latest exterminator is a new self-polishing floor wax containing an odorless germicide, which, according to laboratory tests, will kill typhoid or any other virulent germs in five minutes. Seems that 85% of disease germs find their way to the floor where they live for weeks. Then along comes Mrs. Housewife who gives her floors the once over lightly. Result to germs: instant death. Polish dries to a high gloss in 15 minutes, is waterproof and non-slippery.

BACTERIA BLITZ. After the war, air-borne bacteria will be destroyed in a thrice by the rays of an ultra-violet lamp which you'll hang on the wall and plug into a regular lighting circuit. Invisible bullets of light sprayed by the tube put a speedy end to micro-organisms floating in the air. Thousands of the ultra-violet bombardment lamps are already in use in schools, hospitals, army and navy bases. Postwar, they're for you.



GERMPROOF CLOSURES. How'd you like a new seal-proof protection for bottles, glasses and jars? Just a series of cardboard collars made in various sizes to fit anything from a beverage bottle to an 8-inch bowl. You take a piece of cellophane, spread it over the closure, clamp the collar down over it and you have a fast top, which, they say, gives lasting protection. Said to hold carbonation in partially emptied beverage bottles for weeks!

THINK BEFORE YOU DRINK. Approximately two billion paper food containers are now used yearly, thanks to the educational job the paper cup institute has been doing in behalf of public health. To help ward off respiratory diseases, paper cups and containers are now required in war plants, army, navy centers and hospitals, and are being used more and more in lunchrooms, drugstores, etc.



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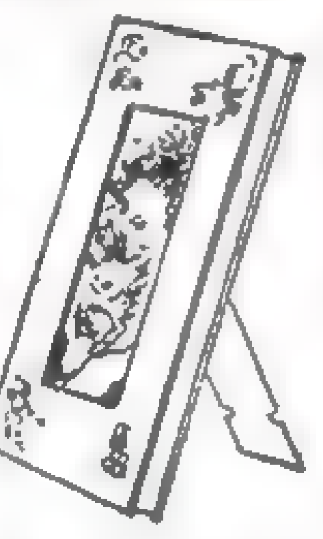

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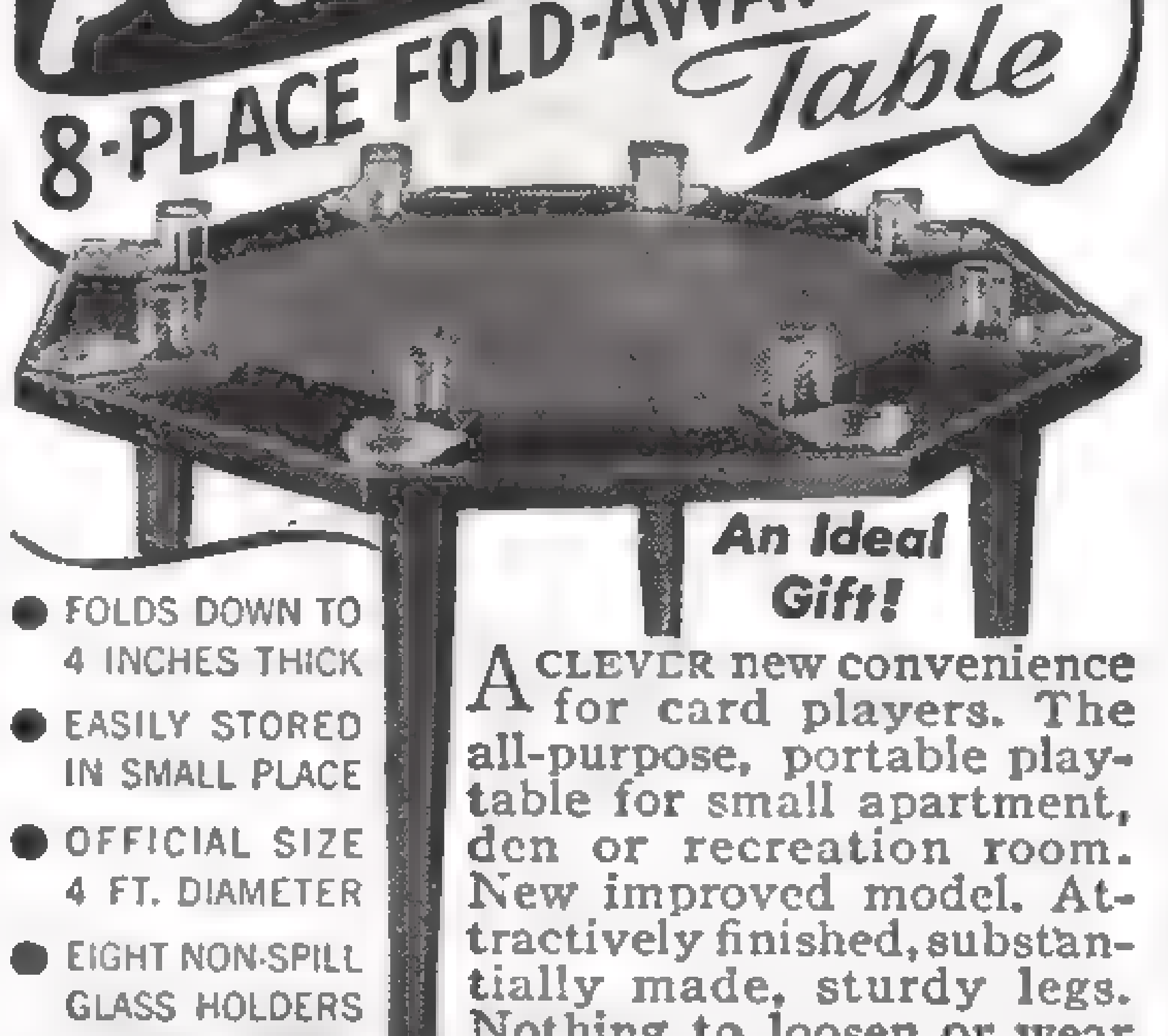

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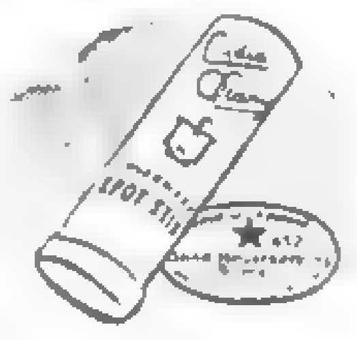

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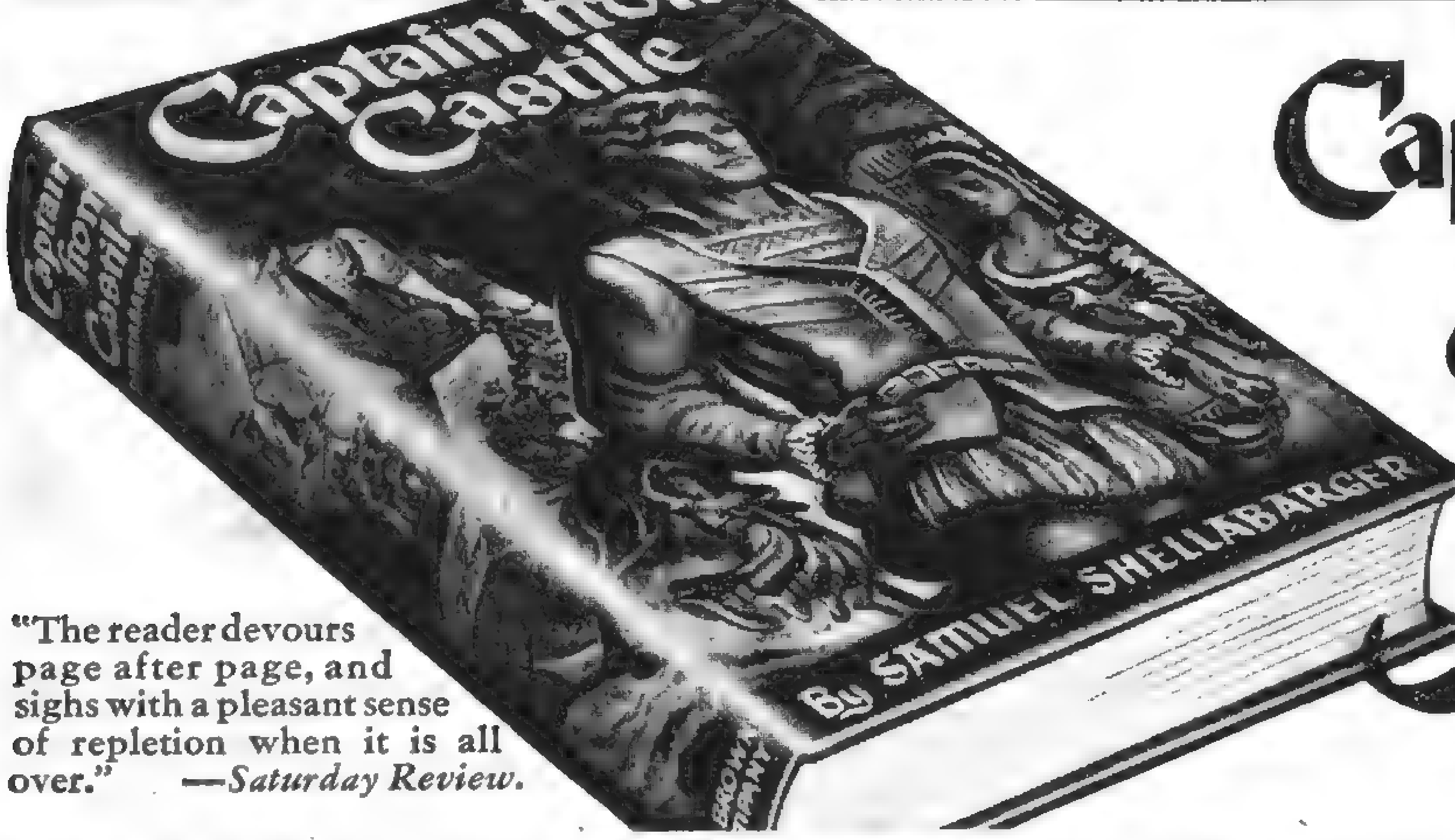

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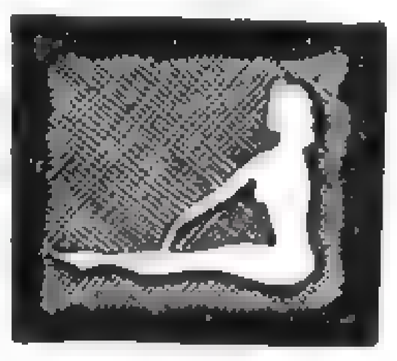
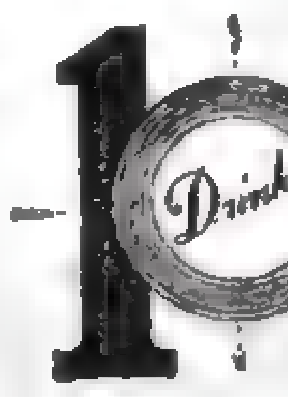
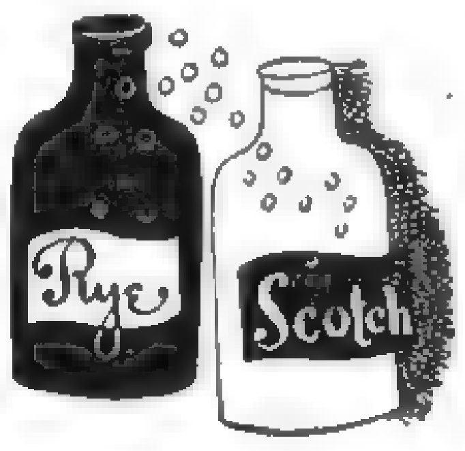


SUMMER COOLERS. Now's the time to stock up on quick mixers for your iced beverages. There are several bottled beauties you should know about. "Bowl of fruit", a syrup compounded of five or six fruits; raspberry syrup made of the natural fruit (old European style, it says) with a dash of soda water . . . a fine drink for the kiddies, and with a spot of juniper, a fine drink for the gang. Then there's a concentrated lemon juice made of real lemon and oil of lemon. One small bottle makes 3 quarts of lemonade with water added. Then on every shelf goes zombie mix . . . a subtle blending of tropical fruits. Comes with a recipe book which tells how to make 101 drinks.



BUMPS GIRLS. Have you seen those gag cocktail napkins hand-appliqued and padded in gay colors depicting a troupe of girl acrobats in various "daring" poses? And for an inexpensive gift, a wooden cocktail tray containing two hand-painted quart bottles, one for rye, the other for scotch; plus two small jiggers . . . all of which fit firmly into apertures in the tray so there's no spilling.



TOO LITTLE . . . BUT NOT TOO LATE. Average height of the American homo is 5′ 7½″. If nature has short changed you, and you hover around 5′ 3″ or so, don't suffer in silence, you can do something constructive about it. First, get a pair of specially built, elevated shoes . . . then go on to wisen yourself up in the matter of specially designed clothing, which, to the eyes of the public seem to add inches on you. Actors, business tycoons, doctors and movie stars are hep to all this and claim that the inches added by the shoes and the optical illusion of inches contributed via cleverly designed clothing, built-up hats, etc., not only improve posture, but improve poise as well. A well-known designer of elevated shoes has recently written a book filled with valuable tips on how to appear taller. It's well worth reading.

Ranger

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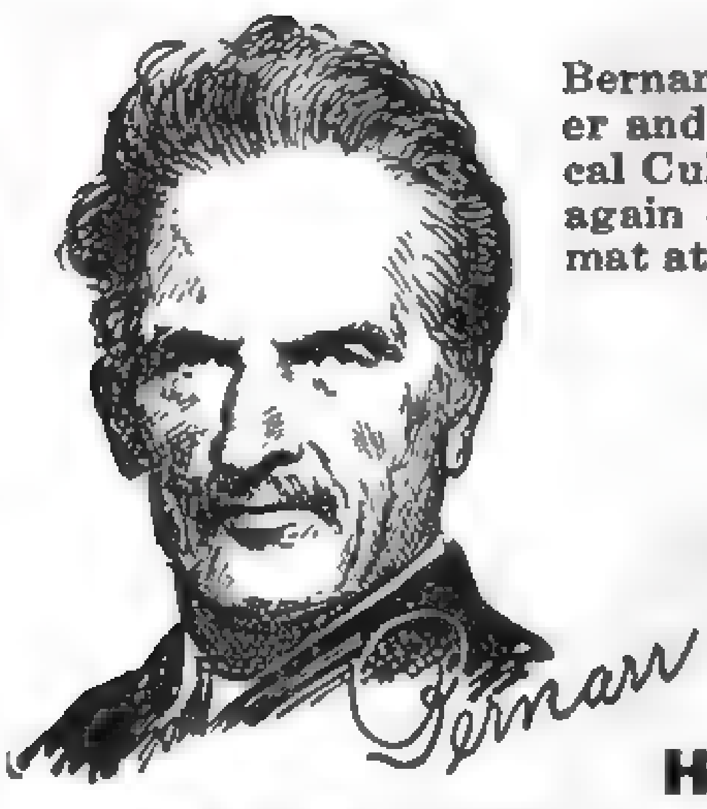
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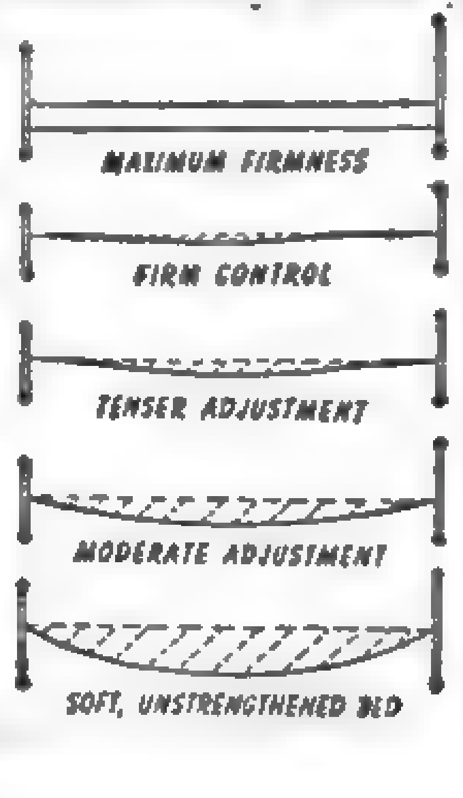

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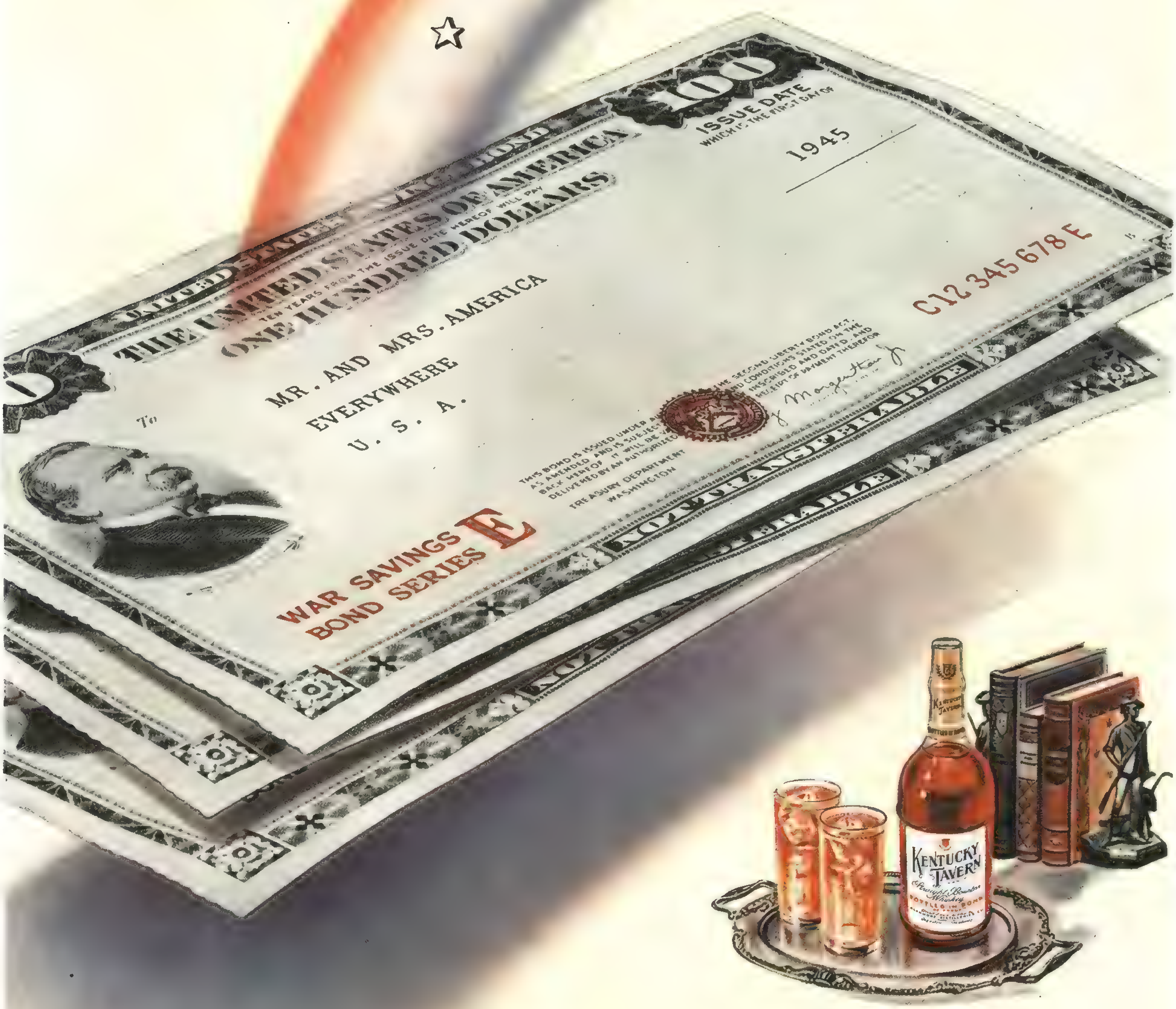
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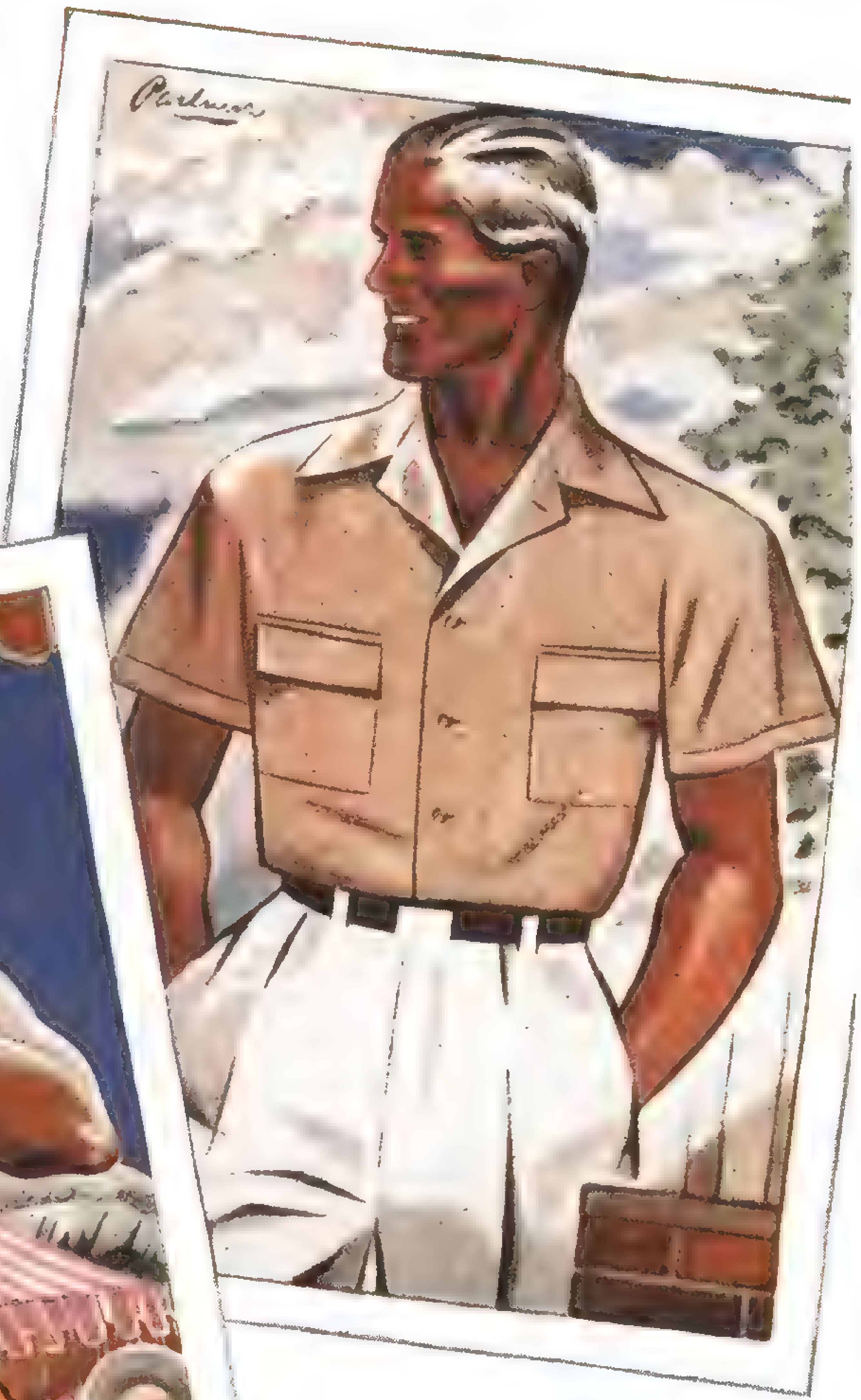

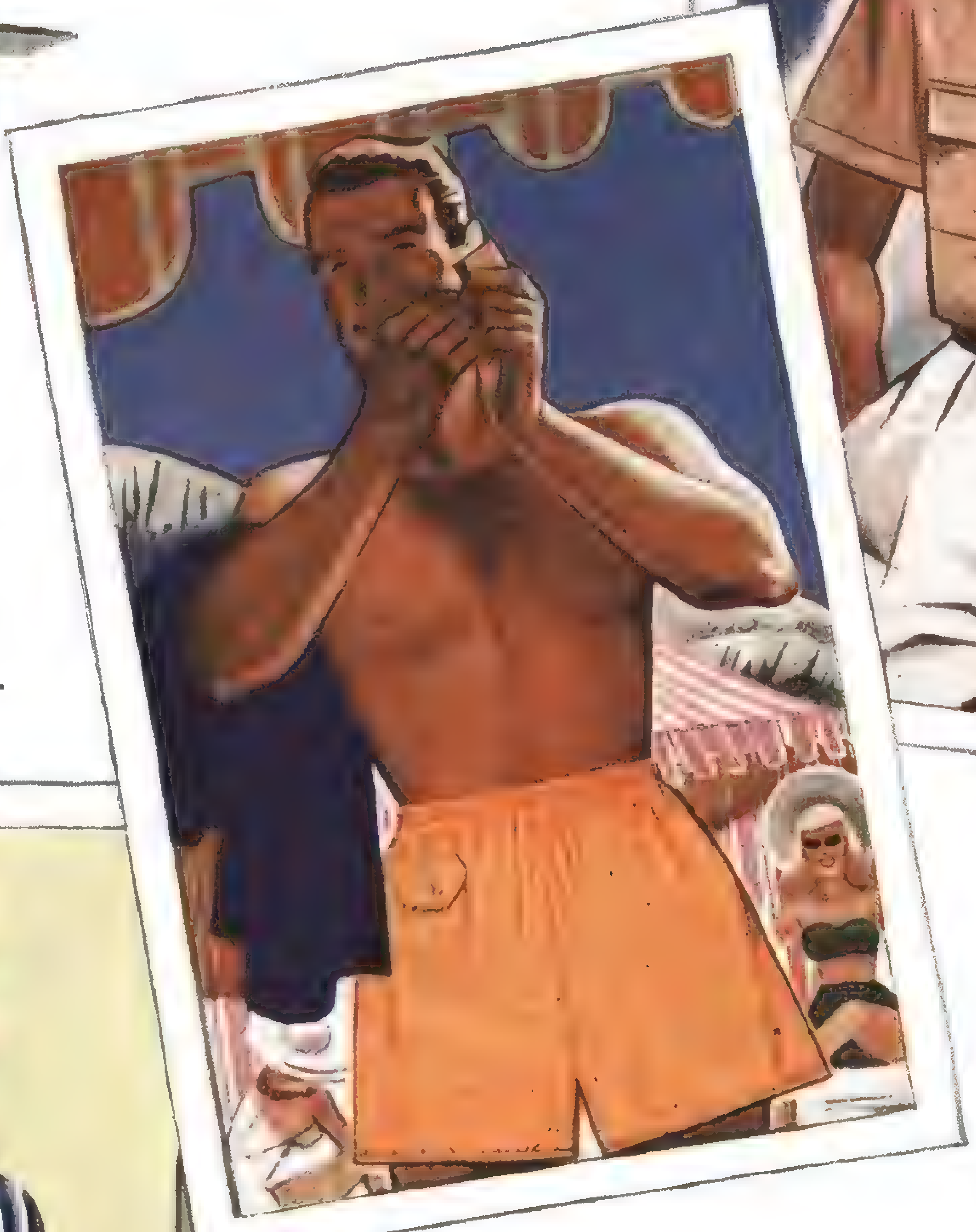

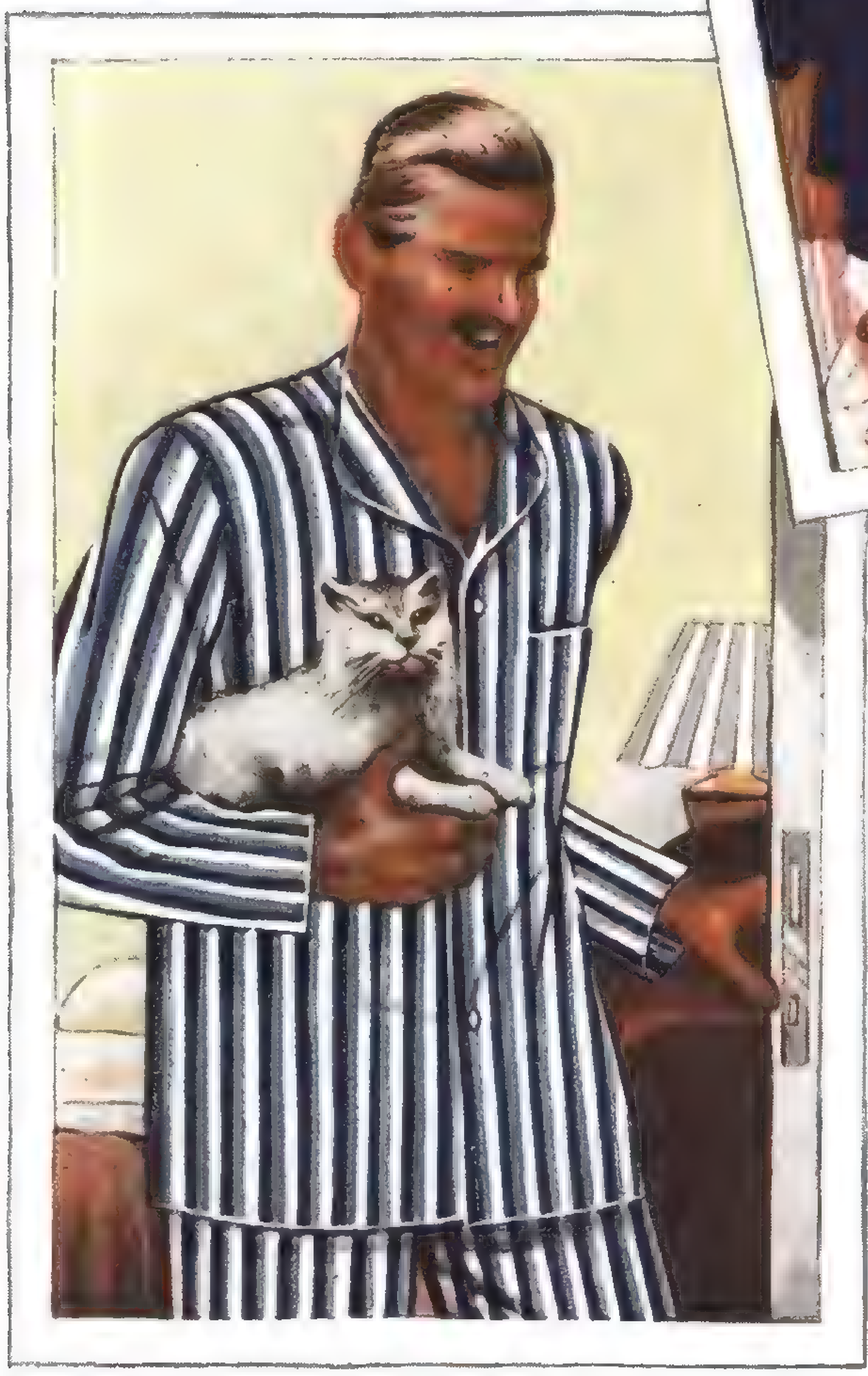

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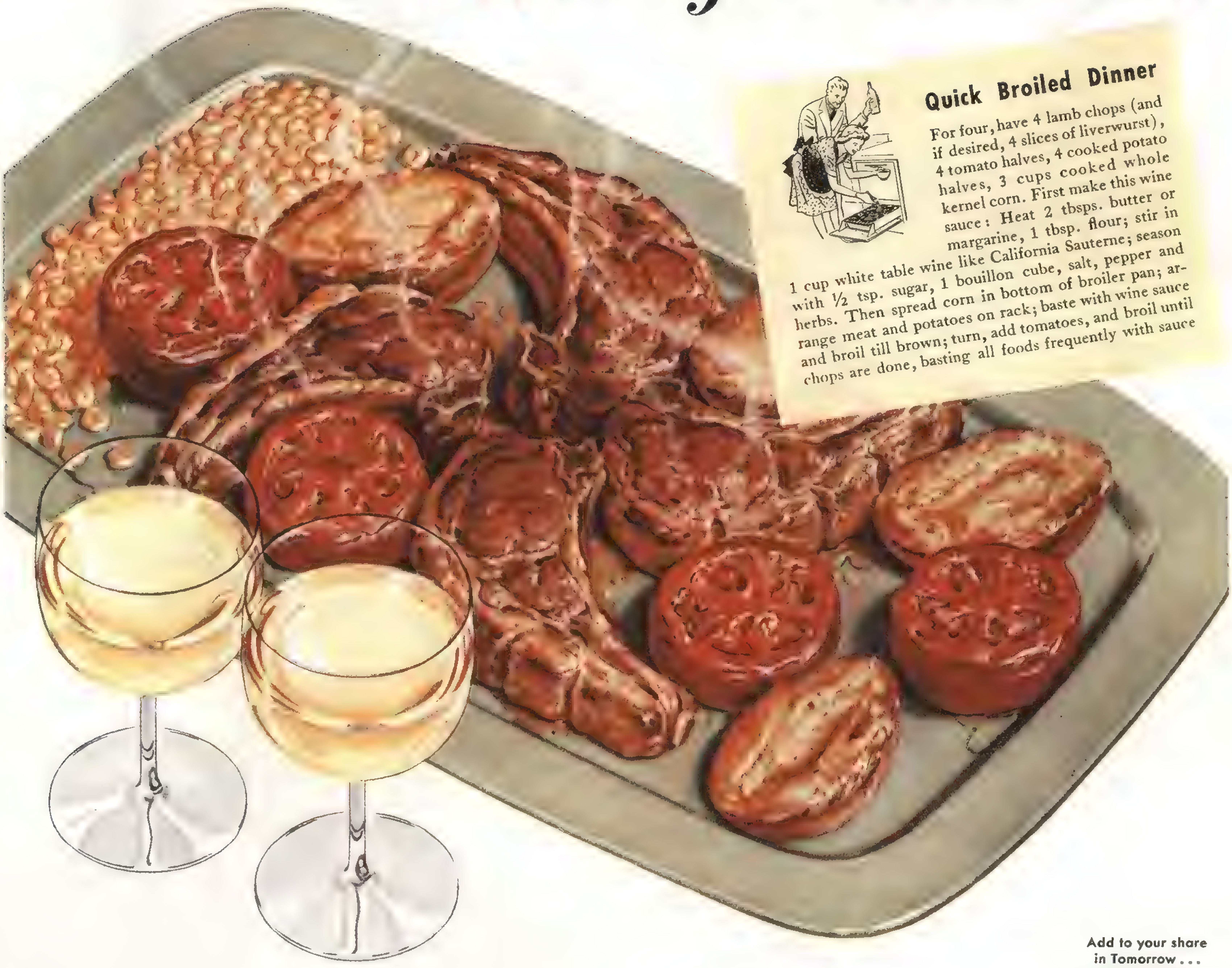
Wine goes with Food



Quick Broiled Dinner

For four, have 4 lamb chops (and if desired, 4 slices of liverwurst), 4 tomato halves, 4 cooked potato halves, 3 cups cooked whole kernel corn. First make this wine sauce: Heat 2 tbsps. butter or margarine, 1 tbsp. flour; stir in 1 cup white table wine like California Sauterne; season with ½ tsp. sugar, 1 bouillon cube, salt, pepper and herbs. Then spread corn in bottom of broiler pan; arrange meat and potatoes on rack; baste with wine sauce and broil till brown; turn, add tomatoes, and broil until chops are done, basting all foods frequently with sauce

Add to your share
in Tomorrow . . .
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A GOOD MANY food lovers share this secret: *the eating gets better when the main dish is cooked with wine.*

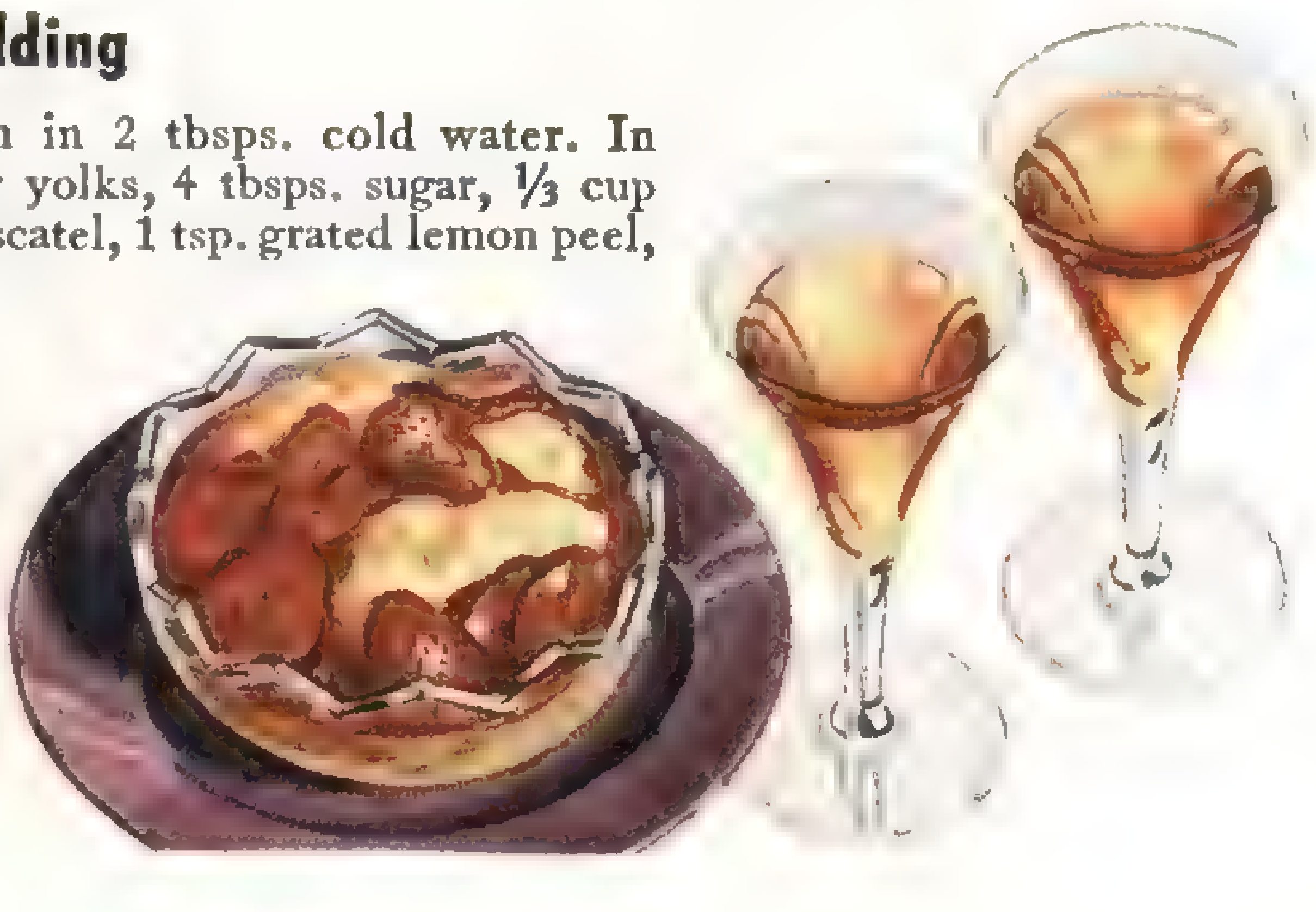
For example, as lamb chops and vegetables broil side-by-side in the oven, baste them with a white wine sauce. You'll find it makes a royal dish. And try pot roast that's been basted with red table wine. Or fish steaks that have been soaked in golden Sauterne before they go on the fire.

When such a dish comes to the dinner table, serve everybody a generous glassful of the same kind of wine used in the cooking. That results in a most appetizing taste harmony. That rounds out the group of good things wine does for food.

Our new recipe booklet points the way to many a simple, palate-pleasing wine-cooked dish. If you would like a *free* copy, just send a postcard to Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

Sherry Sundae Pudding

Soften 1½ tsps. gelatin in 2 tbsps. cold water. In double boiler mix 4 egg yolks, 4 tbsps. sugar, ⅓ cup California Sherry or Muscatel, 1 tsp. grated lemon peel, 2 tbsps. lemon juice; cook, stirring, until thickened; add gelatin, stir until dissolved. Beat 4 egg whites stiff with dash of salt; gradually beat in 6 tbsps. sugar. Fold in hot mixture, mix well; pour into bowl and chill. Top with berries or other fruit. Serves 5 or 6



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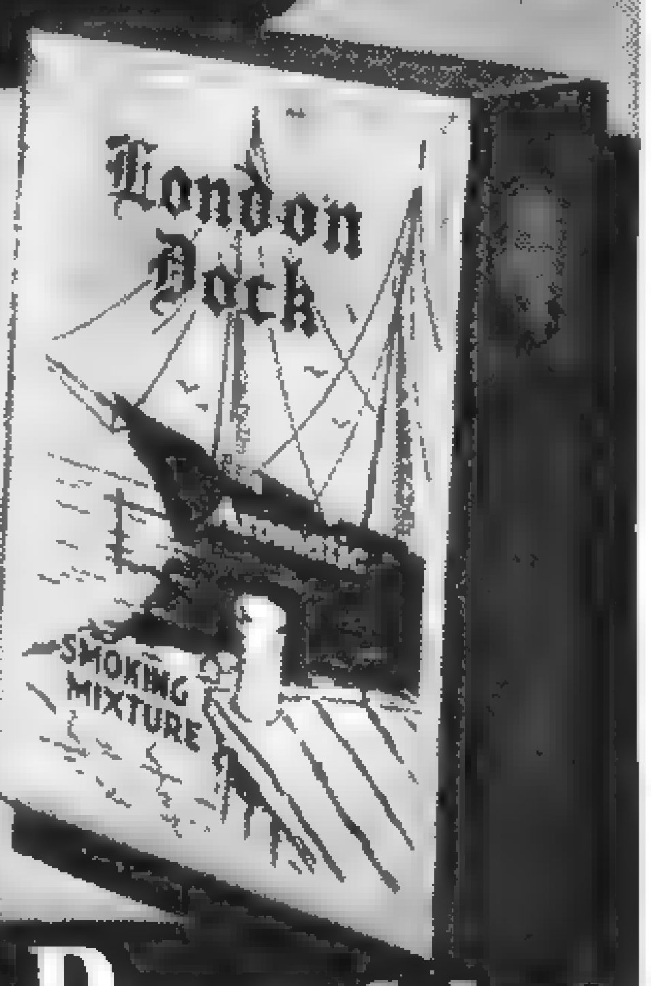

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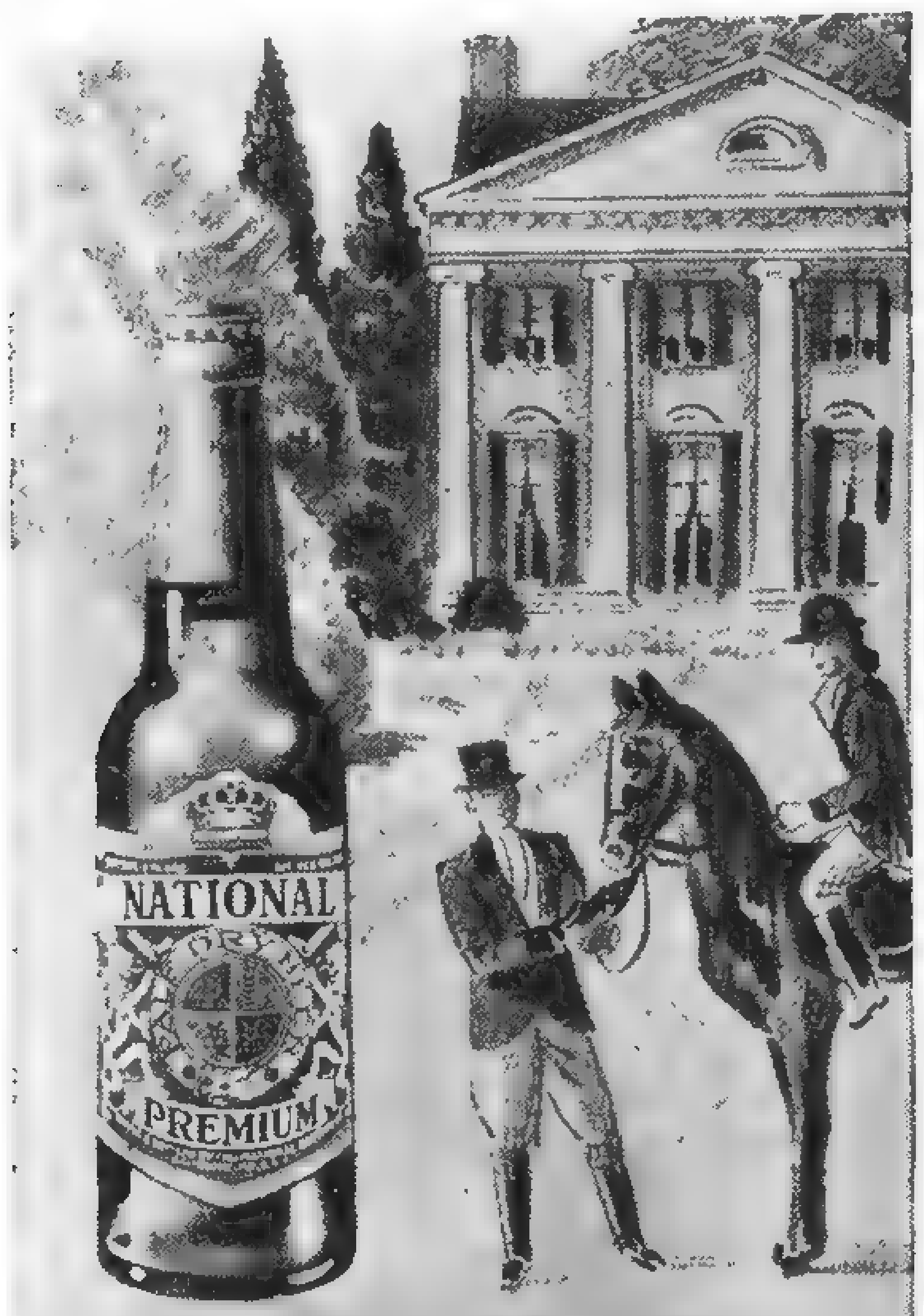

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NETTED from a chilly stream in Colorado, his speckled majesty Mr. Rainbow Trout takes a winged buggy ride via United Airlines to meet you next evening (Tuesdays and Thursdays) at the Hotel Lexington, with croon-fed Hawaiian belles swaying in celebration. Your fork is your fishing rod . . . Sly touch of Triple Sec gives extra zing to Daiquiris à la Lake Como Café—tipoff as to flavor policy of this newie, 62 West 48th, hosted by long-experienced Bruno. Every dish—chick cacciatora, lobster Fra Diavolo, veal ankle with risotto, pheasant, etc.—is schemed to outdelish expectations.

JULES LANDE & CO. are serving the musical hoof-d'oeuvres in the Hotel Ambassador's dine-and-dance dell; urbane Nicholas officiates as head Gardener . . . Cucumbers feel at home in the temperature of the Patio of the Henry Hudson, West 57th St. sky-tickler. Refecting is done under beach umbrellas, and ducks in the fountain pools quack in on the applause for pianist Gregory Franzell . . . Precautious people don sun glasses when they lamp the dazzling blonde who greets inflockers at Gilmore's old-oaken-buckety steak academy, 148 East 48th. Bare-eyed, we stepped off into space down the coupla treads to the dropped dining room, regaining balance with the aid of an Old Fashioned, a herd of jumbo shrimp, roast beef, baked mealy, bottle of California. For anyone willing to brave blink hazards it's a satisfying sort of place . . . Management of Chatham Walk (al fresco department of the Hotel Chatham) indulgingly permits patrons to sit down and eat or even drink. So how about a constitutional?

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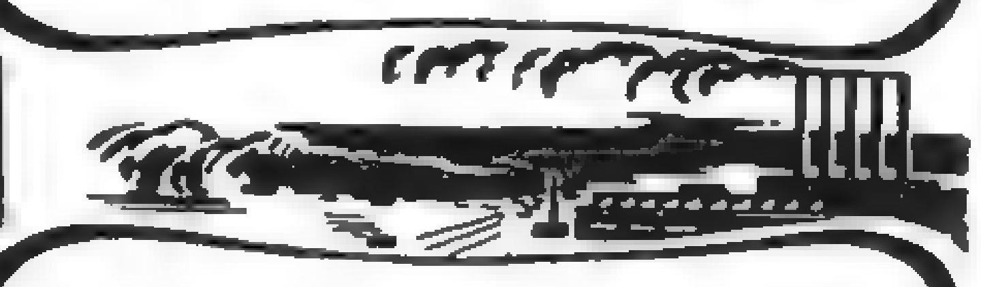

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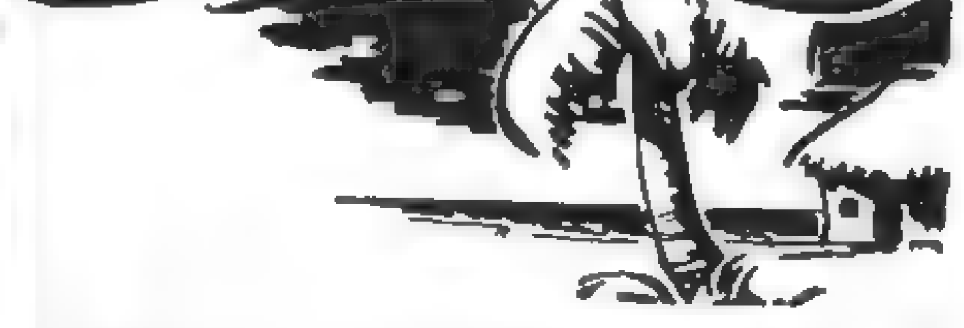

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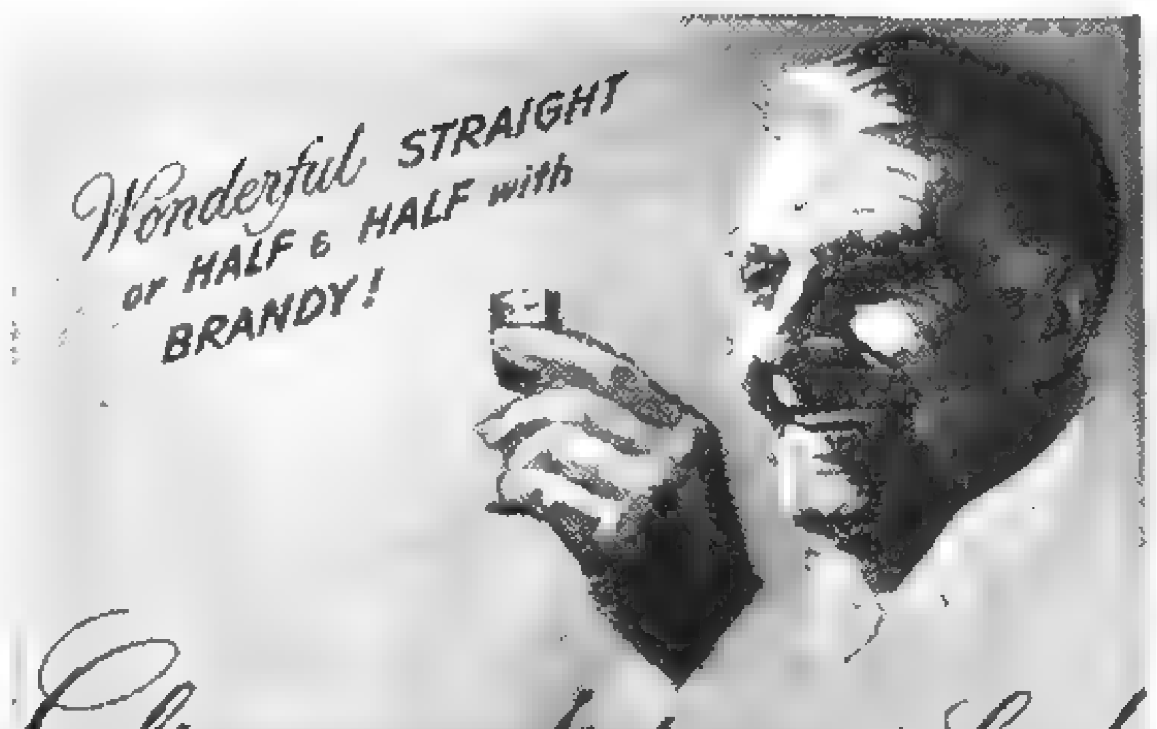
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Painting the Town with Esquire

NOTABLY unpuptentish is the Pavillon Marguéry, pitched on East 47th St. just west of Park Ave., as jocund adjunct of classical chowed Restaurant Marguéry, with zephyrs filtering through the floral latticework. Theme dish is, of course, Filet of Sole Marguéry—draped with white wine sauce and sea-jewels of Mlle. Molly Malone; but by no means despicable is the Hot Canapé Marquis, involving trick stuff o'er the lamp, and such provender as Breast of Chicken Barcelonnette, Lobster à l'Américaine, and lightsome Soufflée liqueured with Grand Marnier. In fact, quite a tidy crumb can be culled in this aërated coop, not to mention famed-branded drinkables.

TO THE URGENT rhythms of Nat Brandwynne and his retinue, the twin-towered Waldorf-Astoria has acknowledged summer's arrival by flinging open the sumptuous Starlight Roof, with a drum-fire of Champagne corks and the glint of Army and Navy insignia. What a floor for a paratrooper's boots to light on! . . . Rooster, Jr., is wined and dined on in the Chinese lanterned backyard of little A la Fourchette, 342 West 46th . . . Soft shell crabs and succulent clam abdomens are gladsomely gone for under the amusing old gas chandeliers at historic Gage & Tonner's in Brooklyn (372 Fulton St., brief stroll beyond Borough Hall), an establishment whose broil and fry departments can handle—and how!—anything that swims, cackles, or whiffs the daisies.

TUNEHEATER George Paxton, with a sheaf of new paxtonizations, is inciting ankles at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Café Rouge and thereby intensifying the table problem for headwaiter John. But nothing ruffles that pillar of politeness, who greets you by name even if he hasn't seen you since a year ago Thursday . . . The Ritz-Carlton Garden, its brook babbling in well-modulated tones, its appointments petal-perfect, is a not too rugged spot for lunchers and diners who love nature. So bring your trowel, preferably diamond-studded, and dig in.

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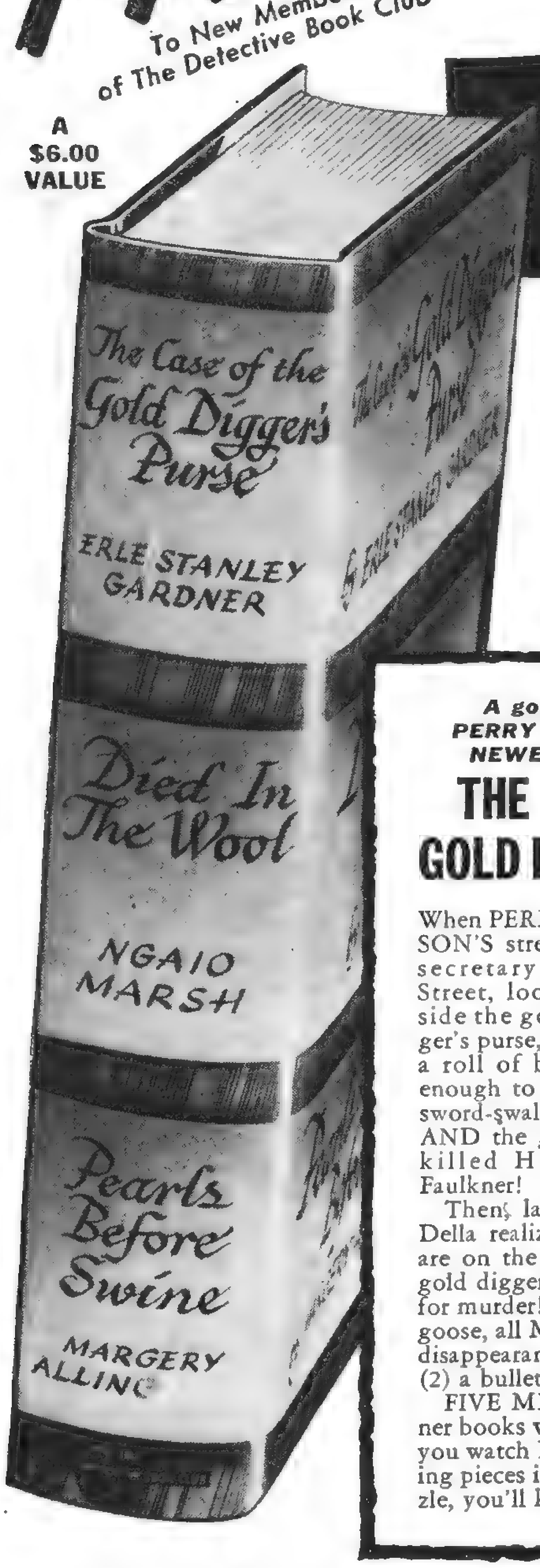

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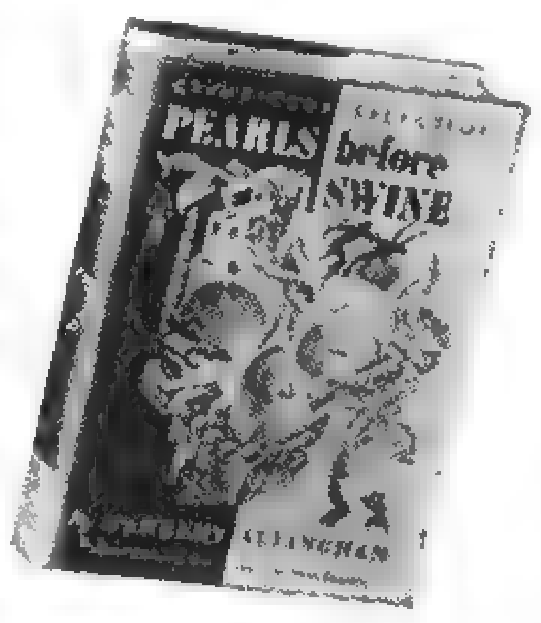

Just one little murder is *nothing* in a plot like this. But this particular one, and the odd events which follow, seem like fingers of a hand: *each separate in themselves but all a part of the same thing.*

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Sgt. Gene Philip Fortuna

Sergeant **Gene Philip Fortuna** is one of our discoveries this month, making his bow with *The Magnificent American Male,* on page 54. Sgt. Fortuna protests that he issues this timely warning to the girls of America, not as a misogynist, but as a missionary. In civilian life he was, in turn, an orchestra leader, a salesman of religious articles and of hospital equipment. When he enlisted in the Army he knew nothing of mechanics and was accordingly placed in the Ordnance Department. With the First Army he and his outfit hit the beach in Normandy, and from then on they were in the thick of the heavy fighting—his unit finally received the Presidential Citation. The above picture was taken in Liége, Belgium.

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Lieutenant **Wayne T. Pratt** is a clinical psychologist with applied training among the Indians of the Southwest. He explains that the test described in *Why You Are Different* supplied an escape from what might have been a monotonous life in an Army barracks and adds, "This cartoon from your magazine served as the tool for one of the most interesting tests for personality sketching that I have found."

Lt. Wayne T. Pratt

Lt. Pratt got his B. A. from Baylor University and his M. S. from Texas A. & M.; he was working toward his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago when war was declared.

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It is reported by office grapevine that some of the personnel in the subscription department have been no end annoyed at having to fill a considerable number of orders for Esquire subscriptions coming from German P.O.W.'s in this country. The consensus among the boys and girls in the subscription department seems to be that Esquire is too good for the fallen Supermen. However, leafing through back issues of the magazine to see what some of these lads, nurtured on *Mein Kampf,* may have gleaned from reading Esquire, we decided it contains some pretty fair counterpropaganda, at that. We hope all of them read *The Stand of the Wooden Soldier* in April—a story describing in symbolic terms, the crime that Hitler has committed against his own people. It was written by Alfred Neumann, a German refugee who had the honor to have his books banned by the Nazis. And we further recommend to all German P.O.W.'s Paul Gallico's current piece, treating of "the terrible beauty of democracy in arms."

•

Private First Class **Ira Henry Freeman**, author of *Life Afloat with Father,* is a combat correspondent on the staff of *Yank.* An old New York *Times* reporter and rewrite man, he has written several short stories which have appeared in such "little" magazines as *The Prairie Schooner* and *Story.* He is married to Beatrice Oppenheim, a free-lance writer.

•

Sinclair Lewis has just finished a novel, called *Cass Timberlane,* which Random House will publish October 3 and which will be serialized in *Cosmopolitan.* Lewis, who once won the Pulitzer Prize for his satire on businessmen, has sold the movie rights for *Cass Timberlane* for 225,000 dollars. Incidentally, our book reviewer has left effete New York to live forever in Duluth—where the air is fresh and hearts are pure—or at least until next fall.

•

Our readers are an inventive lot, continually bombarding the department editors with helpful ideas. Just for instance, our fashion editor received a letter from a fellow in the stir who submitted a design for a pickpocket-proof pocket, to be included in all men's trousers . . . to the fatal detriment of his chosen trade. Of more general interest perhaps is this letter addressed to Lawton Mackall containing a recipe which our research department soberly testifies lives up to its name:

While on leave last winter in Memphis I came across a new drink which I think worthy of passing on to you. I was visiting in the home of another flier and together we decided to concoct something new both in ingredients and name. The recipe follows:
1 jigger Cuban rum
1 jigger Dubonnet wine
1 jigger coca-cola
Dash of lime
Fill with ginger ale

We named it the "Blue Room Snap-Roll"; blue room for the party room of the house and snap-roll for our favorite acrobatic maneuver. The contents are usually easy to obtain and it is little trouble to make."

(Signed) Paul C. Cabell
Ens. (A-1) USNR

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The by-lines for *How to be a Poker Wolf* and *The Straight Dope from Daddy* are, for obvious reasons, pseudonyms.

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Victor Boesen was born of Danish parents on an Indiana farm, studied journalism briefly at the University of Missouri and became a reporter, first with the Wichita *Beacon* in Kansas, then with the City News Bureau in Chicago. He frequently obliged the police by standing in line with jail-house inmates while witnesses identified suspects in various crimes. For a time he wrote radio news, and reports cynically that "with very few exceptions the so-called 'commentators' are mere parrots who get the credit and the money for what their peons have written. In the fall of 1939, my mouthpiece having gone on to big things in the movies, I migrated to Hollywood, feeling a little like a good girl gone bad who can't go back to her family." He is now doing a weekly syndicated newspaper column on movie people.

•

Lieutenant **Richard Bry**, of the U. S. Signal Corps, breaks into print for the first time with *A Horse Named Stringbean.* He testifies that the experience behind the story has been both extensive and expensive. At the moment, on an Army salary, he prefers riding horses to playing them.

•

Theodore E. Kruglak (*Something Rotten in Mozambique,* page 58) is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U. S. Merchant Marine. He writes: "After the Navy turned me down for faulty vision, I shipped out as purser with the Black Diamond S. S. Corporation. In those days the Merchant Marine didn't care if you had physical defects. I had the last laugh on the Navy however, as I operated one of their 20 mm. guns aboard the vessel in the Mediterranean area. I was in on the African follow-up, the Italian invasion, and the Mediterranean shuttle service. In between times I was commissioned in the Maritime Service and emerged as a Hospital Corps man aboard a Liberty ship. I have been recalled to active duty in the Maritime Service (which means a shore job) editing their medical publications. Before all this I worked for an advertising agency. I'm married, thirty-four, with one son, Mike, whose only accomplishment in his six years was to swallow a quarter and have his stomach opened to get the darned thing out."

Lt. Theodore E. Kruglak

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Lieutenant **Robert W. Wilkerson** says: "My first experience with applied psychology came when I met my co-author, Lt. Pratt. I found my character being dissected before my eyes. I was skeptical. Then he gave me the analysis and I was sold. We then went to work on the article, *Why You Are Different,* and after a few stormy sessions, we signed a separate peace. He researched, I wrote and he criticized. A trained psychologist, like a wife, always manages that last word. I am twenty-six and have a lovely wife who is still wondering if it was really a good thing that my interest turned to psychology." ⌗

Lt. R. W. Wilkerson

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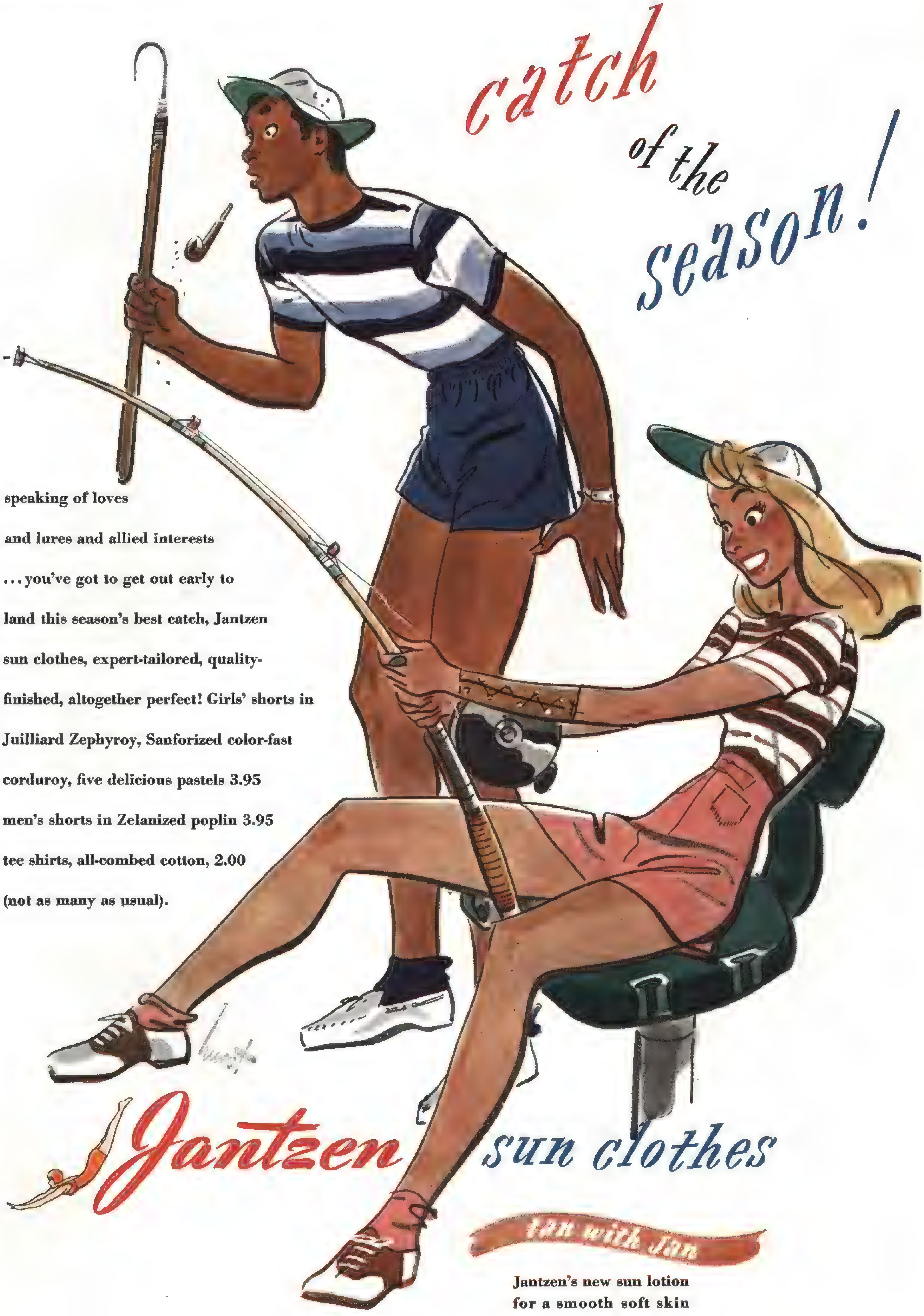
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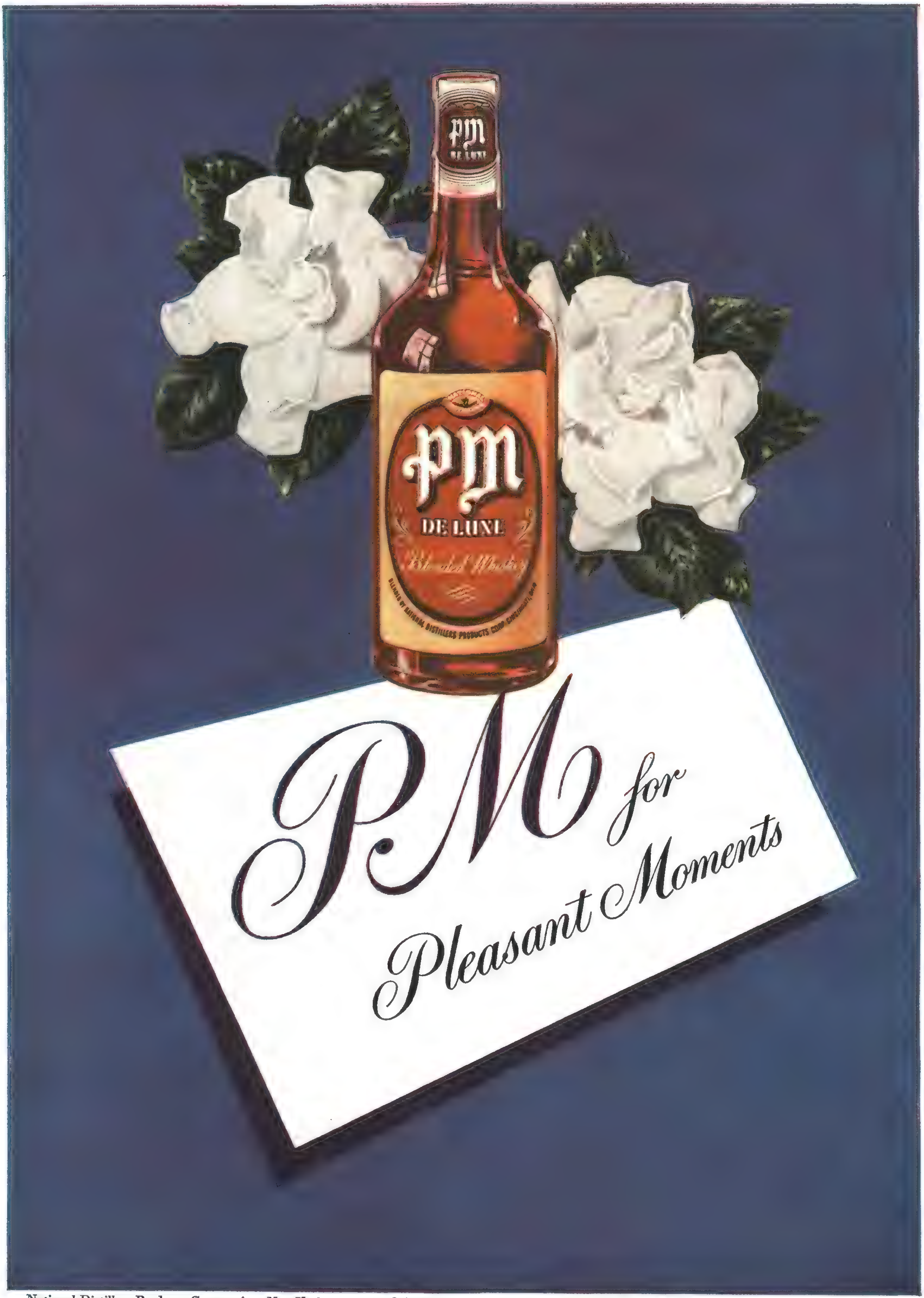
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The Straight Dope from Daddy

Being a sincere account of courtship and marriage, without the customary kidding, dedicated to a sometime son

by JOSEPH ROGER CARR

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It's not at all strange that I should be writing a letter to a son who is not only not yet born, but not even on the way. It's a lit'ry tradition that with the approach of parenthood, all journalist fathers must sit down and write a sentimental Letter to an Unborn Son . . . a letter filled with sound advice that they never followed themselves.

The journalist fathers may have come from Iowa, smoked cigarettes when they were eight, and played pool at ten, but their unborn sons, I have noticed, are always well-behaved, faintly Old School English and very polite. Their names are Michael, Peter, or Jeremy, and they eventually wind up as professors of English in girls' colleges.

But you, my son, will be different.

You will have a runny nose, and be named Claude. I don't know why, but you will. For a long time I have known you were inevitable. You will go into real estate, or the embalming game, and *like* it. So help me, you will never write a first novel of frustrated youth entitled *So Brave the Cry*, or *Tender Is the Rock.*

I just want you to be *happy*.

So this is a letter for you, Claude. A letter for you to read when you are seventeen and have just fallen in love. You will come home and throw yourself on your bed. You will wonder why you never knew what happiness was until you found a girl who could make you feel miserable. You will wonder about your mother and me.

Did *we* ever feel the way you do now? Did we ever have your same wild doubts? You will look at us in a puzzled way, and for the first time you will see us, not as parents, but as *people.*

And that is why I am writing this letter—to tell you honestly how your mother and I fell in love. The word love doesn't mean anything any more. It isn't the same word Shelley knew. It's been used too much to sell soap and syndicated sex.

There isn't anything in the world about which more lies, half-truths, and rubbish has been written about than love—so this letter is written to tell you about your mother and me—and how it was. Your mother and I have been married one week—feelings and events are still fresh, strong and clear.

I met your mother through chance. A Navy friend came back from two years in the Pacific. One day on a bus, he struck up a conversation with a Wave—who was your mother's roommate. That's the way it came about.

Your mother was tall, slim, blonde, mischievous, twenty-one, a Wave stationed in Washington, D. C. I was an officer in the Air Corps, a bachelor of thirty-three. I was allergic to altars.

Mary had a sense of humor. She said her father described her as "the most reasonably unattractive woman he knew." Before she had returned for her last year at college her mother had admonished her not to accept any gifts from men—of less than 5,000 dollars. Mary loved animals, particularly a parrot she owned, though all he could do was screech. Mary's greatest talent lay in getting into awkward situations with elderly admirals and new friends she met in night clubs.

The first evening I spent with her I paid no attention to her whatsoever. I was keen on a girl named Helen. I decided that your mother was not for me. She found me equally revolting. A few days later, I took her to the theatre. I thought she was gay, but not for me. Months passed—we ran around together.

I was tired of being a bachelor. On one side I was plagued by married women who wanted to make their husbands jealous. On the other, I was assailed by married men friends, who came to town ostensibly on business, but who really wanted to *play with fire.*

Yet I still didn't want to get married.

The next thing I knew I was sitting in a Washington waterfront saloon asking Mary to marry me. Here I was, convincing myself that it was the only *logical* thing to do. I recognized the light touch and a master hand. I could only listen in consternation to myself, throwing my life away!

"Why, Joe," she said archly, "your hands are absolutely clammy."

"Not at all," I said—but they were.

My laughter was higher pitched than usual. I was talking twice as much and twice as fast. I was scared to death . . . and so was Mary. You will notice, Claude, that we were not struck, as by lightning, with the realization that We Were Meant for Each Other. We both thought that it might be the most colossal marriage bust on record.

She wouldn't give me an immediate answer. After all, she was engaged to several others at the time. So we left the saloon and drove away in my car. At the first traffic light, I stopped. When the light changed I started the car—and then noticed that the light I was driving through was red—and it had been green when I first stopped.

What was the matter with me?

I stopped at a florist's and bought Mary some flowers. I don't know why. It seemed a good thing to do at the time—like putting boiling water on the kitchen stove before the baby comes. Then Mary went back to her job in the Navy, and I went back to mine in the Air Corps.

We both thought large weddings were stupid. All I ever did at them was to dodge candid-camera fiends and to stand on one foot and then the other, talking to an old bore named Uncle Arthur who had come all the way from Illinois, he kept telling you.

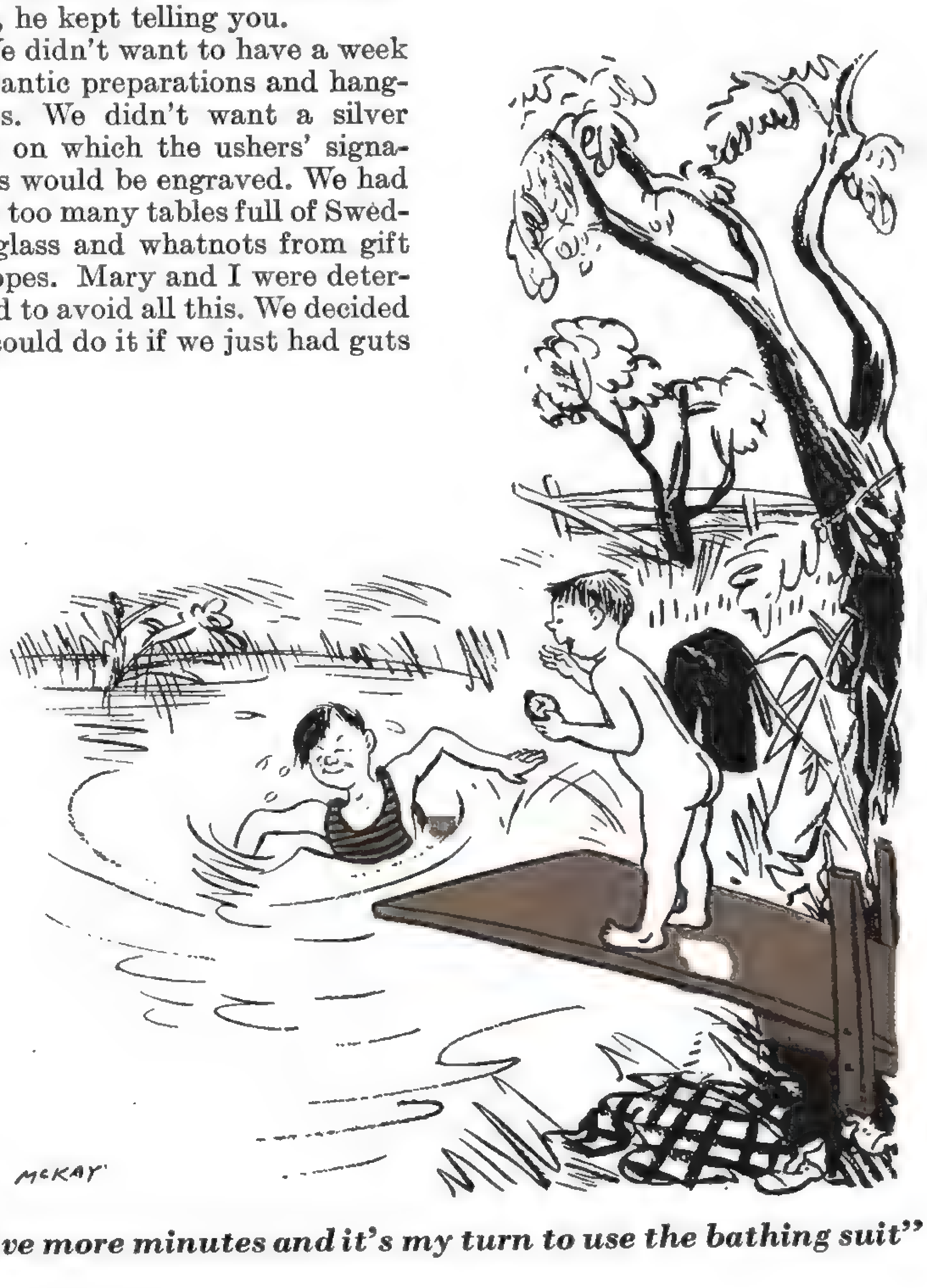
We didn't want to have a week of frantic preparations and hangovers. We didn't want a silver tray on which the ushers' signatures would be engraved. We had seen too many tables full of Swedish glass and whatnots from gift shoppes. Mary and I were determind to avoid all this. We decided we could do it if we just had guts enough to stay out of the clutches of people who wanted a big party themselves.

I telephoned friends in Vermont and asked them, could we get married in their summer home? They said we could, but was this another one of my gags? I said this was no joke. Indeed, it wasn't. I was burning with a cold flame.

The best Mary could do was to get three days' leave from the Navy. So, on Thursday night we took the train for New York. On Friday, Mary said she had to have a new hat. A girl had to have a new hat to be married in, didn't she? In Saks Fifth Avenue, Mary remembered that she already had three Wave hats in perfect condition. What did she need another for? I didn't know. We had a fine ride on the Staten Island Ferry, and dined on a hotel roof, where the waiters were just as belligerent as those in Washington.

The train to Vermont was

Continued on page 133



"Five more minutes and it's my turn to use the bathing suit"

The Valley of the Shadow

He saw his son as perfect as a bean sprout—and it seemed savage that such a beginning might suddenly end

by T. K. BROWN III

FICTION

A lady in a white gown took his hand and led him past the dragon. She was a kind lady.

"I never thought I'd see a real dragon," he said anxiously. But he mustn't let the lady know he was afraid.

He looked back: the dragon was gone. Rocks and sand and ragged steep places, a blazing desert, just what he had supposed it would be, like the picture of Death Valley in his geography book. It was very hot.

"This is the Valley of the Shadow of Death," he told the lady, and his words were caught up in a hollow wind and sent booming across the wastelands; they rolled in all directions, thundering hoops of sound, as big as a house. They knocked down the cliffs.

"Of death, of death, of death," the rocks shouted, and the whole vault of the sky rang with echoes, and the air shed bright scales of quartz. Phrases of the psalm flitted about him, birdlike: I will fear no evil, he leadeth me beside the still waters; and that strange one: surely good Mrs. Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life.

"Is thee Mrs. Murphy?" he asked. "Did thee follow me into this valley?"

"No, child," she answered. "I am another."

"A mother?" Had she said "a mother"? There was such a roaring in the air, like a storm; but it was hot and he felt giddy. He'd better say something. "I can do long division," he stated. "My papa taught me."

"I'm taking you home, child," the kind lady said.

"To the eyes?"

They sat on the horizon and looked at him, whatever he did, two great sad eyes, like his mother's. They swept the whole dead land with their slow and melancholy gaze and returned always to him as soon as he moved, and they said sadly, "You are lost, little boy, you know."

He was afraid of them.

"To the eyes," the kind lady said. "Cool sleep."

Right in front of them was a terrible goblin.

"Excuse me," he said, "but there's another griffin. Couldn't we go around?"

But the griffin was gone.

"Where the sea is," she replied. "Like Atlantic City."

Salt water taffy and the man who made a racer car out of red sand.

"But I don't live there." The sun was burning white on all the rocks and sand and he saw nothing that he recognized, and he felt quite faint and sick. "I think we're lost," he said.

"Yes," the lady said, but now she was like cruel Miss Watson the penmanship teacher. "We are lost, we are lost, we are lost. Up and down, up and down, stroke, stroke, wrist loose, arm loose, up and down."

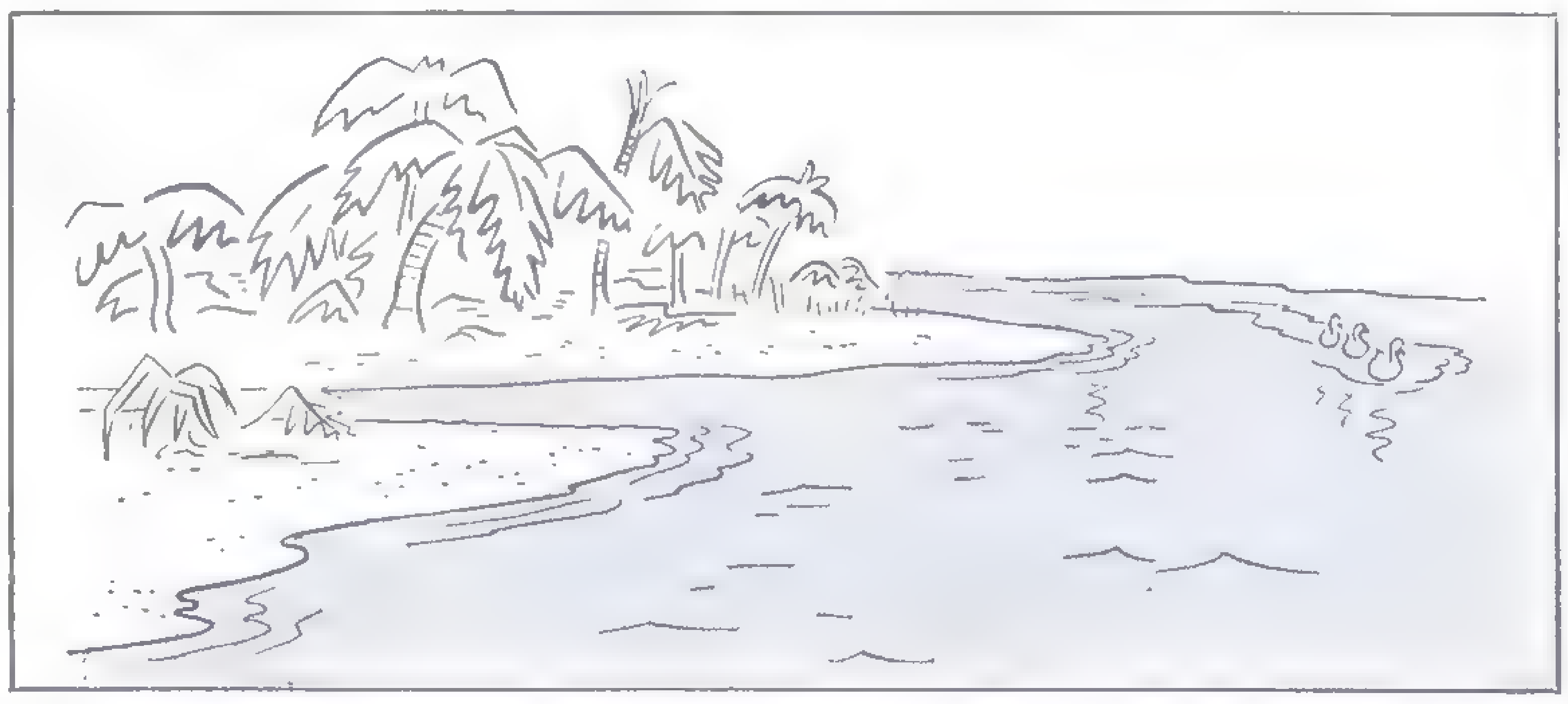
There was a crow in the cornfield once.

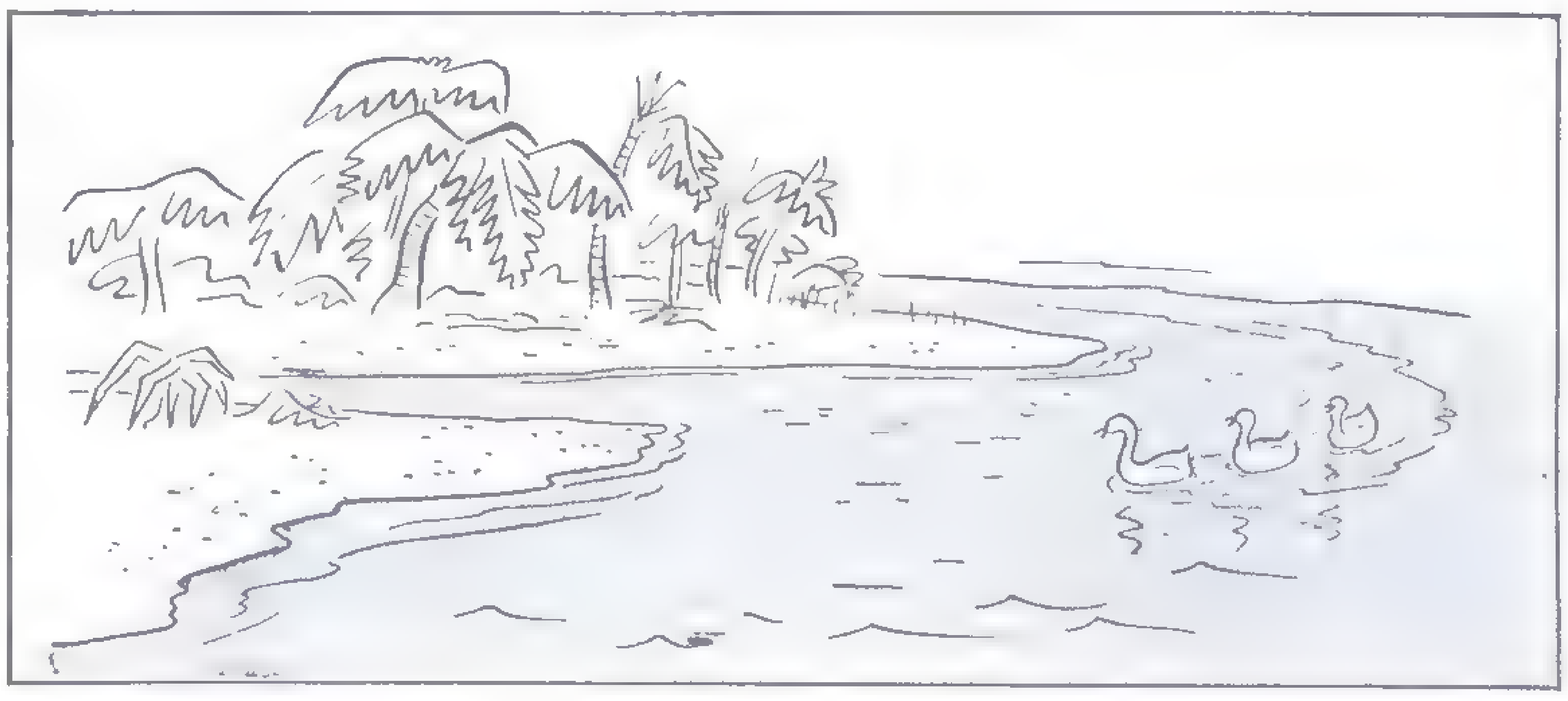
He burst into tears. (But no tears came.) And now he was a very small little boy, very afraid indeed, and he wished he was home in bed.

"My name is Timmie Walton," he recited, the way his mother had taught him if he should ever get lost. "I am six years old and I live in New York City on Seventy-Eighth Street and our name is in the telephone book. Please take me home."

But she led him straight on, though he stumbled. When he looked up at her fearfully she was gone, and his hand held a starfish, and ahead of him the two great jelly eyes stared at him solemnly from the horizon, and rolled over backwards; and the lady's voice fell over him like a tent, saying, "That's where the cool green sea is. That's where Ran lives, she draws drowned sailors to the bottom of the sea. Go to her. Go, go quickly."

His father had told him about Ran. She was a goddess. He knew more than anyone else in the whole world, except this terrible lady. His father had told him about Sir Patrick Spens.





Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet

That was the cool green sea.

"Of death, of death," the cliffs muttered.

"Is thee an angel?" he asked in a small voice, looking all around the shimmering desert for her. "Is thee an angel?"

And the desert wind flung his words against the walls of the Valley of the Shadow of Death and into their eternal arguing, and the two echoes came back to him together with the sound of his own voice, immeasurably more vehement.

"Angel . . . Angel . . . of death."

"The child will be dead before this day is dead," the doctor said to the nurse. He was somewhat of a poet and wished to impress the nurse. Moreover he hated people.

The year was 1922 and the child was six years old. His temperature was 108° and the meningococci were feeding on the nerves of his spine. He was delirious and kept calling, "Lady, lady!"

The boy's father was waiting in the hallway. He had been waiting for eight hours, since early morning; he had seen his son wheeled out of the operating room, where they had cut a hole in his head the size of a silver dollar. Now, when he saw the doctor coming down the hall toward him, he rose to his feet, holding his hat in his fist. He saw the doctor assume the expression which doctors assume in the presence of the parents of dying children.

"There is still hope," the doctor said gravely.

Mr. Walton asked: "Do you think he will live?"

The doctor considered his various responsibilities, toward truth and toward people. Because of his hatred of people he answered, "I cannot say that I think he will live. But there is still some reason to hope."

Mr. Walton said, "Thank you." He stood facing the doctor, twisting his hat in his hands.

The doctor looked at this strange innocent Quaker man who did not know what to do with his hat, and was attacked by a sort of loathing.

"There's no use your waiting here," he said harshly. "Your worry isn't going to save his life.

Go out and get drunk and come back in the evening. If your boy is still alive, then he will stay alive. If he is dead, I am afraid he will stay dead."

Mr. Walton said again, in a whisper, "Thank you."

He went down the stairs of the hospital to Amsterdam Avenue, looked distractedly about him; walked slowly up the avenue. At 116th Street he turned right, and when he reached Morningside Drive he crossed it to the bay which looked out over the rooftops of Harlem. He sat down on the stone bench. It was as fitting a place as any to wait for his son to complete the formality of dying.

That was what he said to himself.

He pressed his lips together and contemplated minutely the knuckles and fingernails of his right hand. The doctor had said that there was still some reason to hope. That meant that there was no hope whatsoever. If a doctor thinks that a patient *may* live he says that there is a fifty-fifty chance, but if he knows that a patient will die he says there is still reason to hope.

"What shall I do?" he asked aloud.

Mr. Walton was a man who had difficulty fitting deep emotions into his soul. He had learned many imperatives about right and wrong during his lifetime, and many rules of conduct, Quaker honesty and plain dealing and whatnot; but when he was confronted with the simple and terrible fact of death he was lost. There was no provision in his system for the dull seething in his bowels at this moment and no answer to the mute question which would be drawn in his wife's face when she met him in the hall.

"Our boy is dead."

And then? Plain dealing? Truth in all particulars? Our boy is dead, had died, is gone. We had built our lives around him, but now he is dead.

"We of the Meeting are moved to express our profound sympathy with thee in thy bereavement and to hope that thee will find the strength in Jesus . . ."

Yes, thank you all; but our Timmie is dead, thank you, death has got at him. What can you build with words and gestures which will erase this fact from the minutes of the Meeting and from the headstone in your yard?

Timothy L. Walton
1916—1922

So tiny a grave.

Three little girls on roller skates swarmed into his bay and pursued one another around its circumference.

"You're it! You're it!"

"Sheila is a monkey! Sheila is a donkey!"

Shrieks and laughter.

"Excuse me, mister."

He watched them gravely; and when he saw that he was in their way he arose and walked to the stairhead. Below him lay a shabby park, and beyond it a patchwork of tenements under a haze of smoke, and far in the distance, over invisible waters, the faint shape of a bridge.

He had told his son about Bifrost, the rainbow bridge to Asgard, about the Æsir and the Vanir and the giants of Jötunheim, who lived on the very edge of the world, and about Hymer, the giant of the winter sea, whose cattle were the icebergs; and he

Continued on page 112

Gone with the Windfall

There is simultaneous whooping and wailing in Australia, now that the Yanks are going

by SIDNEY CARROLL

ARTICLE

EVER since MacArthur moved upstairs to the Philippines the Americans have been gradually evacuating the continent of Australia. The effect on the local populace is two-edged: there are laments, there is laughter. The lamenting is done mostly by the ladies. The Yanks wined them and dined them in their own spectacular, spendthrift manner. Where once there was one Aussie female per Yank battalion, the proportion now is one Yank per Ladies Aid Society and the ladies aren't ashamed to weep in public. Here's a part of a poem in a recent Australian magazine: "Oh dear, oh dear, when they were here, we had our fun, and how! We're still as sweet as we were before, but nobody wants us now!"

But there is joy among the Australian men folk, for a sore point with them was the way in which Yanks gobbled up the girls.

For three years the cities of Darwin, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane, which contained the greatest number of American troops, couldn't stop ringing the cash registers. One quality which endears Australians to Americans is that they call us damn fools to our faces, laugh with and at us, while picking up the marbles.

The Yanks, of course, have left their imprints on Australian life . . . People here now speak of "dollars" almost as familiarly as they speak of "pounds." . . . You can buy ice cream sodas all over the place, though what the Aussies don't know about distilling them would fill the Druggists' Annual.

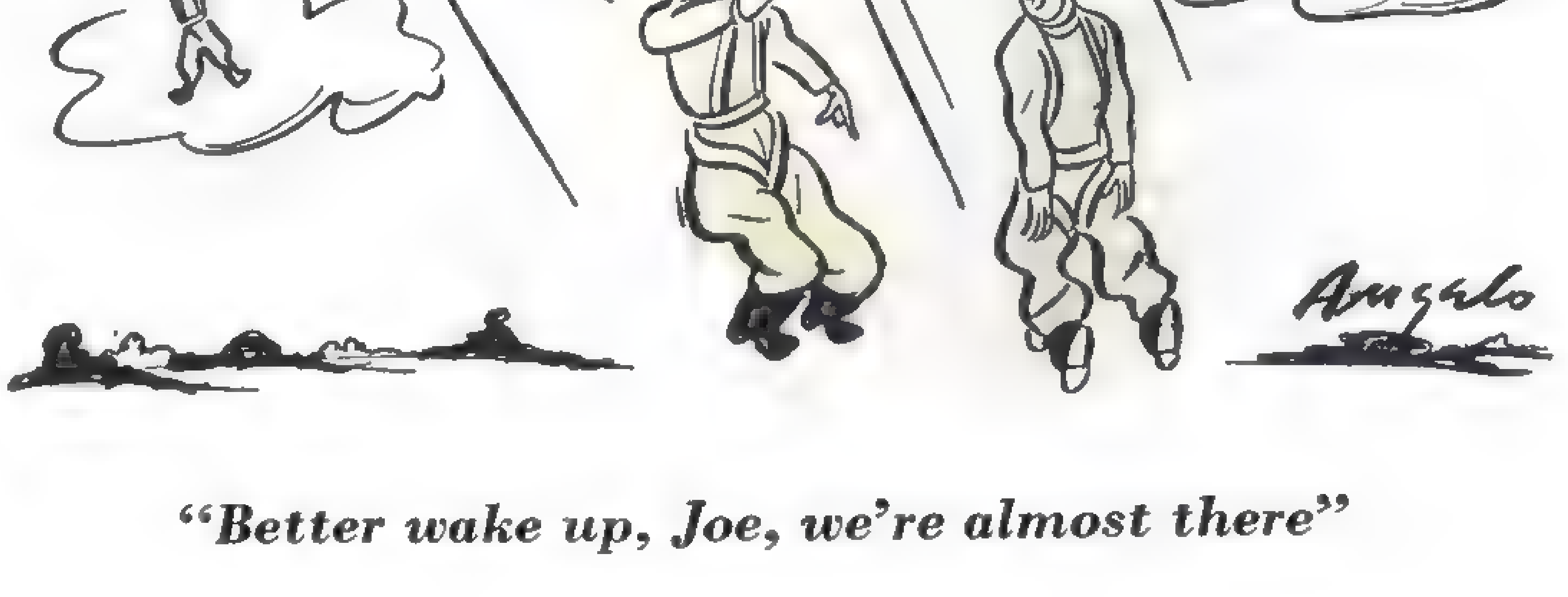
Morever, there is a Frank Sinatra fan club in Sydney. They wear bobby-socks and they swoon. When they heard that "our Frankie" was to be drafted, they cabled to the U. S. Army draft board requesting that he be assigned to Australia. The secretary of the club issued a statement to the press: "We must clutch every opportunity of bringing The Voice nearer to us."

The Aussies made their impressions on the Yanks as well . . . Chances are that thousands of returning Americans will confound their families by using the word "goodo" as a term of approbation. "Goodo" is the Aussie word for "okay" and it has caught on among Americans . . . Also, Americans, forced to deal only in the local currency while in Australia, are now thoroughly familiar with the peculiarly complicated British monetary system . . . They can squander "three quid" as easily as they can blow "ten bucks." Moreover, many Americans have developed a taste for the Australian custom of five or six meals a day . . . And sometimes seven.

Naturally, there are certain grounds on which Aussies and Americans will never see eye to eye. The Aussies saw plenty of baseball when the Yanks were around . . . Their reaction to it was always the same. They thought we were nuts. Americans made a sincere effort to appreciate cricket, but how far do you think they got when they'd read something like this in a sports page: "His opening overs were not very impressive, but he finished up using the breeze well, and mixing his 'bosey' judiciously . . ."

Americans leaving Australia will miss the Australian newspapers. There are some good ones. One of the most popular comic strips in Australia is "Blondie." But the dialogue is sometimes rewritten in the Australian language. It's quite a shock to find Blondie saying, "Dagwood, go down to the ironmonger's and buy two bob's worth of hemp." And Dagwood answers, "Goodo!"

The greatest liberty town of this war is Sydney, justifiably called the Paris of this war. The upstanding citizens of Sydney opened their homes, their hearts, their wallets to the visiting Yanks. From them we got meals, board, entertainment, gifts galore. It was, on the part of Sydney's citizens, a warm instinctive sense of hospitality plus an expression of gratitude. The heart of the American occupation of Sydney was the celebrated King's Cross, a kind of Greenwich Village-Soho-Latin Quarter . . . Fortunes were made there by the side-of-the-mouth Black Market boys, who wouldn't think of taking an Aussie's two guineas for a bottle of Scotch when they could take three from a Yank . . . Wouldn't rent an apartment to their own returning Aussie soldiers on leave when there were loose Yanks on the prowl for apartments. But the big show, the deluge, the cuckoo serenade is over. Result: lamentation among the bootleggers, the black market landlords, the procurers . . . For the rest of their lives they'll remember the good old days when the lunatic Yank millionaires came to town and threw minted silver around as if it were confetti at a wedding. For these merry gentlemen, it's been a *wonderful* war. ⧺



"Better wake up, Joe, we're almost there"

Proposition: Am I a Good Father?

Noting the diverging viewpoints of a sire and his sons and the pleasurable rewards of a general let-alone policy

by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

AM I a good father? No. Corollary: Is my wife a good mother? No.

Including parents, there are six in our family, so I took a poll, asking the question posed in the title.

Yes, four: No, one: Undecided, one.

I was the undecided one. The one who voted No in the poll was Mrs. A., though I can imagine her saying, if she reads this, "Leave me out of this." She won't read it, for she reads only Edna St. Vincent Millay and the radio section of the Sunday New York *Herald Tribune*. And books on psychoanalysis. I should venture that she is a better authority on her Jung than on her young.

There are so many varieties of goodness that I beg leave to revise, as they say in Congress, my opening speech. In many ways, I *am* a good father. I have four children, and in at least one way that is better than most fathers are doing. And I certainly spend more time with my children than the usual father who leaves the house before they're up and comes home when they're in bed. Or, if they are grown, and at home, he leaves before they're awake, and when he comes home they've gone out.

I am not like that at all. For one thing, we live in the country, and of my Gainful Occupations only one requires my physical presence in New York. So I'm at home, keeping—since fuel-oil rationing—the grate fires burning.

Considerable water has flowed over the dam, thanks to the Bridgeport Hydraulic Company, since King Lear (a rotten papa if I ever read of one) made his celebrated observation about the acuteness of a serpent's tooth and the ingratitude of offspring. For nowadays the gratitude is on the other foot. It is Papa who is grateful to the kids for their very existence.

By the way, I don't know how it is in other homes, but my children have two antipathies. They dislike the appellation Dad or Daddy; and they don't like to be called by their given names. In fact, one of my boys has discovered that boys who always are called by their given names are more likely to be unloved, both at home and in school. Nor is it just because my children have polysyllabic names: Anthony, Timothy, Persephone and Jonathan. They sign even their school papers with their diminutives or nicknames. Anthony is Tat, Timothy is Tim, Persephone is Puffy and Jonathan is Jacky. Technically and potentially delinquent, and practically and kinetically lovable, all of them.

I do not delude myself with the notion that a good father has the complete confidence of his children. My father, who probably had the reputation of paternal goodness, as I have, used to tell me to tell him my troubles. And I know now that nobody knew the trouble I seen. Nobody knew but me. Why, I never dreamed of telling him the tragedies of my adolescence; the jealousies, envies, loves, fears and hatreds that fester in school and college. And thereby I learned a lesson.

And this is where, it seems to me, I am a good father. I never ask, or have asked them to tell me the woes that beset them—daily woes and those they consider permanent. I tell them mine, and let the nature of children take its course. Eventually they tell me a lot; with one of my boys we exchange what he calls p's. of l.—problems of life. Of course, I am no fool. I know that words mean different things to fathers than to children. Even Theatre. To me a theatre was, and is, a place where a play is performed. To them, as to the vast majority of Americans, a theatre is a movie house. What we call a play, they call a stage play, and few children—and comparatively few adults—ever have seen a stage play. Me, I'd rather see a third-rate play than what is known as a good movie. And when it comes to *Life with Father* or *Oklahoma!*, no movie could match them. Nothing in a movie can compare with the thrill of a rising curtain. Three of my children have seen a good many stage plays. During the first year of *Life with Father* I saw it with my two aged children, then thirteen and twelve. As Mr. Day stormed about, objecting to the coffee, making the waitress cry and calling his guests "those damn gypsies," my son whispered, "Papa, he's just like you." And added, "And he's right, too."

"Remember, dear, you were a boy once!"

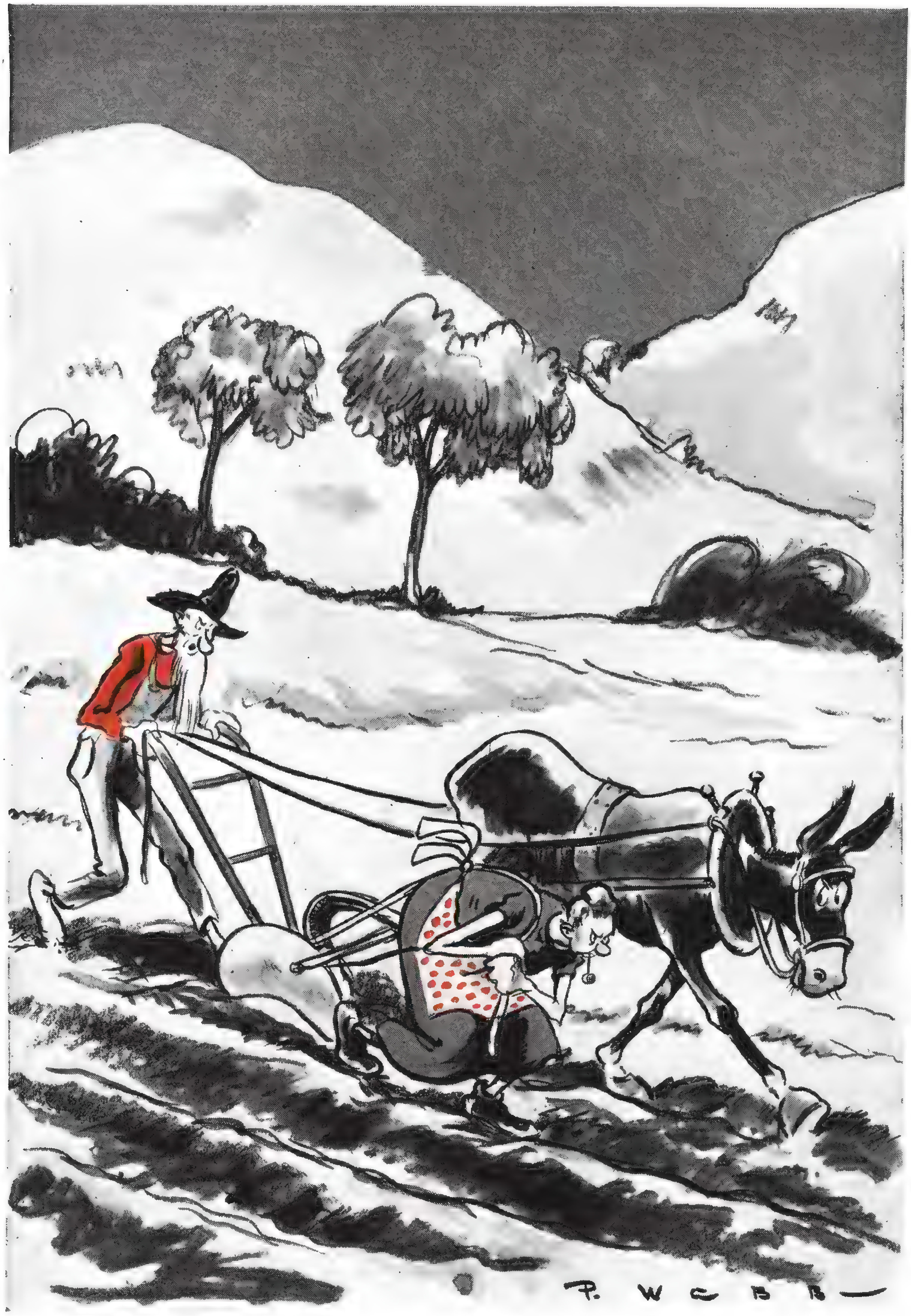
There are externalities that divide fathers and sons. Two days after my first son was born, I observed that it was strange to be born at a time when he will never know what life was like before there were tabloid newspapers, radios and airplanes—things taken for granted. When I first saw the Woods electric horseless carriage speed up Grand Boulevard, Chicago, we all knew that Nothing Would Come of It. And though I got A in Physics, I do not yet understand the telephone, the radio, or even why a motorcar goes.

Once, when the boys were little, and I was reading to them about George Washington, one of them asked, "Did you know him?" And while that gap tends to close up, it never heals, and the father who says that he and his son are chums, lies. Friendly, joyous and happy in each other's society—yes. But Pals, Buddies, etc? No.

In that my children never have Cried for Bread, or Gone about in Rags, I have been a good father, or rather a good provider. When the boys emerged from public grammar school, they went to New England prep schools which insist on payment in tender legaler than hay. It may have been better for them if life had been less easy for them, though each of them probably has a notion that he has the toughest lot of all his young acquaintances. And that is one of the ways wherein I don't know whether I am being a good or a bad father. I probably never shall know. I doubt that Poverty is a Blessing or that Plenty is a Curse; or vice versa.

I do not lie to my children, and I doubt that they lie, or at any rate, fail to tell the truth. They do not, like some persons of any age, give the answer they think the querist wants. Never shall I forget when I left them, boys of five and four, in Gramercy Park

Continued on page 144



"Stop beefin', Maw—you heerd what Churchill sed 'bout teamwork winnin' the war!"

Showdown at the Turnagain

The fishing club's president couldn't abide a young man out of uniform and it was obvious he was setting a trap

by KENNETH GILBERT

• FICTION •

THERE was a bunch of us holed up at Jeff Croy's camp on the Turnagain, where the early spring steelheads run about as big as they ever get to be, when this young Jim Brewster walks in on us. Just before dark he'd come ambling down the trail, a tall kid with a burned-in tan as brown as a gunstock, yet underneath it sort of washed-out and white around the gills. He had a light pack and a stubby steelhead rod that nobody but an Indian would use in tackling one of those big sea trout that run up Cascade rivers. We figured at first that the kid had wandered in there by mistake, or maybe had got lost. Because Jeff Croy was mighty particular about his guests, and it wasn't likely he'd ring in a youngster on a crowd of middle-aged pappies who had come up here in the hills on the excuse that we needed to boost our morale in the war effort, but in reality to slip off our suspenders, drink a little bourbon, brag a bit and see could we land a bigger steelhead than the twenty-one-pounder Lud Kilbane had taken three years before. Because that walloper of a fish gave Kilbane the right to lord it over us and rub it in as the president of our tight little club, and none of us liked Kilbane any too well anyway. But that was the rule we'd made, and all we could do was to cuss about it and hope to thunder somebody would set Lud Kilbane on his heels. When this Brewster kid showed up we looked at each other and we looked at Jeff Croy, but he didn't seem surprised at all and we knew Jeff well enough not to ask questions.

We heard them talking outside a spell and then Jeff brought him in and said, "Meet Jim Brewster. He aims to fish a little." The kid shook hands with us sort of shy-like and that's all there was to it. Jeff Croy wasn't strong on explaining why he did a thing. But we caught Lud Kilbane eying the kid and we could just about read what lay in Lud's mind because, I reckon, it was in our minds as well. Lud was thinking, "And what, young feller me lad, are you doing up here horning into a special party and aiming to have yourself a hell of a good time while there's a war on? Why aren't you in uniform, or else busy in a war plant?"

Because Lud Kilbane was right touchy about such things. He figured himself a sort of white hunter in a jungle where slackers skulked, and woe betide the one whose spoor he crossed. He was chairman of a draft board and the head of this or that movement to boost War Bond sales in his district or recruit manpower for war plants. A born organizer and promoter, he wasn't happy unless he was running things. He didn't make himself any more popular after he caught that lunker steelhead and became boss of the club. But if his patriotism got a bit noisy at times, we could excuse it by remembering that he had two boys overseas and one of them, we'd heard, was missing in action. We figured that a guy like that had a right to be tough with folks who didn't seem to savvy that there was a war to be won.

So we understood why he sized Jim Brewster up with a calculating eye, and of a sudden got moody and thoughtful as though he was figuring out things, and right away the rest of us sort of felt sorry for the kid, because Lud Kilbane has a bear-trap mind. By and by Lud broke out a quart of twelve-year-old and got glasses. That kind of eased the tension a little. But it tightened up right away when we noticed he didn't ask the kid to join.

Well, maybe that was all right too, refusing to throw temptation in a lad's way. Maybe he didn't know how to handle liquor. Yet he seemed old enough to know what he was doing. A drink right then would have cracked the shell ice that had formed in the crowd. But Jim Brewster seemed to fail to notice that he wasn't invited, although we knew Lud Kilbane did it deliberately. Ben Carver sensed it and fidgeted, and the rest of us didn't feel comfortable. That was why we refused when Lud passed the bottle again. Maybe we had the same thought about Jim Brewster that Lud Kilbane had, but we didn't like the way he handled it.

Jeff Croy felt the thing too, and peered at us sharply, and there was a look on his face that was hard to understand. But it wasn't approval. "Grub's comin' up soon," he announced shortly.

But none of us, unless it was the kid himself, seemed to relish Jeff's cooking when he had it laid out at last. Something had clamped down and stiffened the atmosphere. There wasn't much said until near bedtime and Lud Kilbane announced that as banker of our stud game, he was cashing us in. Jim Brewster had sat there without saying a word, watching us play, but he wasn't invited in. Lud Kilbane was running the game, same as he ran the club. He got up, winked at us and said he was going to get a breath of fresh air. We sat there in silence, knowing that he had something on his mind. Jim Brewster went to his bunk and began laying out his sleeping bag and things neatly. And suddenly Lud Kilbane came pounding into the place.

He seemed wildly excited. "Just saw a big cougar out there!" he exclaimed. "Crouched down behind a log. Brewster, can you shoot? I can't see gun sights after dark!" Lud grabbed Jeff Croy's old deer gun off its pegs and thrust it into the kid's hands. "Hurry, or he'll get away!" He shoved the kid out the door and turned to us and grinned.

Yet somehow we didn't grin back. If Lud Kilbane intended it as a joke, maybe it was all right. But it seemed to lie deeper than that. He was trying to make a fool of the kid, rub it in. After all, what did he know about Jim Brewster? We couldn't see any sense in humiliating the kid, no matter how wrong he might be. So we waited for the gunshots, figuring that while we had to string along with Lud Kilbane for a spell, we'd snub him up one of these times, once and for all.

But the gunshots didn't come, and by and by Jim Brewster came in quietly. In one hand he was carrying the thing Lud Kilbane had rigged up—an empty tomato can with a lighted candle inside, and two tiny holes punched in the

Redmer Keller

"Your wife! Say, I thought we leased all this from the British"

side about four inches apart. In the woods on a dark night the danged thing looks just like the blazing eyes of a cougar. We knew it did, because all of us had had the gag worked on us at one time or another. You blaze away at the thing, then you go over and find what you think is a smear of blood on the log. But it's only the juice of salal or huckleberries. Meanwhile, somebody has hidden the can and candle which your bullet has probably knocked off the log. Thereafter, they'll let you brag, and encourage you about the big cougar you've wounded. Finally, when you've made a plumb fool of yourself, they'll explain the trick.

Jim Brewster was grinning. "It almost worked," he said, "except that I remembered an animal's eyes don't shine in the dark unless they reflect some light and there's not even a moon tonight!"

That clamped down silence that could be whittled; then Jeff Croy made a queer sound like he'd swallowed a slug from his pipe. Jeff Croy didn't laugh often. We all looked at him, but he sat there as sober as ever.

Lud Kilbane stood up and began shucking off his clothes. "Well," he announced testily, "it's time to hit the goose feathers. Lights out in ten minutes, boys!"

But Ben Carver was grinning. "Like hell!" he retorted. "No lights out for me. This night is young and memorable. I've got a crock of vitamin juice in my pack that's a hundred-proof. Been waiting for the right time to broach it. Behold, the moment is here! Brewster, you care for a nightcap?"

That broke it up and we kept things rolling for a couple of hours more. Even Jeff Croy joined us, although he usually goes light and easy. Lud Kilbane crawled in his bunk and pretended to sleep, knowing better than to test his authority further. He might be running this club, having caught the biggest fish, but this night we were in a mood to give the rebel yell. We figured he was cooled off at last. It was in the middle of the night, maybe an hour after we'd gone to bed, that a queer thing happened.

Most of us must have come awake about the same time, and knew that something had roused us. What we heard sort of raised up our back hair and made us goose-pimply. Somebody was having a nightmare, and a rip-snorter it must have been. There was deep silence in the cabin, so that you could hear the muttering of the river where it raced over rocks a quarter-mile below. Then the silence was broken by somebody talking, low and unintelligibly, but with a tensity and excitement that made you shiver. We couldn't make out a word of it; sort of a choked yelling and shouting, a stifled scream. Then came Lud Kilbane's voice, bawling "Hey!" He cut loose so loud that we nearly fell out of our bunks.

Right away there was silence. The dream—whatever it had been—was busted. Bill Deegan's bunk creaked as he rolled over, and he declared irritably, "You yell like that again, Lud, and I'm going to let drive with this hobnailed boot!"

"I was only trying—"

"Shut up!" barked somebody else. "I want to sleep." They all quit after that, and pretty soon

Continued on page 173

Few Men Are Worth Looking At

Some rousing raspberries and a rebuttal to the lady who tossed off that remark

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ BELLES-LETTRES ▪

A PROMINENT sculptress recently listed the ten most handsome men in America. If you're interested, they are: Gary Cooper, Rear Admiral Byrd, Fredric March, Philip Merivale, Lt. General Mark Clark, Gregor Piatigorsky, Paul V. McNutt, General Douglas MacArthur, Raymond Massey and Cary Grant. The opinionated sculptress remarked further that there were few men of any nationality she would care to look at for more than five seconds.

Get that; five lousy seconds! Shall we take that lying down? How does that dame get that way? Are looks *everything* in this world? Who invented the telephone? The electric light? The dry Martini? Who wrote *Hamlet*? Who discovered America? Who's got a cigarette? Answer any seven.

Let's take some allegedly good-looking women. I say allegedly because wild horses won't make me admit that there is such a thing as a good-looking woman—not after that five-second crack. In fact I'm so burned up that I'm going to draw mustaches on all the pin-up gals in this issue. Okay. Let's take Rita Hayworth. Is she so wonderful? Has she stripes like the zebra or the Bengal tiger? Has she a crest like the pink cockatoo? Spots like the ocelot? Tufted ears like the lemur? Has she azure, emerald, purple, golden and red plumage like the Malayan Crested Fireback Pheasant?—and don't think I don't know what the Malayan Crested Fireback Pheasant looks like, either; I just looked him up in the encyclopedia. (I'd have looked up Hayworth too, but Orson Welles beat me to it.)

Now let us proceed to consider Betty Grable—a lady celebrated for her fine proportions. To this I say phooey. Before we go overboard for Grable, let us get full possession of our critical faculties and compare her to some of the world's architectural masterpieces. Has Betty Grable the classic, almost severely simple lines of the Parthenon? Is she tall with symmetrical setbacks like the Empire State Building, the R.C.A. or the American Tel and Tel? Has she the rambling structure of the Farnese Palace, with its stress on the horizontal straight line? Has she the tapering angularity of the Great Pyramid? Well, has she? The answer to all these questions is: definitely not. You know it as well as I do; and so does that sculptress, and by now she ought to be mighty sorry that she started this debate.

Lucille Ball, Jeanette MacDonald and Lana Turner are merely a few of many femmes noted for their coloring. Again, I say: so what? I can name butterflies that would make them look sick. The yellow, black, red and blue swallow-tail butterfly. The shimmering silver-washed fritillary. The dainty Colorado Parnassian. And it's lucky there's a paper shortage, or I'd list dozens more in all colors of the rainbow. Yeah, and I've even seen moths that have more fancy color than all the stars in Hollywood.

And now—switching back to the defensive—there are *plenty* of men I'd be willing to look at for more than five seconds, no matter what any chisel-wielding sculptress implies to the contrary. There is, for instance, the Hitler-Goebbels-Goering trio. I could look at their pans for a good deal longer than that—provided, I'll concede, that they were looking out at me from behind bars.

And then there's our butcher. Nobody has picked him in a list of ten handsomest anything-or-other, but there's a certain look on his pan when he reveals, "Yeah, I've got a small steak for you today," that is definitely one of the loveliest things in this world. I'll take him over Paul V. McNutt any day—particularly with half a pound of butter on the side.

And most men I like to look at don't mess around with facials, waves, manicures, or eyebrow arches, either. They might shave and brush their hair once a week, but that is as far as it goes. Take the average woman, cover her hair with a snap-brim hat, remove her make-up, and who would care to look at her for more than five seconds? And I don't care what kind of a bathing suit she's wearing.

I think it is now time that we drew some conclusions from the facts in this controversy. Stating them in their correct order they would appear to be:

1) That sculptress should be thoroughly ashamed of herself.

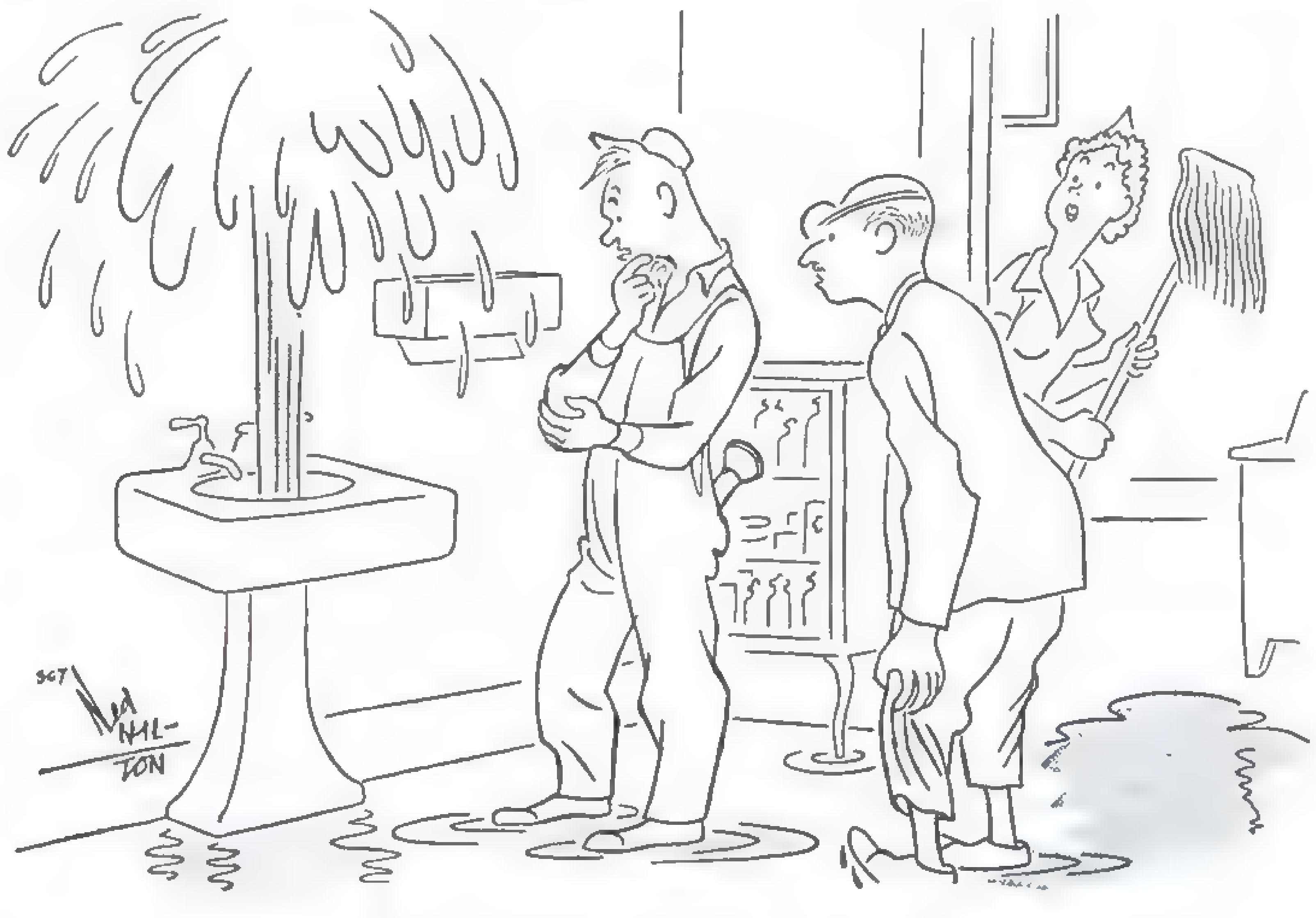
2) The Malayan Crested Fireback Pheasant is a mighty keen-looking bird.

3) You don't catch the Empire State Building putting vanishing cream on its pan every night.

4) Men are no worse looking than women.

5) Vice versa.

6) I'll meet you in the lobby of the Bijou tonight at eight-fifteen, the same as usual, gorgeous. ⵌ



"Frankly, Doc, I think I'd better call a consultation with a couple of other plumbers!"

Ralph DePalma's Glorious Failure

You'd have to fail in a wonderful way
to rate the cheer they gave to DePalma
at the Indianapolis Speedway in 1912

by CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER

▪ COMMENTARY ▪

The same day I saw this fine picture of Ralph De Palma pushing the grey Mercedes up to the finish line at the Indianapolis speedway in 1912, I read in the newspapers that a young R. A. F. ferry pilot had flown across the Atlantic in less than six hours.

I thought to myself: it's all a question of where you're going and what the competition is. The airman left Newfoundland and presently turned up in Scotland, saying the trip was uneventful and all the winds were tail winds. De Palma, on the other hand, chased around a two-and-a-half mile track for more than six hours and after nearly five hundred miles ended up exactly where he had started. Clear to the end he was the fastest thing on earth that day; then a piece of metal failed and in the time it takes a piston to travel seven inches he was reduced from a sure champion with 20,000 dollars in prize money in his grasp to an empty-handed tail-end Charlie.

That would have crushed most men. But De Palma answered with a show of character that will be remembered as long as the concrete foundations of the Indianapolis Speedway stand. I was there and saw it all. And I can't help thinking that if the other Italians had been like him, we'd probably still be fighting in Halfayah Pass.

We go back thirty-three years. Mr. William Howard Taft was in the White House; Franklin D. Roosevelt was an unknown New York assemblyman; Christy Mathewson was the sporting hero of the day when De Palma appeared at the five hundred-mile Memorial Day race with a Mercedes that had the gleam of something taken from a Tiffany showcase. De Palma had raced the car in Europe. The German builders had given it a watchmaker's care. It hugged the ground and could do 120 miles an hour on the straightway. But Ralph, besides being a sweet character, a real gentleman, was known to have a heavy foot. He always gave the customers what they wanted, but machinery will take only so much and the breakdowns and spills that came with monotonous regularity gave him the reputation of a hard luck guy.

Twenty-four cars came up to the line that morning, driven by some very fine sportsmen. Looking over an old entry list, I was surprised to find how many are gone. "Hughie" Hughes, "Howdy" Wilcox, Matson, David Bruce-Brown, Harry Knight, "Bob" Burman, Spence Wishart—all were killed, sooner or later, on the track. Wishart was killed a hundred feet in front of me at Elgin, Illinois, two years later. He blew a tire, rolled over and over, and died under the car. Both he and Bruce-Brown were "gentlemen drivers," part of "Willy" Vanderbilt's Long Island crowd of millionaires—wonderful drivers and great sports.

Some of the others—Ormsby, "Wild Bill" Endicott, and "Gil" Anderson—died naturally, in bed, which by long odds is the best place. The last I heard, Eddie Hearne was working for Lockheed; Ab Jenkins was Mayor of Salt Lake City; "Len" Zengel had the Chevrolet agency in Dallas, Texas; and Joe Dawson was with a big parts business in Philadelphia. De Palma, not quite the natty, good-looking grass cutter he was in 1912, but still a hell of a good-looking guy, has an engineering job with an aviation company.

Then there was Ralph Mulford, an earnest, religious guy. He didn't smoke, he didn't drink or swear; he thought it was a sin to race on Sunday. If someone had told Mulford that a day would come when his son would be working for the fresh, skinny kid in the red Firestone-Columbus, all foot and no brains, he would no doubt have crowned the prophet with a tire iron. Well, Ralph's boy is my chief of reservations in Boston, and I'm sure his old man thinks he's in bad company.

"Bob" Burman was the popular favorite. A rangy, broad-shouldered, handsome guy, he drove a car out to his measure—a Cutting with a whopping piston displacement. He'd spent a fortune on it. But the grease monkeys in the pit thought it would be a tossup between him and Bruce-Brown of the National team. Working with Bruce-Brown were Wilcox and Dawson, the latter a test driver for the old Marmon company. Bruce-Brown was all hell-for-leather. The strategy called for him to run the rest of the field to the ground; then one or the other of his teammates would come up from nowhere and win. However, that was not the way things worked out.

There were several other men who packed plenty of horsepower. Hughes showed up with a brand-new yellow Mercer equipped with wire wheels and a counterbalanced shaft—revolutionary stuff. The man I personally picked to beat was Tetzlaff, a crafty and experienced driver, a real money player. Tetzlaff had an old Fiat with beer-keg cylinders and a double chain drive geared two and a half to one. Alongside the new cars, it looked awkward and top heavy. But every cylinder explosion made that Fiat jump twenty feet.

I remember the bands were playing *Everybody's Doin' It Now* as we lined up. So as to get the pack off to a flying start Carl Fisher took us around once in a grey Stoddard-Dayton roadster; then he scooted out of the way as the speedometers touched sixty. The morning air was fresh and cool. But in a few minutes the cockpit was as hot and noisy as a foxhole.

De Palma worked out in front in the third lap. The two millionaires' sons, Wishart and Bruce-Brown, were close on his tail and Tetzlaff bounded along in fourth place like a jack rabbit in his Fiat. I was in trouble from the start. My engine wouldn't put out the r.p.m.'s and I was lapped on the fifth lap.

De Palma pushed eighty-three miles an hour—a lap in one minute and forty-nine seconds. He was playing for keeps. The pace was too fast for Knight. On the sixth lap, his Lexington blew a cylinder and he was through. A couple of minutes later Ormsby's Opel was forced off the track with a busted connecting rod. On the twenty-fifth lap, Bruce-Brown had to go it with broken piston rings. My turn came on the forty-third lap—a broken valve.

So with nearly four hundred miles still to be run, I joined the spectators. I could have used some of the prize money, but if I had to look on, this was certainly the race to see. De Palma was driving with plenty of style, hurling across the turns with little loss in speed. His pit work, too, was the best on the track. The rest of us were lucky to change a tire and clear the pit in sixty seconds. Ralph was in and out in thirty. He looked fine and you felt nothing could stop him. The clockwatchers spread the word that the records were going by the boards. Two days of rain had cooled the brisk track and tires were lasting longer, the cars were going faster. The crowd, which always goes for the winner, gave Ralph a cheer every time he went by the grandstand.

But the wise guys in the pits remembered the heavy foot and said, "Wait." De Palma, with Mulford, was putting on an iron-man performance. The National and Stutz teams kept relieving their drivers. But De Palma and Mulford slugged it out alone.

Eddie Hearne quit with a burned out crankshaft bearing on the fifty-fifth. On the sixty-third the McFarland Six blew a tire, slapped into a wall and shed two wheels. Four laps farther on, Disbrow's Case folded up. Then, in quick succession, a Stutz somersaulted off the track, a connecting rod went through the crankcase of a big red Simplex, and, the carburetor of a Marquette-Buick caught fire. At two hundred miles only fifteen cars remained in the race. De Palma out in front, Tetzlaff second. Joe Dawson in a stock car was in third place as if he were glued there.

Between two hundred and three hundred miles—what we called the third century—Dawson worked into second place, just ahead of the Fiat whose leaps were getting shorter. A tire change and a touch of engine trouble brought De Palma's average speed down from nearly eighty-four to under eighty miles an hour. Meanwhile, three more cars dropped out, Wishart with a split water connection, Matson with a broken crankshaft and Anderson with a burned out connecting rod.

The sun climbed high. You could smell rubber burn as it shrieked over the hot bricks. The pit crews started to flag in the crews at the first sign of wear on the threads. God, it was hot. I used to envy the Detroit and New York sports in the seven-dollar seats. The grandstand roof shaded them from the sun; they guzzled champagne which they brought in wicker hampers. Only once in my life did water ever again taste as good as the ice water in the galvanized iron buckets at Indianapolis.

De Palma kept his foot down on the floor. In the fourth hundred he raised the average speed to eighty-one miles and increased his lead to seven laps. By then "Bob" Burman was done for. He jockeyed Tetzlaff out of third place; then two tires let out and the big Cutting rolled over, but not fast enough to catch him. That left

Continued on page 169

Why You Are Different!

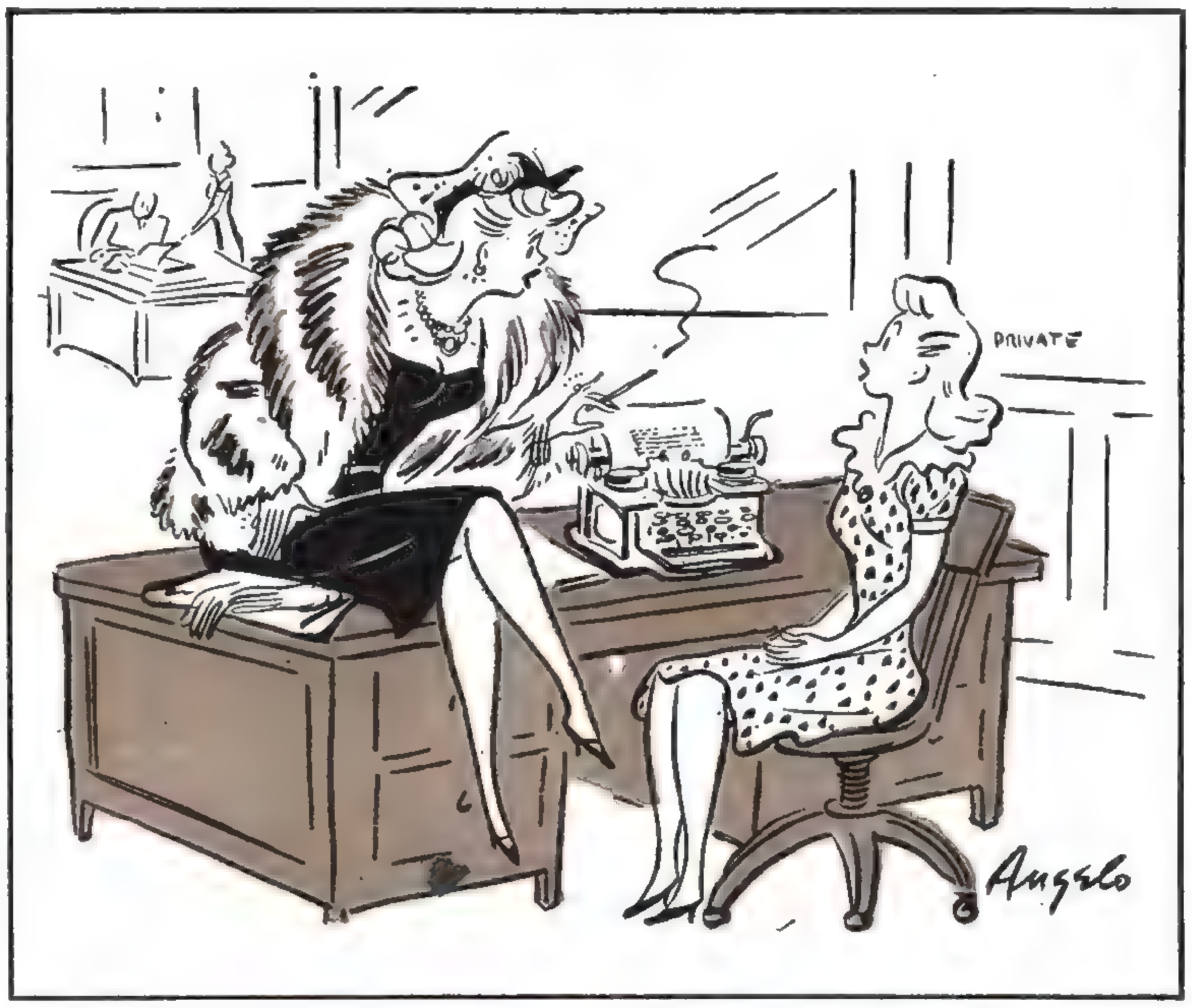
Somewhere in this picture lurks the key to your yearnings and frustrations, your merits and faults, your probable future

by **Lts. W. T. PRATT & R. W. WILKERSON**

▪ARTICLE▪

WHAT are you hiding? Your light under a bushel? A skeleton in your mental closet? "My life is an open book," you say. Don't be too sure until you try this little test.

Have you ever stood in police court and wondered, "How did this happen to me?" Have you ever shrunk from the crushing concussion of a fizzing headache remedy and wondered why? Well, we can't *fix* your parking tickets or cure a hang-over, but we can let you have a peek into your own mind, so you can see a little of what you really are, and what makes you different from the cop on the beat or the guy across the street who has annexed your lawn mower. If the idea of looking at yourself doesn't appeal to you, use this test to look into the minds of your friends. You might find out how to get your lawn mower back, or find out why he won't return it. Here are the simple directions—it only takes a minute or two.



Look at the picture on this page.

Now tell yourself a story about it, or get your friends to tell you a story about it. It's a good idea to write it down. Then answer these three questions:

1. What is she (the girl in furs) saying to the other girl?
2. How is she (the other girl) taking it?
3. Did you hesitate in places or did you whip the story right out?

When giving the test to others, don't ask question three—just note how much he or she hesitated and where.

That's the whole test. Now let's interpret it. Here is your opportunity to raise the shade on the window of your inner mind.

First let's look at it in a general sense, then we'll discuss *you*. Unless you have hermitized yourself on a desert island, you see and meet people everyday. You meet them on buses, at parties, in bars, in business, everywhere. And every time you do, your ability to know people goes to work. In order to talk with people, or just be around them, you must establish some basis for your relationship. You do this unconsciously most of the time, but the important fact is that you do it. You size people up by snap judgment or by long study. You get an idea of what they are like. If you have met with success in your life, you are very good at this sizing-up.

For example, let us say you are at a cocktail party and suddenly you find yourself wedged in behind the piano, a Manhattan in one hand and you like Martinis. As the smoke clears from your corner, you find a sweet young thing standing beside you. As you stifle a low whistle (without realizing it), you begin to size up the situation. You decide whether you should just pass the time of day, say nothing and drink the damn Manhattan or perhaps invite her up to hear your harpsichord records. Now the way you size up this or any other life situation, whether it is sitting by the person crowded next to you on the shuttle or talking with your best friend, is indicative of your whole personality. It indicates what your home was like, what your experiences have been, how old you are, your ideals, your aspirations, your dreams. It tells what *you* are like.

And so it is with this test, this picture you have written about. You have sized up a situation. You have met the people in the picture. In so doing you have raised the shade on the window of your mind. That is how this test works. Knowing this, you have the drop on your friends.

Before going on to specific statements and their interpretation, perhaps it would be best to show you how others have sized up this picture and have thus shown what *they* are like themselves.

First, here is the story and the personality sketch of a yeoman third class in the U. S. Navy:

"How long can I look at it? My own story? Here's what I'd say. I have three or four. . . . Hmmmm, this one will be best. The story I'd take from this picture here is that both these girls started working . . . left school at the same time, and one went to work at . . . they both went to work at the same place. One was as good as the other (meaning their work). And they worked there two or three months. The other seems to be the most prosperous, more advanced, and is over visiting the other, telling her what she should do to get ahead. The one being visited is getting same amount of pay as when she went in. The one visiting is telling her how she did so well on her job—not the job but for herself . . . (long pause) . . . How long a story do you want?"

In answer to the two questions, the sailor said:

1. "The girl in furs is telling her . . . could be two things . . . what she did last night or how well she is doing on the job."
2. "The other girl is taking it with open mouth because she will profit . . . at least she will try . . . at least there is proof before her eyes."

INTERPRETATION: Can't you see this young sailor boy? He is socially immature, unsure of himself, and is very much in quest of what he believes and thinks. He is undecided as to what the answers should be. He said he had several answers (to the story), and that is equally true of his life problems. He is on the lookout, toying with many answers. The frequent pauses in his story, his use over and over again of the words "it seems," is very indicative of this type of a searching, immature personality. He is not only immature because he can't make up his mind yet, but also because he lacks experience, worldly experience. For an older person this would not be too good, but for this boy of nineteen it is a very balanced, healthy attitude.

With his inexperience (and his good looks, by the way) he would be interesting to a mature woman. But if the woman in question is looking for a really romantic lover, this is not the right young man. How do we know? Because he tells all in the story. Because his consuming interest (for the moment only) is not females, but that utopian state we think of as success. In the story his characters are, or should be, "getting ahead."

Further, we know that he is modest. He did not want to say all that he thought or could have said about the girl in furs. He was content to let well enough alone, although he said enough to indicate that he knew more. This young man has mild anxieties, anxieties that plague the majority of us mortals. This can be concluded from the uncertainties he expresses in the story and the yet-to-be-fulfilled ending. He is talkative, easy to meet, and is therefore obviously a pleasing personality. Notice how verbose he was. He never lacked for something to say.

Now knowing just this much about this person, it is not difficult to fill in the missing links and construct quite a "fortune" for him, or, to put it another way, to "analyze his character." He will meet with success in life, but it will be a purely personal type of success. That is, it will be success to him, but it probably would not be success to the majority of us. He will never be the head of a firm, but will be one of its finest run-of-the-mill workers. He would probably be a good accountant or bank teller. His future home will be a typical middle-class one. Further, he will be a good father, providing all the necessities of life and a few of the luxuries. In brief, he will never be a leader, but will always be a stanch and good worker.

Now let us pass on to what a sergeant in the Army said in his story about the picture. His whole story was just this:

"Why, it is rather obvious . . . to draw the conclusion that the wife of the boss is giving the secretary hell . . ."

INTERPRETATION: You could al-

Continued on page 121

Back to the Farm Up Home

His thoughts turned back to the eighty acres of good bottom land until he had to go back to the farm of his childhood

by GEORGE VICTOR MARTIN

▪ FICTION ▪

In the upstairs study of his house in the city, Pete Sommers was closeted with his work. It was next to impossible to write inspired advertising copy at the office where so many things were happening. Here in his study he could take things easy and let the thoughts come without having to row like mad, trolling for them. In his study he could just sit drifting and when a good idea floated near he could scoop it up with a dip-net. A symphony orchestra was playing out of the little ivory-colored radio on his desk. It was the evening of a winter Sunday and Pete had that good "Sunday feeling." In his heart he knew he would write no copy this day.

With the help of the symphony and the quiet of his city study, Pete Sommers conjured up a photomontage, but with the edges of each individual picture blended and fused into all the neighboring pictures so that the ensemble became a lovely mural. And then it quickly assumed a three-dimensional quality and Pete stepped into the scene and became a part of it. The study and the city faded, and the symphony, too. Pete had his own symphony.

He was "Up Home." He and a dozen or so other men were cutting wood in the vicinity of Lake Thursday. Their breaths plumed out as they chopped and sawed. There was the splintering sound of trees as they toppled slowly, and then the swift descent and the mighty thud and the ground trembling. The chopping off of the limbs, then rolling the logs onto the low, waiting sleds. The ride over the winding road through the woods, then out onto the road flanked by white-hillocked pastures and three-strand wire fences. Glorious! Glorious!

With a magic click he was chopping a hole through the ice of Lake Thursday, feeling the handle of the ax in his mitted hands. He slitted his eyes against the flying chips until at last he reached the somber winter water. His tackle was ready. Sunfish, then, and black bass, to the number of his wanting.

He beckoned to spring and it came. And he hustled about with the chores, singing. He greased implements that needed greasing, and wiped the grease from things that needed to be wiped. He drove the horses to the blacksmith shop and had their spiked shoes replaced with unspiked ones. He sharpened mower sections on the grindstone and mended harness and drove to town for plowshares—all the things essential to readying for the miracles of birth and growth and fulfillment.

And then the plowing and the discing and the harrowing and the seeding. The cultivating and, between days of cultivating, the haying. The raking of the hay and the loading, then lifting the giant bites of the gluttonous hayfork to store away in the loft for the manufacture of milk and butter.

Harvest time came and the rewards were commensurate with the effort expended. Fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, potatoes close to five hundred bushels (later county agents and university researchers would come and ask him how he did it). Towering corn, shocked and left to weather under God's sky. Then the slaughtering, the smoking of hams and sides of bacon, pickling, curing. All eggs double-yolked.

An insistent voice called from somewhere else, and there was a knocking upon a door. The country retired to the country and Pete retired to the city.

"Yes?" he said.

His wife opened the door and came into the study.

"I'm Lucille, remember? Must you work all day Sunday?"

He started to talk, but had to swallow first. Then he said, "I've got to get this thing out. I brought it from the office because there are so many interruptions there."

"What's this new account again?" she asked.

"It's for the deodorant," he replied.

"Have you done anything on it at all?" she asked persistently.

He handed her a paper with a few penciled words.

" 'Woman of charm'," she read aloud, " 'will you listen? What is the secret of your witchery?' "

"That's all I've been able to do," he said.

"It's a good lead," she said encouragingly. "All of sudden the rest will come."

"I suppose so," he said.

"Don't you worry," she said brightly, "you'll do beautifully. You always do. Just don't worry about anything. Only remember that Ed and Marge are coming for the evening."

Pete was trying to hang a new-smoked ham in the cellar, but Lucille was standing in the way. The symphony on the radio had become assertive again.

"Aunt Helen phoned," Lucille said. "She wanted to see Ken and Judy, so I told her to drive over and get them for the night."

"Did she come?"

"A little while ago. They wanted to say good-bye to you, but I told them you were busy."

"She'll take them to school tomorrow?"

"Of course; she always does when they stay with her."

Pete rubbed his right knee with his left palm, looked thoughtful, and picked up a pencil. Lucille backed out. "Now don't go tiring yourself, darling," she said. "If it doesn't come, it doesn't come, and that's all there's to it. Come downstairs and the heck with it." She closed the door.

Pete could not again achieve the former levitation out of himself. The best he could do was to look through a peephole at a diorama. He was like an actor rushing back for what he considered a curtain call, only to find that the applause had died. He worked himself up into a kind of mood, though, that was not completely unsatisfactory. He led a small group of people down-cellar and showed them his bins of potatoes and onions and Hubbard squash, the boxes of sand with celery and carrots, the vats of corned beef, the crocks of lard with partially fried meat balls hidden in the greasy white. Shelves of Mason jars of fruits and vegetables and chicken, and the smoked meats hanging by cords from the rafters. Then to the barn they all went. The drowsy cows chewing musingly, their necks in modern metal

"Have you been waiting long, dear?"

stanchions, clean and clean. A horse in each of the four stalls—silk-fetlocked Clydesdales. And the heifers and the calves. He showed the people the new milking machine and the super-capacity separator. "There's no life like this," he told them enthusiastically. Then he lost interest in the people and dismissed them.

Later, when Marge and Ed came, there were cocktails.

"Pete's been working like a dog all day," Lucille said. "He's been bringing more and more work home for evenings and week ends."

Marge and Ed moved their heads in sympathy.

"I never get to see him any more, except at breakfast and dinner," Lucille said.

"That's one thing about my job," Ed said; "when the day's over, I'm through. You can't sell office supplies after five o'clock."

Marge said, "I often wish Ed did have something to do evenings and week ends. He's forever underfoot." She looked at him fondly.

"I haven't been doing any work upstairs to speak of," Pete said. "It hasn't been coming."

"Don't believe him," Lucille said. "He does beautifully. He's had his own agency for only six years now and he has more accounts than he can handle."

"That's because I'm so slow," Pete said, and the others smiled at his modesty.

Pete said, "I keep thinking about the farm Up Home."

"You know Pete inherited his folks' farm when they died," Lucille explained. "We're renting it now."

"There's eighty acres of good bottom land," Pete said, "and the buildings are fair. I've often wished . . . more and more, lately, I've been thinking . . ." He rested there, on a tentative note.

Ed became eager. "I don't blame you," he cried. "Gosh, if I had a place in the country, I certainly wouldn't be hanging around a big city."

"Have you ever read any of David Grayson's stuff, Ed?" Pete demanded.

Ed thought not.

Pete set his cocktail on the low table before him and got up quickly. He hurried to the bookcase to the left of the fireplace and pulled out a copy of *Adventures in Contentment*. "There's a rhyme taken off an old pitcher of English pottery." He began reading. He stood with his feet apart, the book gripped in his left hand, and pistoned home the utterances with his right forefinger:

"Let the mighty and great
Roll in splendour and state
I envy them not, I declare it.
I eat my own lamb,
My own chicken and ham,
I shear my own sheep and wear it."

Lucille said very softly, "That last line doesn't scan," and Pete gave her a look.

"I have lawns, I have bowers,
I have fruits, I have flowers.
The lark is my morning charmer;
So you jolly dogs now,
Here's God bless the plow—
Long life and content to the farmer."

There was a pause, and then Ed said dreamily, "Boy, that really says it." He sighed deeply.

Lucille and Marge were sitting a full cushion-width apart on the davenport, but they seemed to nudge each other.

"Doesn't it, though!" Pete said. "It's really eloquent."

"Then maybe you didn't read it right," Lucille said dryly.

"So I read it wrong," Pete said. "But the words are there; the message is there."

"Well, it certainly wasn't written by anybody who had to do any of the work," Lucille said.

Pete put the book away and sat down. "But you get a copy of Grayson's stuff," he said to Ed. "You're the kind who can appreciate natural and decent things."

Lucille turned to Marge. "No one in the world loves a farm as well as Pete," she said. "From the window of a car doing fifty miles an hours on a smooth U. S. highway, farming has no greater a disciple."

"Ed's like that too," Marge said. "He gets such a big kick out of driving past the vegetable stands of the farmers. Then on the way home we pick up a bucket of chop suey."

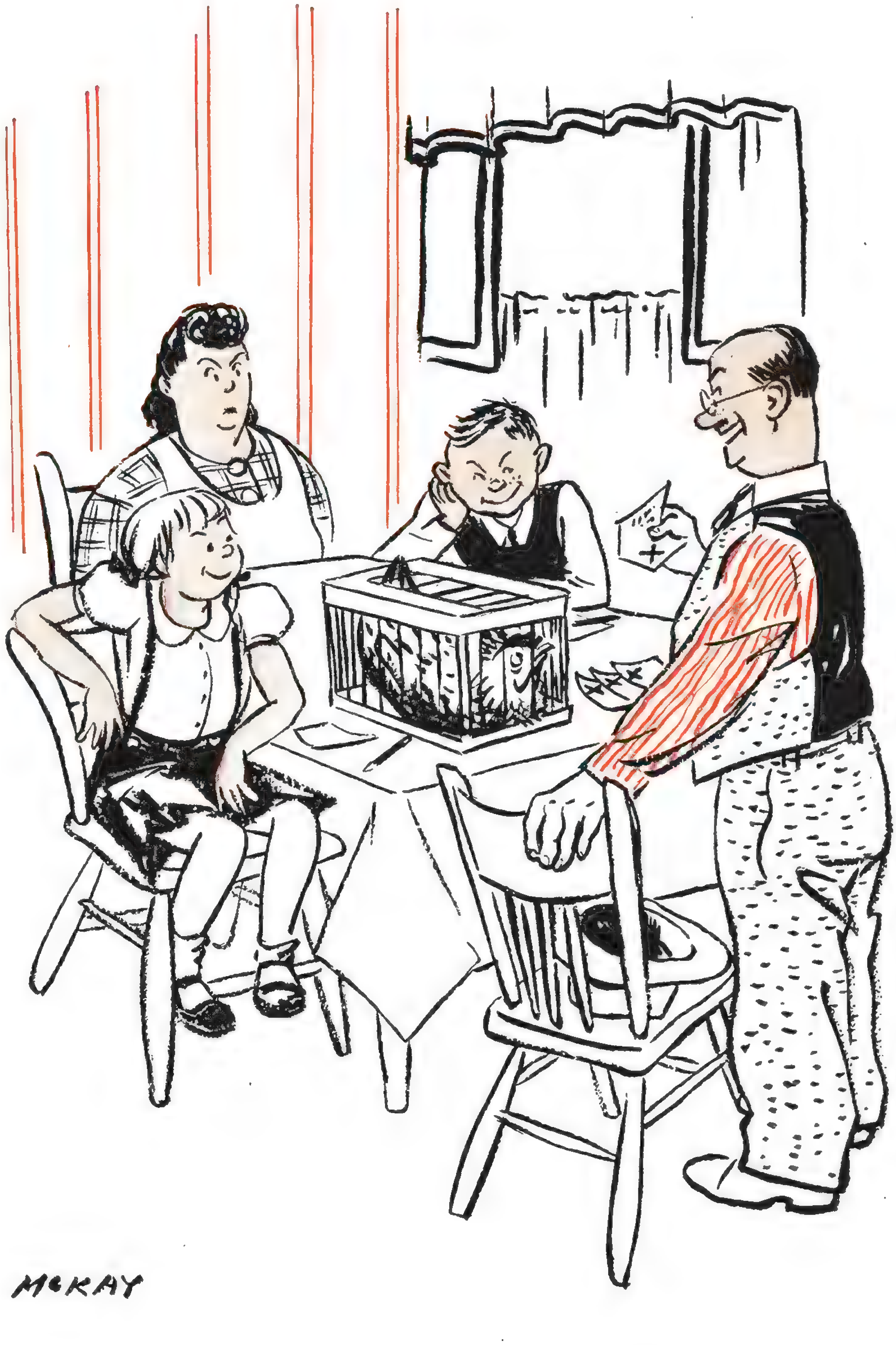
"Whenever we stop for a drink of that superlative country water, Pete absolutely refuses to pump," Lucille said. "Somebody else has to do it for him. You should see him. He holds the cup under the spout from as far away as possible and wishes that his arm were longer. It always reminds me of a man asking alms of a king cobra. The thing is, that to get his spats splashed would be a fate worse than death."

"I've never worn spats in my life," Pete said hotly. "She's just making that up."

Lucille reached over to the table and took up the cocktail shaker. She hefted it experimentally, then handed it to Pete. "There's enough for another round, darling," she said; "be a good guy." He poured the drinks and then went back and sat down.

"Isn't it Grayson who talks

Continued on page 150



"One vote for eggs and three votes for fried chicken"

This Man's World

In praise of the world's best Army and Mr. John Kieran, in dispraise of insects and in defense of columnists' by-lines

by PAUL GALLICO

• OPINION •

It seems to me that never in the history of the world has there been such an Army as that of the United States of America, Anno Domini, 1945, nor will there ever again be one quite like it.

Think about it. Observe it. Take deep pride in it and in the country that gave it being, for it is unique and one of the military miracles of all times.

It is an Army that sprang into being literally overnight, as time is counted in military development. Its soldiers and officers are free citizens of a living Republic, amateur warriors except for an infinitesimal professional core. It is an Army of trained and indoctrinated civilians who will doff khaki and trappings when the war is over and resume civilian life.

In three scant years its members shed the softness and habits of the world's highest standards of civilian living and acquired the knowledge and equipment to whip the practiced professional soldiers of the two most militaristic nations of modern times, nations that had prepared for conquest more than twenty-five years.

It is an Army of magnificent courage, limitless stamina and unquenchable morale. Withal, its soldiers are the gentlest, most decent, tenderhearted and humane men who ever bore arms in organized warfare. It is probably the only Army in all history that has ever taken the trouble to teach its members good manners.

Starting from scratch and having had to abandon every preconceived notion of warfare and the use of weapons, this Army has educated itself as it went along. In a scant two years it has become a master of the modern war of mobility and the new science of amphibious invasion. The overrunning of France and Germany from the two narrow beachheads in Normandy is one of the military miracles of all time. The solution of the supply and engineering problems is the eighth wonder of the world.

When I contemplate what these our people, these civilians, neighbors, friends, sons, brothers, these men of ours, have done, and what they are, I am so proud of being an American that I could bust. And the same goes for the Navy and the Air Forces, the Marines, the Coast Guard and the Seabees.

I grant you the courage and sacrifice of the Russians and the tenacity of the British, but no nation, and no Army in all history, has or could have accomplished what ours has done in World War II. What's wrong with swelling with pride?

I say there will never again be one quite like it because if we are worthy to be called a great nation, then never again will we be caught as unprepared and defenseless, as unready materially as we were for the present conflict. Never again will such an Army have to be called into being with so much to learn and with such terrible obstacles to overcome. Times and conditions and people, and we ourselves as Americans will change. The decency of spirit, the unselfishness that marked the building of this Army may be matched at some far future date, but it will never again be the same as it was in this our times.

We who live today and have seen this, our Army, have witnessed an outpouring of power and the supreme culmination of the terrible beauty of free men in arms.

Sense of Humor

This one will grow on you. It concerns the B-29 lad who during the great incendiary raid over Tokyo, reached back, took a one quart hand fire extinguisher off the rack and dropped it over the city. At that particular moment, some fifteen square miles of Tokyo were blazing merrily.

Unspoiled Man

There is probably no one within earshot of radio in this country who has not at some time or other heard the voice of John Kieran, the odd genius of Information Please, a man whose fantastic memory has made him a national figure. I wish to report that Mr. Kieran still remains as plain and modest as an old shoe and has not changed one iota from the simple, pleasant chap he was when I knew him back in the days when we were fellow sports writers following the seasonal trail of the athletes.

You may wonder why I bother to tell you this, but thinking over the many men I have known who have been unable to assimilate fame and who have had their heads turned by publicity and elevation, I find this extraordinary. I also find it highly satisfactory and heart warming, though I could not tell you exactly why. Perhaps it is because we were once colleagues in the same game, and in some way his demeanor reflects a little credit upon us all.

My most vivid recollection of Mr. Kieran in the days of yore is a memory of a golf tournament we were covering out Cleveland way, I think it was, and the wolf pack of golf writers was tagging at the heels of Bob Jones who was engaged in demolishing some victim or other in one of the preliminary rounds.

It was hot as all git-out on the course and late in the afternoon as we passed a small patch of woods on a hillside bordering the course, Mr. Grantland Rice and I fled up into the forest primeval for a moment to snatch some shade. There, stretched full length beneath a tree, his large ears bent rapturously skywards, was Mr. Kieran. Excitedly we passed him the news. "Hey! Jones is going through eight up at the eleventh."

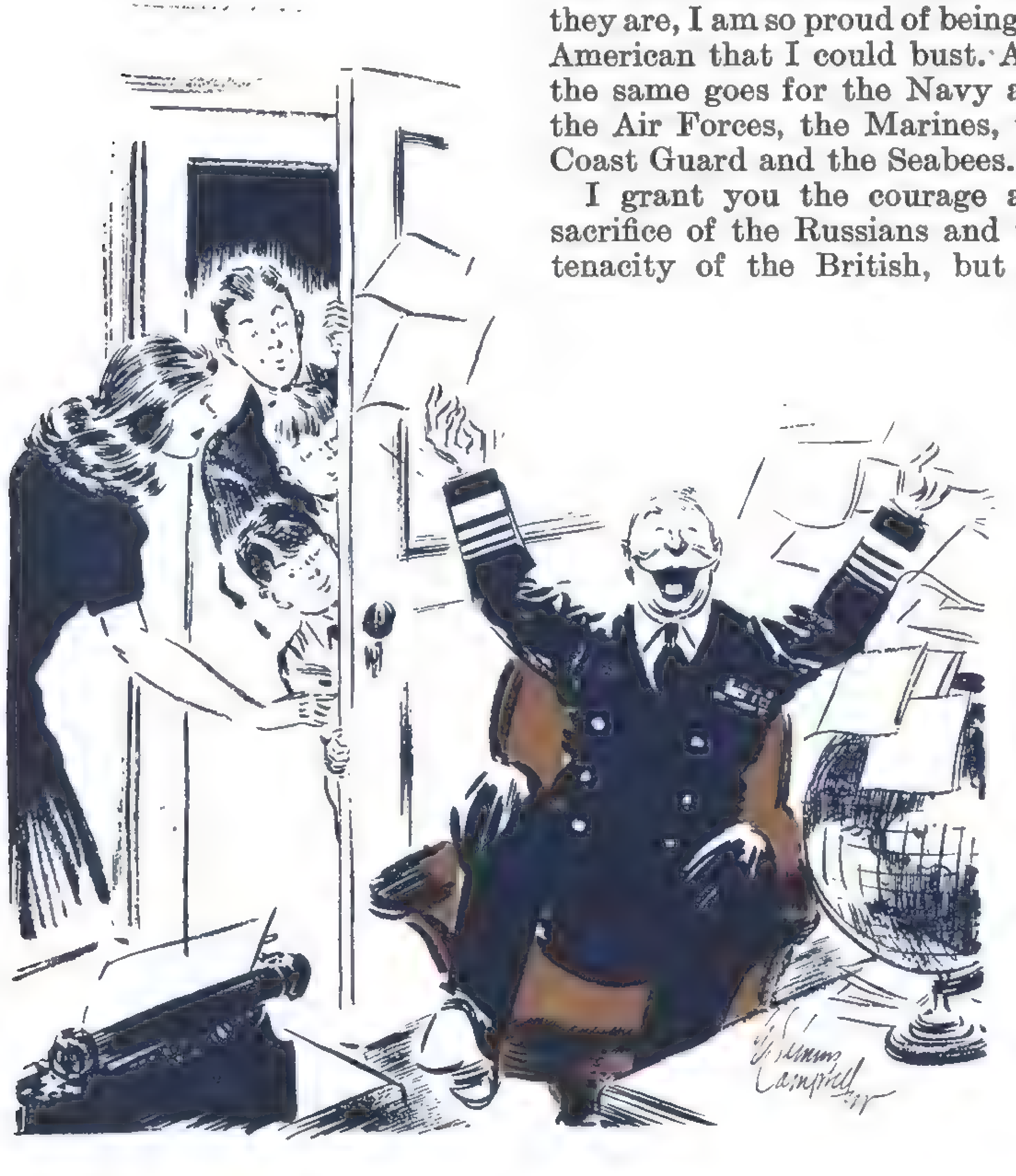
"Shhhhhh!" shushed Mr. Kieran, and then added—"Shut up! There's a blue titmouse, *Parus caeruleus*, in a tree around here somewhere and I want to get a look at him. If Jones starts losing, lemme know."

Outside of the fact we all knew John was a bug on birds, we had no inkling of his coming career, because he never paraded his knowledge in those days, except for certain classical allusions in his distinguished sports column. But what I feel is more important, he doesn't parade his knowledge now, either.

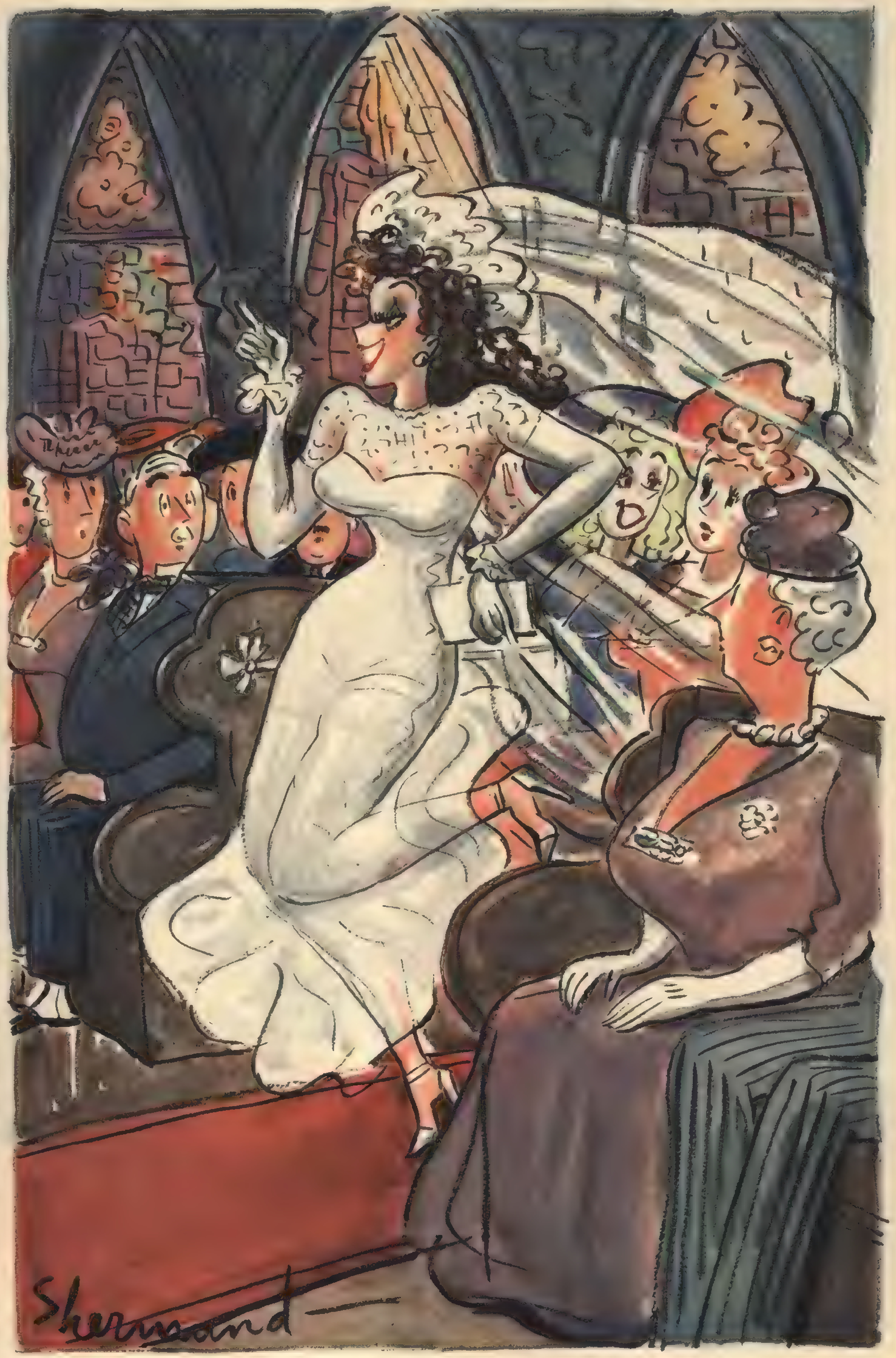
He wears modesty, not as a pose, but it manifests itself as a genuine characteristic of a decent man. He has grown a little greyer, but his youthful face and demeanor belies that he is a grandfather. His son, a lieutenant in the Army, has been decorated. He still lives modestly in the same house on the northern boundary of New York City that he occupied in his sports writing days. He still goes for his morning walks through the woods to practice his hobby of bird lore.

His interest in sports and his solid humor remain undiminished and as an entertainer of servicemen he is without peer in his field. Picture him as a small man, pink faced with a greying thatch and large outstanding ears, sucking on an old and blackened briar pipe, his eyes extraordinarily alive with mischief and zest for living. He must be aware of the fame

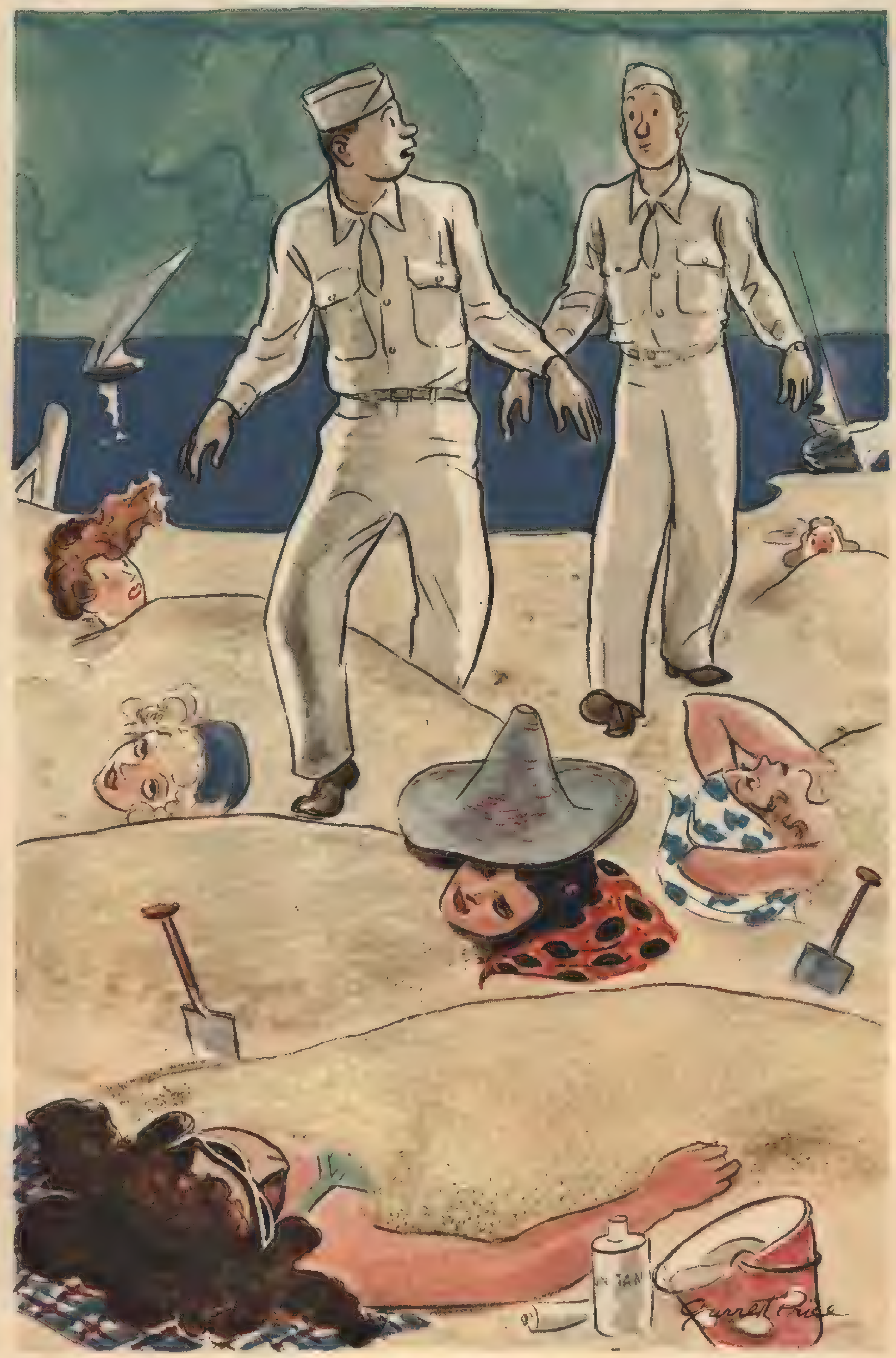
Continued on page 126



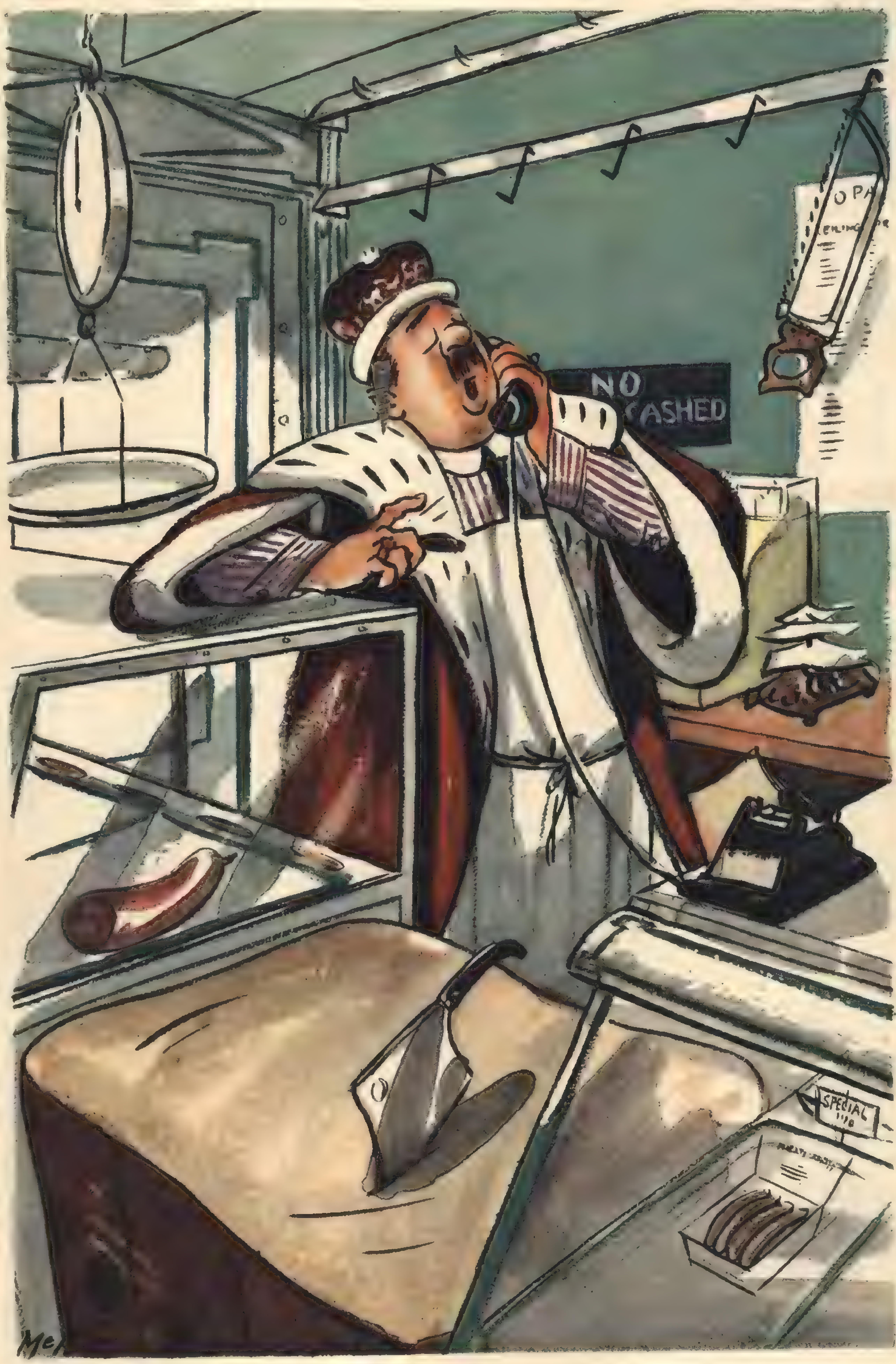
"No, we didn't win any great naval battle—his wife just found a 2-room apartment"



"Just how seriously do you think you'd take it if it were your fifth wedding?"


Garrett Price

"Watch it, Joe—the place is mined with dames!"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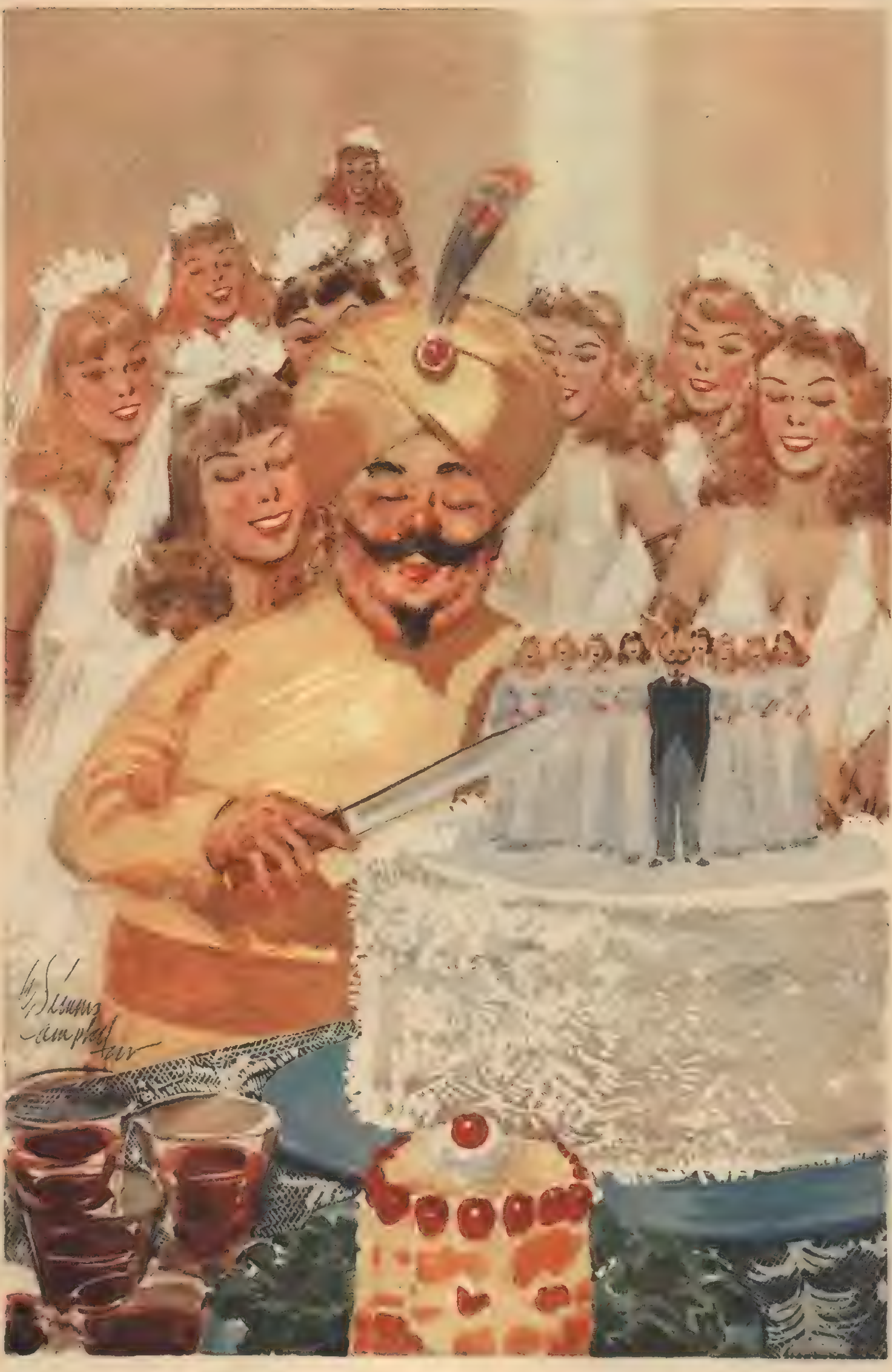
"Good morning—Schmaltz's Butcher Shop"


E. Simms Campbell

Obscenity and Obscurity

Remarking the tediousness of two kinds of prigs, the futility of ivory-tower scribes and the genius of Eudora Welty

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

• BOOKS •

So, most respected Sir, you're shocked by seeing that most disgusting of words printed right out in a book! You've never used it but once, and you felt so soiled afterward that you washed out your mouth, did you? And you simply won't have in the house a book that contains it, eh? No doubt you say, "Can they really print that now and not get arrested? Why, just a few years ago, every decent person was shocked if he saw *damn* in print, but now authors corrupt the morals of all virgins, smash up the home and offend against the standards of Good Taste and the Bishop by printing that word ———"

Which word do I mean, most respected Sir? I haven't said it, but you know exactly which one I mean—and you did *not* "just see it written on a fence one time." How can you continue to be shocked by anything so familiar to you? No, your real feeling is not moral at all, but social. You regard it as you would regard the wearing of a red tie with evening clothes, or drinking cocktails after dinner.

Hypocrisy is never pretty, but this one of yours is also a symptom of retarded juvenility and a sign of futility, because once youngsters start using That Word, you can't stop them.

So, having depicted your provincial childishness, I shall now turn right around and join you.

I don't like That Word any better than you do, m.r.S. I don't like, either in a book or in the parlor, any of those Nine Saxon Monosyllables which the sly and the roughneck use to describe natural functions, just to be spicy. Yes, m.r.S., there is actually one worse imbecile than you, with your queasy reticences, and that is the literary botcher who is so limited in his vocabulary and in his understanding of human society that he can express reality or indignation only by those illiterate, privy-wall, yahoo animal-sounds.

I was shocked not by the immorality, but by the clumsiness of two current authors who, trying to make clear the woes of Southern Negroes, could show their squalor only by having the characters use That Word or its kinsmen. They do not know their business as missionaries. They slap the very ears that they are trying to cajole. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Karl Marx knew their job better.

It is not merely that the dirty words—what do I mean by "dirty words"?—you know what I mean!—it is not merely that they are childish and shock all the gefüllte goldfish, but that they have no great value as "realism." The pious manurists insist, "That's the way people do talk," but if an author really wanted to transscribe completely the conversation of the low-lifes he could not do it just by using two or three dirty words to a page; he would have to use two or three or four to every sentence, until he was as sick of them as his readers.

In a novel like *Ward 20* by James Warner Bellah (Appleton-Century, published in May), a picture of the humanness and agony of mutilated soldiers in a hospital, the democratic purpose is obviously to show the nobility in these slangy youngsters, but by unsparingly repeating the same dull, dirty words, Mr. Bellah makes it as tedious as a clinical report. Far better is *The Brick Foxhole* (Harper's, also May), by a really important new writer, Richard Brooks, now a Marine. He courageously faces every seaminess in a soldier's holiday, sexual or social, but as he is too competent merely to remouth the four-letter words, his characters become friends, not examples of the Priggishness of Conscientious Dirtiness.

Oh, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, *selig*, with the bleached subcellar smut of your *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, you started something when you began undressing in the drawing room. Your followers took your precept "Be dirty but deep," but they were so dumb that they never got beyond the first half of it.

But wherever it is more dreary to overuse That Word or to try to censor people who do use it, the Supreme Court must decide.

Allied to the feeble violence of obscenity is the coy snootiness of obscurity, of taking a weak little newborn thought and dressing it up like a mikado. It is particularly to be noted in the poets whose attitude is "If you're such an illiterate that you do not immediately see, when I speak of 'Dora,' that I am really referring to *doryphora*, which is, as I have just this minute learned from the dictionary, the Latin scientific word for the potato bug, why then I can't be bothered by your silly, senile and probably Fascist opinion."

These are the boys and girls who simultaneously boast that their works are so subtle that only sixty-two living persons can appreciate them, and rage because their books do not have a sale of 62,000.

But not all of the obscurators are such warts. Unfortunately, among them are some of the most shining minds of our younger poets. Consider Marguerite Young, a scholar and a seer, who must be indicted for surrounding her real garden of beauty with a fence of fog through which no reader can peer. There seems to be no reason for having anything published—that is, given to the public—if none of that public can understand it. If one truly refuses to communicate, then he should keep his manuscripts in the mother-of-pearl desk at home.

Miss Young has a new prose volume, *Angel in the Forest* (Reynal & Hitchcock). It is the history of the Utopian colonies at New Harmony, Indiana, whose benevolent insanity suggests that the chronicle of America is not merely a financial chart prepared for Mr. Babbitt, but an intricate tapestry of many colors.

Recent Books Mentioned:

Ward 20 by James Warner Bellah (Appleton-Century)

Brick Foxhole by Richard Brooks (Harper's)

Angel in the Forest by Marguerite Young (Reynal & Hitchcock)

Bolts of Melody by Emily Dickinson (Harper's)

The Broken Pitcher by Naomi Gilpatrick (Dial Press)

A Curtain of Green by Eudora Welty (Doubleday-Doran)

The Wide Net by Eudora Welty (Harcourt-Brace)

Overmannered though this lively book may be, it is not unduly hard reading. But in her poetry Miss Young displays obscurity at its most irritating. Last year was published her volume of verse, *Moderate Fable*, with such riddles as this:

By null of him unproved, pale unicorn
And nonexistent, each unearthly entity
Like the hind which breeds only at the rising of Arcturus—

Is that poetry, or is it the smoke of an ill-trimmed lamp in a handsome but unventilated room, woven into a web whose most precious quality is that no one can guess its origin or its purpose?

The triple purposes of Symbolism, of the new Metaphysical poets, whose gods are T. S. Eliot and John Donne, are to perceive the complex strangeness beneath the commonplace surfaces of persons and circumstances, to recognize the unity of dissimilar functions of life, and to express these inexpressibles in pictorial symbols which may have a richer emotional power than rheumatic words.

Now to accomplish any of this incantation is difficult, and the sound writer slaves to make his visions clear to others. When the exhibitionist deliberately makes his rites as confusing as possible, he is permitted to go on only because so many people are afraid to blurt out, "I don't know what it means." For the same reason, Gertrude Stein, the Mother Superior of all that shoddy magic, is still extensively admired even though she is also extensively unread.

Here is a quotation from another obscurator, R. Y. Zachary, appearing in the last number of that fascinating annual of Modernism, *New Directions*, published by James Laughlin at Norfolk, Connecticut, and to be recommended to all persons who want to know what the more ardent youngsters are up to. In Mr. Zachary's case, it is this:

The gardenia, with its plush-white modesty,
Pre-empts a place for its red odor,
Scent of Tlaelscuani, the goddess of mediocre beds,
Her branchless turbary oozes
In pallid minds—

What?

Now William Blake and Emily Dickinson were also symbolists, and no poets have ever been less stereotyped, timid, or commer-

Continued on page 140

The Devil of the Woods

The wolverine had robbed him of his hard-won catch, and now Laban wanted to make the creature suffer in turn

by PAUL ANNIXTER

▪FICTION▪

For a long time Laban Small stood in the early morning light, looking at those splayed, hand-like tracks in the new snow, each print coming to a peak of fierce claw marks. The tracks disappeared a hundred feet away amid the blue-black shadows of the spruce. Before him a marten, caught the night before in one of his trap sets, had been partially devoured, its prime pelt torn to ribbons. This was the fourth pelt destroyed on Laban's trap line in the past few nights. At first he had thought foxes were robbing his traps.

His small, sharp eyes glittered like black glass. But the dark somber spruce and the shadow beneath them gave back nothing; the winter stillness was complete.

Laban rearranged his set and moved on along his line. Martens he killed in deadfalls; fox, muskrat and beaver he caught in steel traps; lynx and otter he strangled in wire snares; and the tiny snow-white stoat he lured to their death and caught by their small pink tongues on heavy strips of iron, smeared with grease and laid out in the freezing air.

For twenty-five years Laban Small had lived in the wilderness.

As he moved between the endless rows of tree trunks he felt that malignant eyes were watching him. Again and again he stopped to peer back along his trail.

A grey fox had been caught in his next set, and like the marten, the carcass had been partially eaten, torn and mutilated till the pelt was worthless. Another trap in the brush had been sprung and carried away. The trail showed where the robber had dragged it into a deep ravine and buried it in the snow.

"Couldn't even leave me the trap, ye thievin' devil!" Laban's thin, raucous voice broke out. "Two hundred dollars in fur ye chewed up an' done me out of already." Carrying the trap he backed cursing out of the gully.

As he went on along his line his spare, aging body was imbued with the strength of rage. He was pulling all his traps and carrying them slung over his shoulder. The enemy he was pitted against destroyed all hope of a fur catch.

He found three more prime pelts torn and ruined by the trap-robber. Of the twenty traps Laban visited, only three had been unmolested. By midafternoon he was at the limit of his range. He was descending a steep hogsback through a stand of fir. The winter sunshine was breaking through the clouds when Laban stopped suddenly, dropping his load in the snow. He plunged back up the slope and crouched behind a tree at the crest of the hogsback.

From beneath the drooping boughs of the spruce wood he had just quitted, a humped, dark shape took form. A ragged, sooty, black and brown beast that lumbered like a small bear, lighter colored along its back and darker underneath, in direct contradiction to all other forest creatures. For a space it paused, its sinister green-shadowed eyes fixing those of the man peering round the tree trunk fifty feet away. Then the creature did a strange thing. Shading its eyes with an almost human gesture from the sunlight, it looked long at the man from under its heavy black paw. A shiver ran through the body of Laban Small and he rose with a panic shout.

"Overlook me, will you—Black Devil!" he cried and rushed at the beast with his light belt ax in his hand, for he carried no rifle on his trap rounds. The animal melted back into the shadows of the spruce and disappeared.

For minutes Laban stood in the dusky shadows of the trees, fighting down superstitious dread. A giant wolverine, the bane of the upper fur country, had found him out in this valley of his that was proving so rich in furs. Known to trappers as Glutton, Carcajou, North Shore Devil and Injun Devil, and to the Indians as Bad Dog, the red man's ultimate term of loathing, the wolverine is of all northern animals the most thoroughly hated. Indians say he is a fiend with a lifelong grudge against man and all below. No creature will eat his musky meat. His coarse and ragged hide is practically worthless. He has a cunning surpassing that of the craftiest fox, on which is grafted a diabolical fury to destroy and defile.

Laban Small had in his blood all the *habitant's* lore concerning this vile and uncanny beast. His first impulse was to leave this valley at once to escape the evil fortune trappers believe fastens upon one who has been "overlooked" by a wolverine. But the valley was too rich in fur. And he had his pride in his trapping skill. To go into the settlement and have to admit that he had been driven out by an Injun Devil would be humiliating.

"Ye won't run me out of my range, ye skulkin' devil," he cried to the shadows. "Me an' you'll fight this thing out an' see who's who in these woods!"

It was past dark when Laban, weighted down with sixty pounds of traps, completed his twenty-mile round and arrived at his cabin again. He dropped his clanking load in a corner.

"Our luck's gone!" said Laban in a high snarl to his part Indian wife. "We been robbed. The devil himself's found us out. Injun Devil! No wonder I ain't slept fer two nights.'

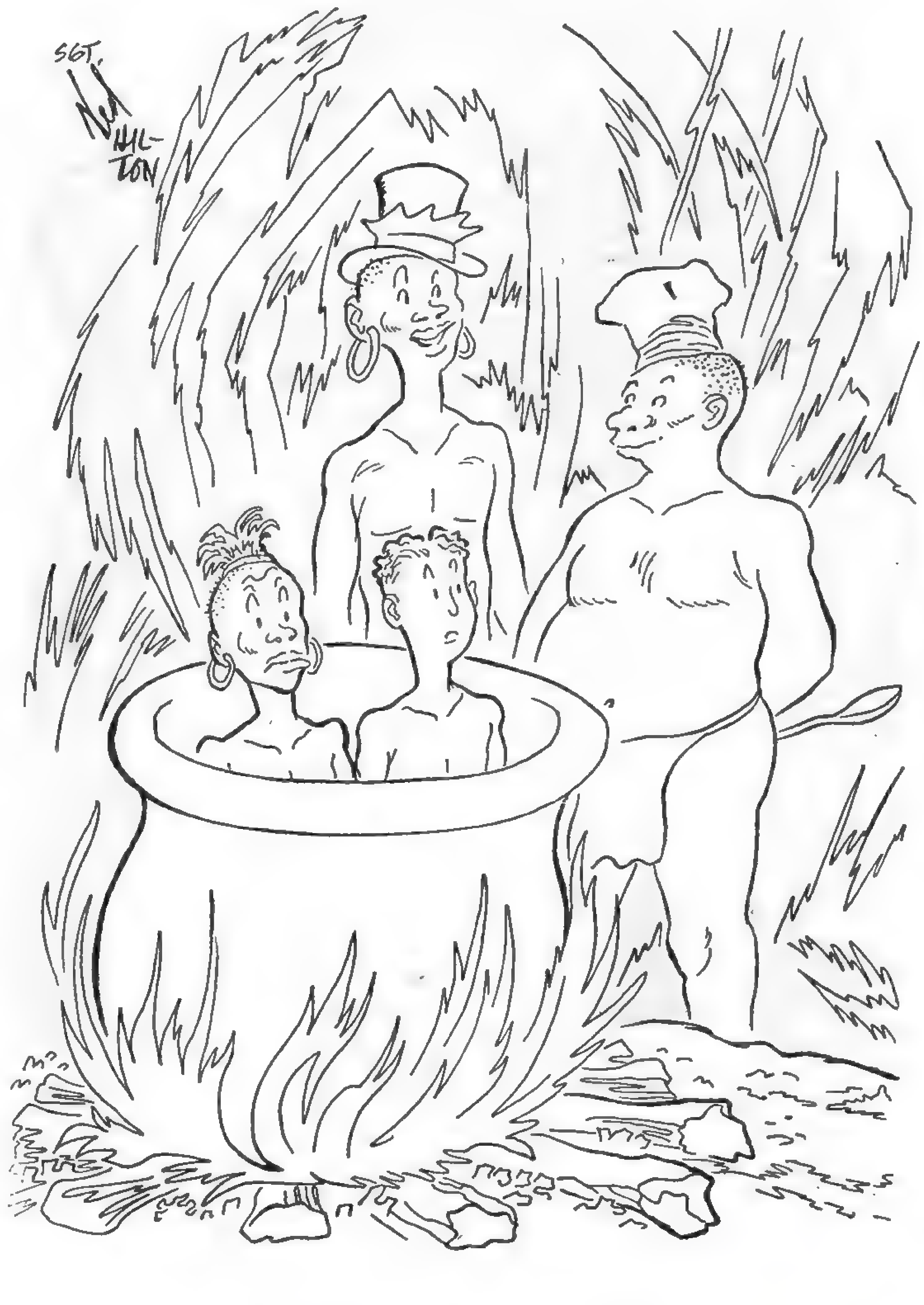
Quick fear was in the woman's sloe eyes. "Thief she Injun Devil? You make sure?"

"Tracked him, one end of the line to t'other." Laban did not want to tell her he had been "overlooked" by the beast. That possible evil spell he must keep to himself. He wolfed some food by the fire and then gave his woman her orders: "Boil up lye an' water. We got work to do."

He was planning. "The varmint's old an' wise. I'll keep on settin' bait fer a spell, then plant double sets, one with bait an' one without. That ought to fetch him."

In the fur country it was considered next to impossible to trap a wolverine. Fear had seeped into Laban since the animal had stared at him, yet unless he could kill the creature, Laban's take of skins for the winter would be practically nothing.

While the tub of lye and water was heating, Laban burned off his traps in the open fire. Then he laid each trap in the boiling lye to



"How thoughtful of you, chef, to provide a little of each"

destroy all human scent. He handled the traps with gloves which had likewise been treated with lye.

"It's the devil of the woods himself I got to outsmart," he said.

Again that night Laban slept poorly. He dreamed that the eyes of the animal fiend were watching him through the cabin walls.

In the frost-charged air of dawn he was away once more on his rounds. For a week thereafter a duel of wits between the man and the four-footed robber continued, with the vantage continually mounting in favor of the wolverine. The Injun Devil was ahead of him on the trail, or if not, it would be following close. Laban carried his rifle, but not a glimpse did he catch of the enemy.

Ordinarily in winter, scarce twenty words a week would pass between Laban and his wife. But Laban now talked by the hour about this death hunt. The woman had seen the fear in his eye. She knew then that he had been "overlooked" by the wolverine. She said nothing, but Laban knew that she knew, and her primitive superstition was added to his own weight of dread.

Laban had planted double and triple sets with his lye-treated traps, but the wolverine was not fooled. In some dense brush Laban set up a cocked rifle, and fixed in front of its muzzle a dead grouse, attached a cord fastened to the trigger. Around the gun he piled more brush and logs so that the wolverine would have to approach the bait from in front.

At another spot, over a little bubbling spring that was open all winter, he hung a dead partridge on a smoked string. Beneath the partridge he concealed a wolf trap in the shallow water, covering the pan with a dab of green moss so that it looked like a stone just showing above the surface. Any creature drawn by the scent of the bird would step out on the counterfeit stone to examine the bait more closely.

But the following day Laban found his craft was matched and mocked—and worse. The wolverine had forced his way through the massed brush and coming up behind the gun, chewed the cord in two and carried off the grouse.

When he came to the spring set a cry of agony was wrung from the old trapper. The steel jaws beneath the moss had been sprung. Scattered about the spring were tufts of fluffy black fur with long silver-white guard hairs. It was not the wolverine he had caught. It had been a prime silver fox in the traps, the greatest prize of all, worth more than all his other pelts combined. And the Injun Devil had found and destroyed it.

That day Laban gave over all idea of garnering furs. At the end of his trap line, nine miles from his cabin, he built a cache where next day he stored blankets, some of his traps and a good supply of bacon, corn meal, beans and tobacco, so that at any time he could make a night camp there. He cut and piled over his cache a crisscrossed mass of logs. Over these he poured water from a near-by stream, which quickly froze, locking the mass into a fortress which it would have taken a man with an ax hours to break into.

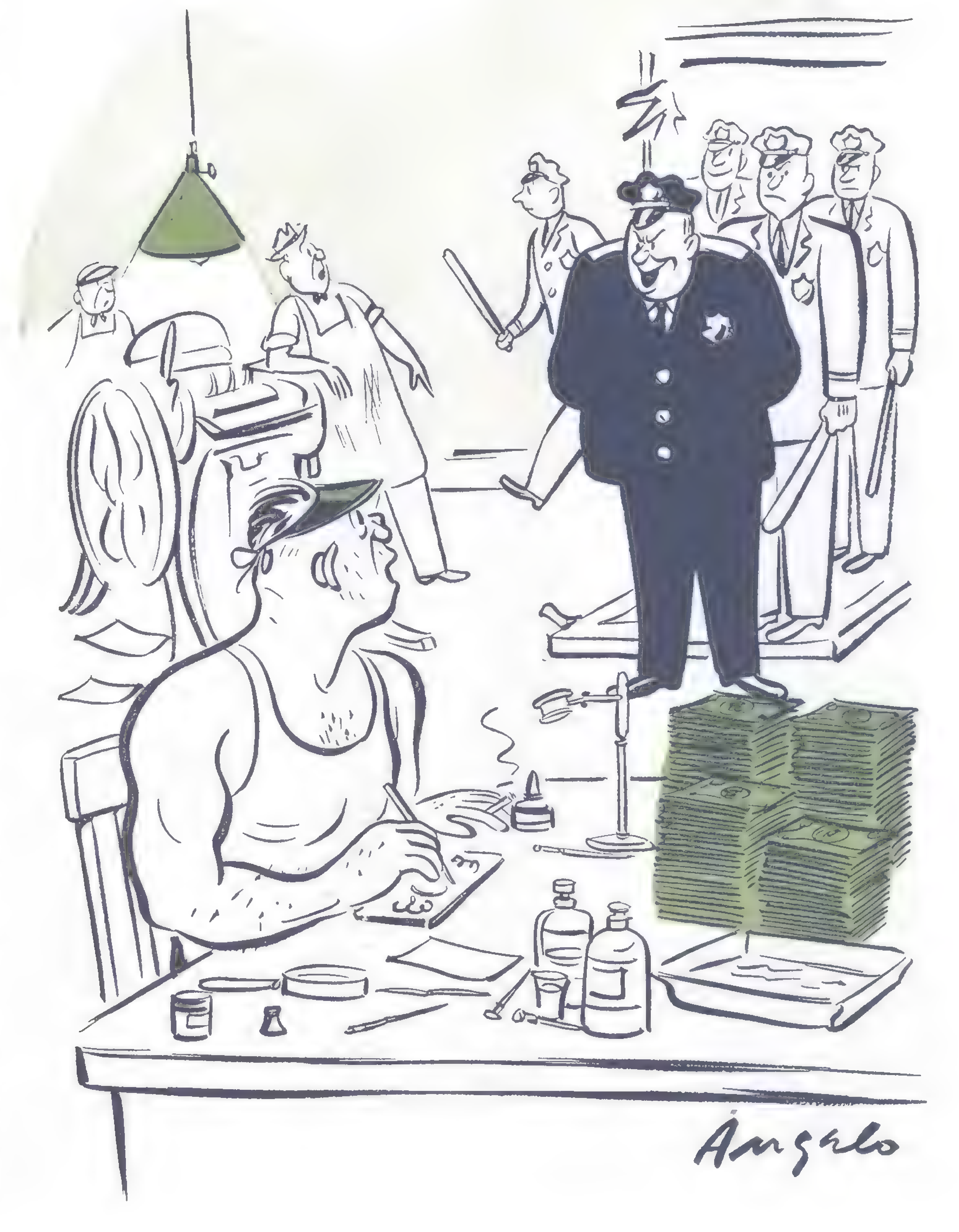
For some days he had no cause to use the cache; then one afternoon, seeing recent tracks of the Injun Devil, he decided to camp at the cache and take up the trail at dawn. But the cache no longer existed. With a patience and strength that seemed not of earth, the Injun Devil had gnawed and clawed away the ice and wrenched apart the heaped tree trunks. The bacon he had devoured, the beans and meal he had scattered and fouled. Almost all the traps were missing and as a final touch of deviltry, Laban's tobacco was gone. Tracks in the snow were fresh. Had Laban happened along a half hour earlier he might have surprised the robber.

Beside a brown liquid stain in the snow was a small chunk of plug tobacco. Laban followed the trail. Other dribbles of brown were tobacco juice beyond a doubt. Into the woodsman's mind sprang hope. Possibly the sweetish molasses flavor of the tobacco had appealed to the robber as a special delicacy. No organism would be proof against the sickness that would follow if the creature had swallowed the stuff. The tracks in the snow wavered and zigzagged drunkenly.

Within a hundred yards he saw where the carcajou had vomited. The tobacco was doing its work! Another hundred yards and Laban saw movement in a dense blowdown. The wolverine suddenly emerged from the down timber and went reeling and lurching away between the trees. As the man fired, the beast pitched forward, struggled up and sank again.

From the snow the green-shadowed eyes of the wolverine glared at Laban. A harsh, churring snarl filled the air. As he looked at that blunt, formidable head the man saw what a lifetime in the forest had not yet shown him—a crea-

Continued on page 134



"We'd like to see some of your etchings"

The Magnificent American Male

The independent American woman will change her tune to a soft obbligato when all-conquering Joe comes home

by SGT. GENE PHILIP FORTUNA

• ARTICLE •

All too recently a bevy of Australian lassies pushed battlefront headlines off Page One as, with baggage and babies in hand, they skipped down the gangplank in California. Neatly plucked eyebrows from Maine to Texas arched in one concerted bridge of amazement, garnished with just the slightest pinch of frustration. Feminine stares stabbed at newspaper photographs of these hussies who had harnessed and hitched the horse while it wandered away from its stable. And while a few were surprised that the arrivals were not built like kangaroos, the rest were obviously unimpressed. "*They're* not so hot!" or "What's so remarkable about *them*!"

Hardly had the beauty salon, back fence, and defense shop chatter subsided when a new gust of ill tidings blew in; this time from the Atlantic. A photograph from Paris: verily, a French Postal Card showing a camouflaged Yank atop an armored car, embracing the responsibilities of war with less camouflaged interest; it broke the dam of feminine restraint in forty-seven states and Iowa. Photographers, reporters and maidens were swept along in a deluge of foot-stomping and foolish frenzy. . . . The American Girl and her Mother got mad and hitched their trouser belts a little tighter. . . . A few henpecked editors and colonels mumbled something about, "G.I.s seldom have time to develop friendships because towns are quickly declared 'off limits' and troops move forward too rapidly." (The term "develop friendships" is far too ambiguous for me to take exception.) But nobody was fooled. Our girls could just hope for the best even as they believed the worst.

The tide of truculence had hardly receded to livable level when Washington announced that some 20,000 British brides were applying for visas to the United States. Broad A's would soon be edging their way into the morning subway rush; H's would be dropping silently all over Main Streets from Plantsville to Des Moines. A round figure of 20,000 round figures was something to be reckoned with. It refuted all convenient rumors of British "frigidity," class consciousness and London's bustless belle.

Miss America got madder; tried to hitch her belt even tighter, and blamed everything on the fact that "our boys are away from home too long." She appeased her mind with an "everything will return to normal just as soon as we get them back here."

Nothing has gone very well since then. Men trickling in from the Western Front are reluctant to talk. Their few cryptic comments like, "Those Paris Women. They got it!" are appeasing no one.

The pay-off came just a few moons ago with the arrival of a newly discharged veteran of the South Pacific campaign. Here he was, a minnow caught in the net of American girlish charm. But what happened? He lingered a short two weeks, eyed our highly vaunted American Armful with caustic eye, and with a crisp, "Aw nuts!" made off on the next boat for Australia and a "real" wife. The incident drew its share of nasty comment from a few annoyed lovelies. Generally speaking, however, it was treated by both press and public as a "freak" item.

Reluctantly, I am forced to advise both press and womanhood that they missed the whole point. This was no freakish, disjointed, display of masculine cantankerousness. It was, unfortunately, just one more powderless but no less lethal shot heralding the greatest Social Revolution in American history! The glorious American Woman has lost her top-heavy crown of "Queen of the Male." Almost overnight, historically speaking, she has assumed, if not accepted, the more normal role of "lady in waiting."

When the effects of shock wear off, however, she will find herself, even then, the envy of her sisters the world over. She will be Lady In Waiting to the most spectacular specimen of manhood on earth; the reborn, self-discovered Magnificent American Male. If she balks at the role of social accompanist she will find herself . . . all by herself . . . a Lady In Wailing.

At this point, I suspect, a chorus of irate, irascible and insolent slurs is aimed at me. "Why! That big, conceited bustard!" (A large bird, in case you're worried.) "Who does *he* think *he* is!" Frankly, these gripes of wrath annoy me but little. I am merely reporting obvious truths, not offering personal opinions. The ascendancy of the Magnificent Male to his masterful role has long been apparent to those of us who abandoned the lamppost corner for the four corners of the globe. It has merely been a question of, "Shall we tell them *now*, or let them find out for themselves?"

Enlightenment, however, may make the inevitable reformation more palatable. To keep our social symphony in sweet harmony our feminine ex-soloists must accept the fact that the role of the second fiddler, though submerged in the penumbra of the spotlight, is, nonetheless, important.

Mere words prove nothing. Let us step down from our exalted spot for a brief moment and face stark reality. Let us bare the poignant factors that have so startled the Feminine Front.

The whole blame can be tied to the Plymouth Rock. Some Pilgrim Father on the Mayflower goofed up. He neglected to bring a sufficient number of women along on the ride. Arguments presented by historians that this was to be expected, that the trials and rigors of Colonial Life would attract few women, hold as little water as a can of dehydrated spuds. A "marked-down" sale of Indian Pottery; a raffle or two of a seventy-two piece Coffee & Tepee Set; plus a well-publicized Log Cabin Development would have done the trick. No man who has been caught in a department store basement sale will deny that a woman, on the scent of a cent, is scared by trials, rigors or elbows.

The Law of Supply and Demand quickly had the Indian Sign nailed to it. Woman's word was Law; Man supplied the glass beads; and Woman made still ever growing Demands. The unbalanced ratio soon gave birth to a family of anomalies. With familiarity, like a pet crocodile, they were eventually accepted as being quite normal. It was a motley brood; "woman's prerogatives"; "the right to change one's mind"; "Ladies' First"; and a host of sharp-clawed legal "protections." Because he knew no better, the American Male of the succeeding generations wore his social strait jacket as part of the American man's wardrobe. He was born with a silver gag in his mouth, and he mumbled social inarticulations through it for the rest of his life.

In time, a man's greatness came to be measured by the length of his wheel base; his manly profile was cut by his wallet; and the balance of feminine favor lay in the First National Bank. If a wife nagged her mate to ever greater attainments, it was only to climb still higher up his back.

Then came the war. And Man's

Continued on page 147

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of Ann Sheridan

Once upon a time she was a fair kicker, a good blocking back, and a powerful line plunger on a girls' football team deep in the heart of Texas. "I was big for my age," said Annie, "completely unself-conscious and a terrific tomboy." She was slated for school teaching but somebody switched her career signals, entered her pictures in Paramount's world-wide *Search for Beauty* contest and Annie turned out to be the rarest of characters . . . a beauty contest winner who lived up to her looks. She says, however, that she is the exception who doesn't prove a thing, and her advice to pretty girls is to stay out of contests unless they can enter them free of any Hollywood ambition. Annie got fifty dollars a week during the making of *Search for Beauty*, but when it played in her home town, Dallas, she got her name in neons on the marquee. Paramount signed her and then followed two years of cinematic obscurity, during which she caught up with Hollywood, but Hollywood didn't catch on to her. So Paramount kissed her good-bye. Ann took a deep breath and things happened . . . she took a chance at free lancing and Warners signed her to play with Bogart The Great in *The Great O'Malley*. From there on in she was in. At this writing forty some odd pictures and two marriages are checked up on the credit side of the ledger. At the moment Miss Sheridan and the Brothers Warner are at loggerheads. The former football star insists upon calling her own plays when it comes to stories. The studio has other ideas, so beautiful Ann is sitting on the sidelines these days penalized sans salary. But whether she's on or off the pay roll her loyal cheering section goes right on calling for more of Hollywood's original oomph gal. Meanwhile Annie lives in lonely grandeur on a five-acre ranch near Encino, California. Her extracurricular activities include frequent trips to Mexico and occasional trips to New York. She says, apropos of what she calls her suspension from the Hollywood gridiron (which her studio terms "on strike"), "I'm not being stubborn, I'm just holding that line."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

The Songs America Sings

Our music is a rich mosaic of English hymns, Irish ballads, Negro spirituals, Slavic folk songs and German waltzes

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

THE Theatre Guild of New York has had the quaint idea of glorifying American song; and the even quainter idea of presenting what must be called a cavalcade of American melody without mentioning Irving Berlin. The result has probably been reviewed here by Mr. Nathan and anything I say represents pure peevishness, not to mention ingratitude, because the show, *Sing Out, Sweet Land*, reminded me of many lovely songs and introduced me to others; but I found the whole thing insufferably patronizing and arty, and only bits and pieces served straight. Most of those bits were connected with Burl Ives who sang like a fat and pleasantly wicked angel and managed, once, to look and sound like W. C. Fields, practically making the evening for me.

When you hear nearly fifty songs, covering the lifetime of our nation, you get a sense of variety but not of continuity; it seems at first that the people who sang *Foggy, Foggy Dew* and *Oh, Susannah!* were the last of their kind; you cannot find a link between the hymn of the Puritan and the hot chants of our own time. You can, easily, follow the changes of our country's temper in the songs the people sing; and the greatest change of all is from folk song to those popular songs which are published and plugged and soon forgotten.

That is a basic change and right now we look back on the older songs with almost sentimental longing; we forget that Stephen Foster wrote songs for money as well as for love. (You may enjoy guessing whether *Old Folks at Home* or *My Old Kentucky Home* was a commercial job, done to fulfill a contract.) There were publishing houses with song writers on piecework in the 1850's and their songs were pushed as hard as any song is today, but by other means; and some of them were both popular and awful. There was a period of lovely romantic laments (Elsie Arden had recovered for a whole generation of singers the beauties of *Danube River* and *The Beautiful Daisies*) and the ballads of the 1890's were so heartrending that they seem ludicrous to us today. Neither of these groups seem particularly "native" to us; the 1840's were times of pioneering, the 1890's were at the end of the "gilded era"; and the songs they sang were far from telling us the temper of the country.

What appears closer to the essence of the change lies in the style of the songs: the early ones were, it seems, inherited Anglo-Saxon; we got strains of old English hymns in the Negro spiritual and we still get them in the authentic music of the Appalachian hills. But gradually other sounds mingled with the devotions of the Puritans. Follow the course of immigration into the United States, give each new national group a generation to become at home, and you can find the effect of its music in the songs which the whole country was singing. The Germans affected our dance music, the Irish our ballads; and so on down to the Slav and particularly the Russian Jew. And while all this was going on, the voice of the Negro became less isolated, his songs were finally written down, and some thirty years after emancipation, the beat of American music began to change; the oldest immigrant strain and the newest were combining to make the American music still dominant today.

Once you see that this is so, you begin to find an odd correspondence between old songs and new, and often themes recur after they have been neglected for generations. There was always a certain amount of freedom in our song; following the maxim of Beaumarchais we seem to have used melody to express thoughts improper to spoken prose. *Foggy, Foggy Dew* (which sounds English to me) is a song of illicit love, comically treated; you found the same frivolous note around 1910 (what else was the implication of *Who Are You with Tonight?*) and in a hard-boiled version you heard it just before the war broke out (it is a dispensable casualty just now). There were songs of the hardships of making a living a hundred years ago and there were political songs, so we should not be surprised at *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*; there were songs as contemptuous of the officer class in the Civil War as any suppressed verses of *Mademoiselle from Armentieres*; there were songs about the bicycle before those about the motorcar, and these in turn were forerunners of songs about airplanes. And there were patter songs (like *The Bird on Nellie's Hat*), before Cole Porter's with catalogues.

In the middle of a war the songs we sing are not necessarily representative of our natural feelings. Patriotism gives us an occasional lift, and songs of parting and of devotion get a kind of value to which neither words nor music entitle them. All sorts of driveling sentimentality gets by, because our daily lives are tough and we live under threats, so that we are afraid to snarl at even the most flagrant abuse of our softer emotions. Finally, in wartime, composers hack out imitations of all sorts of well-established songs—the best instance now current is *Don't Fence Me In*; if you heard Joan Edwards give it the business on the Hit Parade, slyly ragging it at the most serious moments, you recognized the synthetic quality which made it a good parody.

My quick guess for the future is that all the music we lump under the general title of "swing" will have a great effect after the war. There are a few practitioners of vocal swing now at work; but you feel that the new mode is still basically growing on the instrumental side; the piano styles, the handling of brass and woodwind, are now definite, but not fixed, whereas singers are still shifting between the 1930 style and a new undefined way of singing. None of the great song writers of the 1930's has yet approached swing, nor found out how to use the voice either with or against the band. But a force so powerful is bound to affect all the types of popular music, and eventually it will make itself felt in song.

As to what that will do to the lyrics themselves, I can't guess. In fact, I suspect that the words we will sing after the war will be conditioned by the kind of world we live in; so that Yalta and San Francisco may be more influential than Tin Pan Alley. The melodic line of a song may rise from the soul of a composer; the words which go with it are often shrewdly calculated, to correspond to the mood of the nation. In spite of Berlin and Kern, our songs were a little contemptuous of love, they were loud and impertinent, for half of our between-wars era; they were materialistic and smelled of the speak-easy. If we get the kind of world we don't like after the war, our lyricists will gauge our emotions and give us songs in which we will sneer at ourselves. If these words are set to a late development of today's music, we will have something new, and a little terrifying, to cope with. ⌗

◀ THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Lahr and some lively art work

THE apparition in pink is, of course, comedian Bert Lahr as seen in Billy Rose's expensive, expansive revue, *Seven Lively Arts*. The young ladies are also from the show. In the left background, Miss Temple Texas, who comes from Temple, Texas. (Are we kidding?) On the left, Susan Blanchard, seventeen-year-old daughter of Oscar Hammerstein II, making her first stage appearance. Center, Cissy Smith, fashion model and show girl from Brooklyn. We may as well say here and now that the shapely limb on the right belongs to Vicki Maulsby, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, and what you can't see lives up to what you can. There just wasn't room to get everyone into the act.

Someone once remarked that "it is a mistake to produce a musical show without Bert Lahr." Showwise Rose isn't one to make such an error. He got Lahr. He also imported the divine Bea Lillie, signed up Benny Goodman, Doc Rockwell and ballet artists Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin . . . plus a top-drawer assortment of show girls and chorines. *And* music and lyrics by Cole Porter, with sketches by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman and special material by Ben Hecht.

It is dimly conceivable that a show with such an array of talent could flop. *Seven Lively Arts* didn't. The customers loved it, although some lady commuters at matinees seemed puzzled by the insider's humor about local characters. They were also disapproving of a number in which Rose ribs Rose by showing what would happen if he should take over the Metropolitan Opera. "I don't think he should advertise his other shows here," said one matron—as water nymphs swam through the air, behind a green scrim, to the music of *Das Rheingold* and a large neon sign spelled out *Aquacade*.

In his thirty-odd years in shows and movies, Bert Lahr has refined his broad comedy to a slicker technique of satire. But his eyes still swivel wildly and he sings in a rasping bellow as he contorts his features with gorgeous exaggeration. Nothing funny has been lost. In fact, as Lahr himself has said, "Comedians get better with age."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Something Rotten in Mozambique

If Seaman Kelly had acted impulsively in the Golden Eagle Bar, still the honor of the Merchant Marine could not be slighted

by T. E. KRUGLAK

•FICTION•

The Purser glanced through the porthole in his stuffy little office and saw the gleaming white tower of the newly dedicated Lourenço Marques Church. It was as clean and antiseptic as a hospital, but it lacked the charm of the old red brick chapel which peeped bashfully around the bend in the harbor. Straight white lines symbolized the new Africa. But it was no time for contemplating architecture—the War Shipping Administration wanted those figures in a hurry and he turned to his task once more.

The vessel was light, waiting her turn to go into the dock to load vital raw material. It was Saturday afternoon and only the gangway and donkey watches were aboard.

So engrossed was he in finishing his work that he did not hear the launch come alongside. The first he knew about a visitor was a slight tap on the screen door. He looked up, thinking it was one of the crew looking for another advance. Instead there was an impressive Portuguese official, dressed in a white full-dress uniform. A handsome sword jangled against his hip as he came in. Quickly he introduced himself as José Aruba, Police Inspector.

"You have a Leslie Hall in your crew?" he asked after introductions had been completed.

The Purser nodded.

It seemed that Senhor Hall had been involved in a very unfortunate incident at the Golden Eagle Bar. He purchased four bottles of beer to take out, then returned in a half hour and demanded his money back. When the money was not forthcoming he proceeded (as the Americans say) to wreck the joint. When four policemen tried to stop him they were also wrecked.

"And so," he concluded unhappily, "it was necessary to call out assistance and remove Senhor Hall to the local jail. To remain there until he pays 5,000 escudos."

The Purser glanced at the payroll record and translated Hall's account into escudos. He had nowhere near 200 dollars coming to him.

"Has the American Consul been notified?"

The Police Inspector shook his head.

"There's a slight difficulty. You see, the saloonkeeper is, unfortunately, a German. If we notify the American Consul we must also advise the German Consul—then there will be much ramifications. We must write to Lisbon. We must write to Washington. We must write to Berlin. Many months will pass. Senhor Hall will be incarcerated all that time. It is much better to pay the damages, then all will be forgotten."

The Purser shook his head:

"The man doesn't have that much money coming to him. If the Consul won't pay the costs I don't see how we can."

The Police Inspector removed his elaborately cocked white hat and scratched his head dubiously. His eyes lit on a carton of cigarettes. The Purser quickly offered the carton to him and he accepted with profuse thanks.

"Let me think," the Inspector remarked as he placed the carton in his coattail pocket, "I have it. Have you met Nick Sideris?"

The Purser shook his head.

"Sideris is an American veteran of the last war. He owns four restaurants. He always helps fellow Americans."

"Sideris?" the Purser asked. "That sounds Greek."

The Inspector nodded.

"He is also Greek. And the Greeks are very influential in Lourenço Marques."

"Okay, then, let's see Sideris."

Lourenço Marques was a pleasing contrast to other African ports. The continental smell was absent from the clean paved streets. No beggars sat around exhibiting loathsome sores. The filth of the East was nonexistent, but so was the atmosphere. The town looked as though it had been laid out by a committee of modern German architects. As a matter of fact, most of the private dwellings had been built by German contractors. The Inspector pointed this out as they walked up the wide street lined with Bougainvillaea. "The buildings look very nice," he said, "but in summer the flat roofs are no good. German architecture is not for the tropics."

Two blocks up the main street past the impressively functional La Scala Motion Picture Theatre was one of the few sidewalk cafés in Lourenço Marques. The Inspector pointed to a short heavy-set man in his early forties. By his cauliflower ears, the Purser judged that he had been a pug. The man rose and rolled toward them. His motion was very reminiscent of Jim Londos stalking to the center of the ring. He wasn't far from wrong. The man, of course, was Nick Sideris, and he had been a wrestler. A barnstorming tour of Africa brought him to Lourenço Marques. The climate and beautiful Portuguese women kept him there. But he still proudly retained his United States citizenship.

"Hello, Sport," he said to the Purser in a perfect imitation of George Givot. "What's the trouble?"

Before he could answer, Nick called a waiter and ordered beer.

Over the local *cerveza* the Inspector explained in Portuguese what was up. The Purser hoped the charges didn't sound as bad in Portuguese as they did in English. The Inspector finished his tale and *cerveza* simultaneously. Nick ordered another round.

"I don't understand this, Sport," he said to the Purser, "it doesn't sound right. I never heard of an American taking only four bottles of beer out of a joint. Four bottles of whiskey maybe—but not beer. It would take a case of the stuff to make a seaman drunk. There's something fishy about it."

"I know that," the Purser chimed in, slurring his words after only two bottles, but trying to maintain the prestige of the Merchant Marine. "Hall isn't a trouble maker. I could pay the fine, but there'd be a lot of explaining at home."

"Don't worry about the money," the ex-wrestler said impatiently, "I'll take care of that—but I don't like to give money to those Nazis. There's something wrong. Let's go and see him."

Nick led them to his car.

"He's at the Hotel Polona An-

"Hey, you—remove the upholstery!"

nex," the Inspector volunteered.

"That's good. At least he's comfortable. You see," he explained for the Purser's benefit, "Hotel Polona is the ritziest hotel in town, located right on the seashore. A room would cost you twelve bucks a day. The new jail's right behind it and you get the same view gratis. That's why they call it the Hotel Polona Annex."

The view was everything he claimed it to be, and the jail was another tribute to some Bauhaus student. It was light and airy and vermin proof.

Hall was sitting on a bench in the courtyard puffing away at a Portuguese cigar, surrounded by an admiring throng of guards.

He didn't seem depressed. He explained that he was telling the boys about the run to Murmansk. "All they want to know is how many German planes we brought down. I'm up to my 50th now. Everytime I bring down another Heinie someone else offers me a cigar. Great people these Portuguese. This is the best jail I've ever been in," he said enthusiastically. "Big room to myself, meals with the Chief Jailer—and look at these cigars."

The Jailer smiled deprecatingly.

"I'm sorry we can't do more for our Allies. Of course we're not in the war officially—but anything we have is yours."

Hall's story was simple. He had wandered into the Golden Eagle, unaware that it was on the American blacklist. He noticed some fine Napoleon brandy on the shelf and wanted to bring some back to the States. The proprietor sold him four bottles and wrapped the stuff in a back room. When Hall reached the dock the Customs Guard examined the package and wanted to know why he was bringing beer back to the ship. It was the old bottle-switch game. That made him sore and he went back to the saloon to get the brandy. Then the saloonkeeper made the mistake of calling him a Yankee so-and-so. "And me a Georgian too," he added indignantly.

When Hall finished his tale, Sideris glanced at the Police Inspector.

"This is very serious. As a Lourenço Marques businessman I resent the way this German swine is damaging our reputation. Have you examined the Customs Guard yet?"

The Inspector shook his head defensively.

"The examining Magistrate did not understand English and he went by the story of the injured policeman. The fact remains that Senhor Hall assaulted our men. The truth of the other statements is for the Court to decide."

Sideris looked at Hall and a wide grin spread over his face.

"What happened to the beer bottles?"

Hall glanced at the Jailer. "They're on ice. We're going to drink the evidence at supper tonight."

"Don't," he cautioned Hall, "I'll get Magistrate Gómez to try the case this evening. He speaks English—and I hope he remembers the rooking he took on that watch he bought from a German jeweler last year."

As they left the Jail, the ex-wrestler talked earnestly and rapidly in Portuguese to the Police Inspector. Every now and then he took one hand off the wheel to jot down a name.

At the dock Sideris gave the Purser a last word of advice.

"Put on your uniform and any decorations or ribbons you have, and be at the Hall of Justice at 8 p.m. Now, where can I get hold of your boss?"

The Purser explained that in all probability the Captain could be found at the British Club.

"What are you going to do about the trial?"

"Don't worry," Nick said gleefully, "this match is going to be framed better than any I ever took part in back in New York."

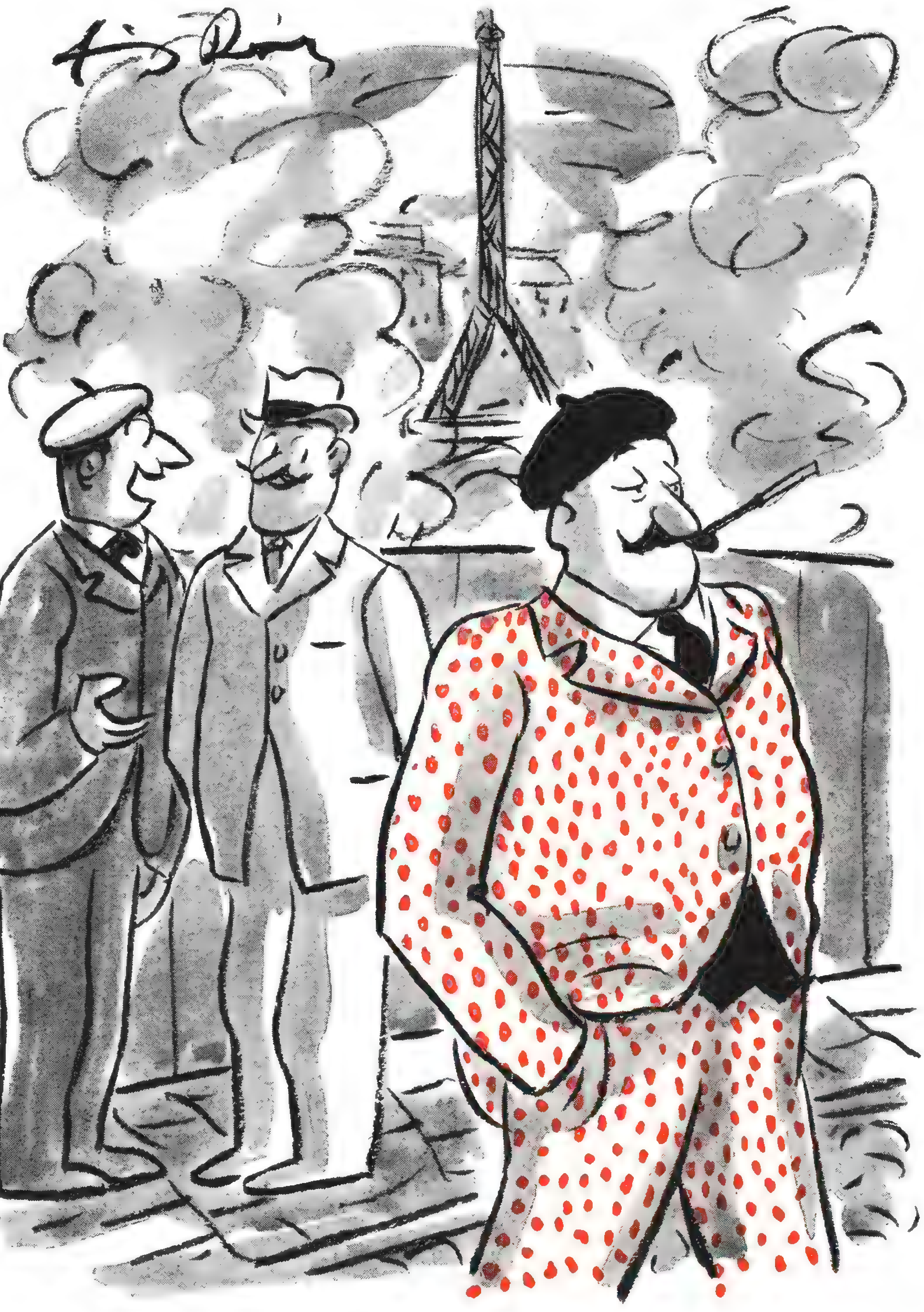
That evening the lights in the small courtroom were blazing.

The Purser walked in late, having been tied up at the agent's with cargo details. He was dressed in his whites with a row of ribbons for Atlantic, Middle East and Pacific theaters of operation, plus a Combat Bar for the Italian invasion. The Skipper was already seated up front. It was the first time to the Purser's knowledge that the Old Man had put on a uniform. Alongside of the Captain's, the Purser's decorations faded into insignificance. The Master had three rows dating back to World War I and Vera Cruz.

Sideris was talking rapidly to the Police Inspector, but he stopped long enough to wink.

There was no audience in the room with the exception of a rotund apoplectic German, his complexion matching the saffron and purple mouse under his right eye. This, the Purser gathered, was José Schmidt, the saloonkeeper. Close by were four policemen in uniform and adhesive tape. His eyes opened wider as he spotted Hall in the prisoner's box. Hall had a

Continued on page 156



"Oh, sure, Pierre collaborated with the Nazis—he furnished them with white flags to surrender with"

The Mad Emperor of Long Island

People of New York, France and Morocco viewed with laughter and some alarm the grandiose ambitions of Jacques Lebaudy

by VICTOR BOESEN

ARTICLE

DEPUTY Sheriff Henry Humber of Nassau County raced to the nearest telephone. "Say, Sheriff!" he said excitedly, "there's a guy over here says he's an emperor!"

Deputy Humber, on that afternoon in about 1915, was phoning from the estate of Mrs. Edward Smith of Long Island, who had appealed to the authorities when her neighbor had contested her right to use the road between their two premises.

Sheriff Steve Pettit, just finished with a game of polo on another estate when Deputy Humber's call located him, kept his mount and galloped right over. He found his men in prudent sanctuary behind a wall bordering the road which had given rise to the trouble. Seven figures on horseback were stepping their mounts in and out among bales of hay, uncoupled farm wagons, and plows. One of the horsemen was outfitted in a Palm Beach suit pulled severely askew by braces of medals on his chest, and a green-ribboned Panama hat. The others wore green messenger uniforms faced with pink string, and, like the generalissimo, each carried a French hunting horn dangling at the belt.

All wore an expression of they-shall-not-pass.

"He says he's an emperor," repeated Deputy Humber, cautiously peering over the wall. "That don't make sense . . . does it?"

Sheriff Pettit saluted and handed his card to one of the guardsmen, who passed it over to the commandant. The name seemed to frighten him. He pulled his horse back on its haunches and cried, "Give me the countersign!"

The sheriff remembered nothing in his office manual that dealt with countersigns, and he had forgotten his Walter Scott. "Come over here," he said resourcefully, "and I'll whisper it in your ear."

The other correctly took this for a ruse and, with a loud blast on his horn, galloped away. Sheriff Pettit spurred after him. They raced through wood and field, clearing brush heaps, hedges and streams.

The pursued, perhaps because he knew the terrain better, kept ahead, his horn trumpeting like an angry elephant, each blast echoing noisily across the Long Island countryside.

In the open stretches, however, the sheriff drew closer, finally overtaking his quarry in a cornfield. The Palm Beach general drew in his horse and with dignity, said, "I surrender to the United States government. I am Jacques Lebaudy, Emperor of Sahara, and I give up to you."

Thus, among the cornstalks, ended Jacques Lebaudy's second imperial venture. The people again had shown a churlish reluctance to accord him the divine right of kings to attach territories at will. This was a right which Mr. Lebaudy had assumed without benefit of formal heritage some years before when he attempted to found an empire in Africa after the death of his father, Max Lebaudy, the French "sugar king."

Perhaps it was an expanded view of his father's relation to sugar that filled young Jacques with visions of sovereignty. From king of a sugar trade to king of a territory shouldn't be too far, and there was always the thought that a royal succession could be expected to increase the boundaries of domain.

His appropriation of the title of emperor was hasty, but could be indicative of the optimism which led him to pick the sandy, sunburned coastal strip lying between Cape Juby and Cape Bojador in Morocco, a veritable devil's playground which nature had reserved as a first proof of her whimsy that some parts of the earth shall be completely and forever useless. The only thing it could grow was despair.

The area, blistering for 180 miles along the coast like a piecrust too long in the oven, was afflicted by the additional feature against a real estate boom that it was populated by Moors. The asocialism of these people was such that this territory was the most dangerous in Africa. Resentment of nature's obtuseness drove the Moors to kill on sight anybody who came bearing the aura of a better land, and if nobody came the Moors worked out on one another.

But Jacques enjoyed a reputation at home for daring and adventure, and Moorish Morocco was a splendid field in which to give some real meaning to the fine things they said about him on the Paris boulevards, which may have been tainted by the tendency of opportunists to speak well of any young man holding a legacy of several million dollars.

In the face of the geographical and anthropological perversities of the area chosen, Jacques incurred a further challenge when, just as the expedition was making a quiet getaway from France to avoid restraints from the government, he yielded to the entreaties of his wife, Marie Augustine Da Loch Delliere, to return to her hotel and help look for her lost pooch, Fifi. The entire force, some five hundred hard-bitten veterans of the American Civil War, the Boer War, the War of 1870, and recent skirmishes in the Balkans, fell back in a body and deployed through the hotel and grounds in quest of the dog, which, unimpressed with the majestic implications of the moment, had strayed romantically afield with a Bowser down the street.

The significance of this incident lay in the superstition that to turn back is to invite disaster, and the men felt that the expedition had thus been hexed from the start.

Jacques landed at his claim, selected with no more ado than looking over a map, in June of 1903. The expedition hove to in three ships, prepared to answer probable objection by the Moors with sixteen rapid-fire Hotchkiss guns, but the natives, noting the artillery, withdrew behind a ridge of distant sand dunes.

The conqueror ran up a pink flag on a staff planted in the sand, with suitable ceremony proclaimed himself Empereur Jacques le Premier of Lebaudia, and then set about dressing the place up. He designed a palace and ordered a throne and guillotine. He assigned a man to edit a newspaper. He introduced the Order of Sahara, and appointed a representative to deal with the powers at The Hague. There was to be a national anthem more stirring than the Marseillaise and an imperial guard finer than Napoleon's.

His Highness issued titles: the first, Master of the Imperial Wardrobe, going to his valet. He ordered the construction of a wharf, a fort, a couple of jetties, a lighthouse, and a railroad from Figig to Timbuktu. The capital would be at Sucreville, which is Sugarville in English, and this would be the new terminus of the caravan route from the interior, displacing Senegal.

The only serious deficiency lay in subjects to rally around the pink flag that drooped in the hot, breezeless air, cheer the emperor, and read the newspaper. But subjects would be hired. His Ma-

Continued on page 163

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of June Bright

JUNE is the typical New Yorker in that she wasn't born in New York and even in her exciting life of dodging among the skyscrapers as a photographic and illustrator's model, she has a hankering to get back to the wide, open spaces.

Daughter of a cattleman, June was born in Liberty, Nebraska, nineteen years ago. As a child she used to travel with her father, taking in the roundups at his ranches. She says she's pretty fast on a cow pony herself. (As for those horses in Central Park and English saddles—nyuh-huh!) In high school she twirled a baton as a high-stepping drum majorette, played piano in the school orchestra and graduated as valedictorian. In fact, her marks won her a scholarship at the University of Denver, but she skipped a college degree to go to work for the F.B.I. in Washington, D. C.

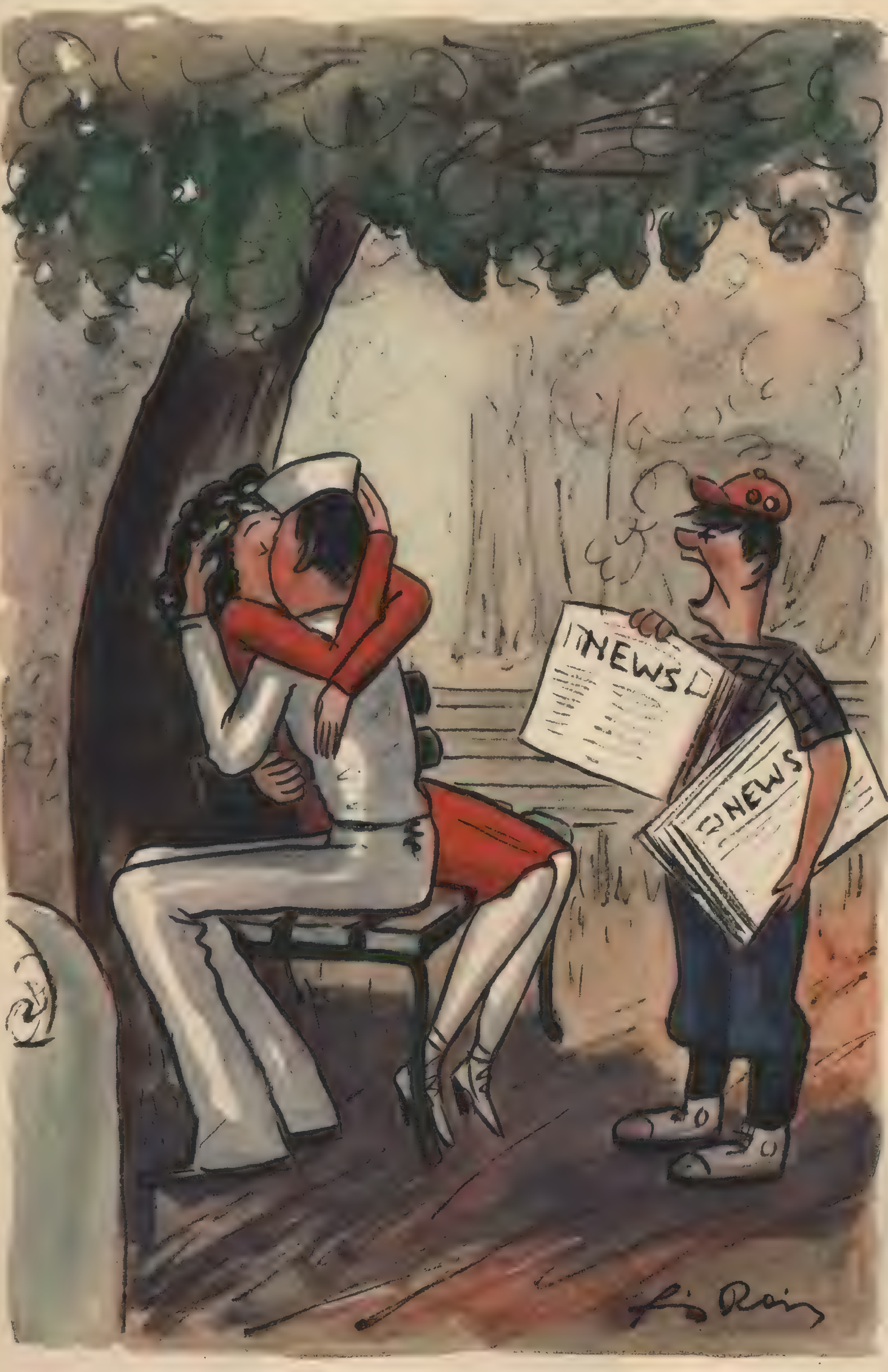
June liked being a "government girl," but fate had something else in mind for her. In 1943 she was one of twelve winners in a contest based on ability to sell War Bonds, personality and looks. June came through on all counts and was sent to New York with the group for a bond rally. There Harry Conover offered her a job as a model. She said no for the moment, but the idea buzzed in her head. A year later she was in New York, modeling.

Of her extracurricular activities she enjoys most her work as a hostess at the Stage Door Canteen because she likes to talk to the servicemen and get their views on the war, the world and women. She loves to talk about her brother, a corporal on Leyte. As for her own beaux—she *is* partial to the Air Corps.

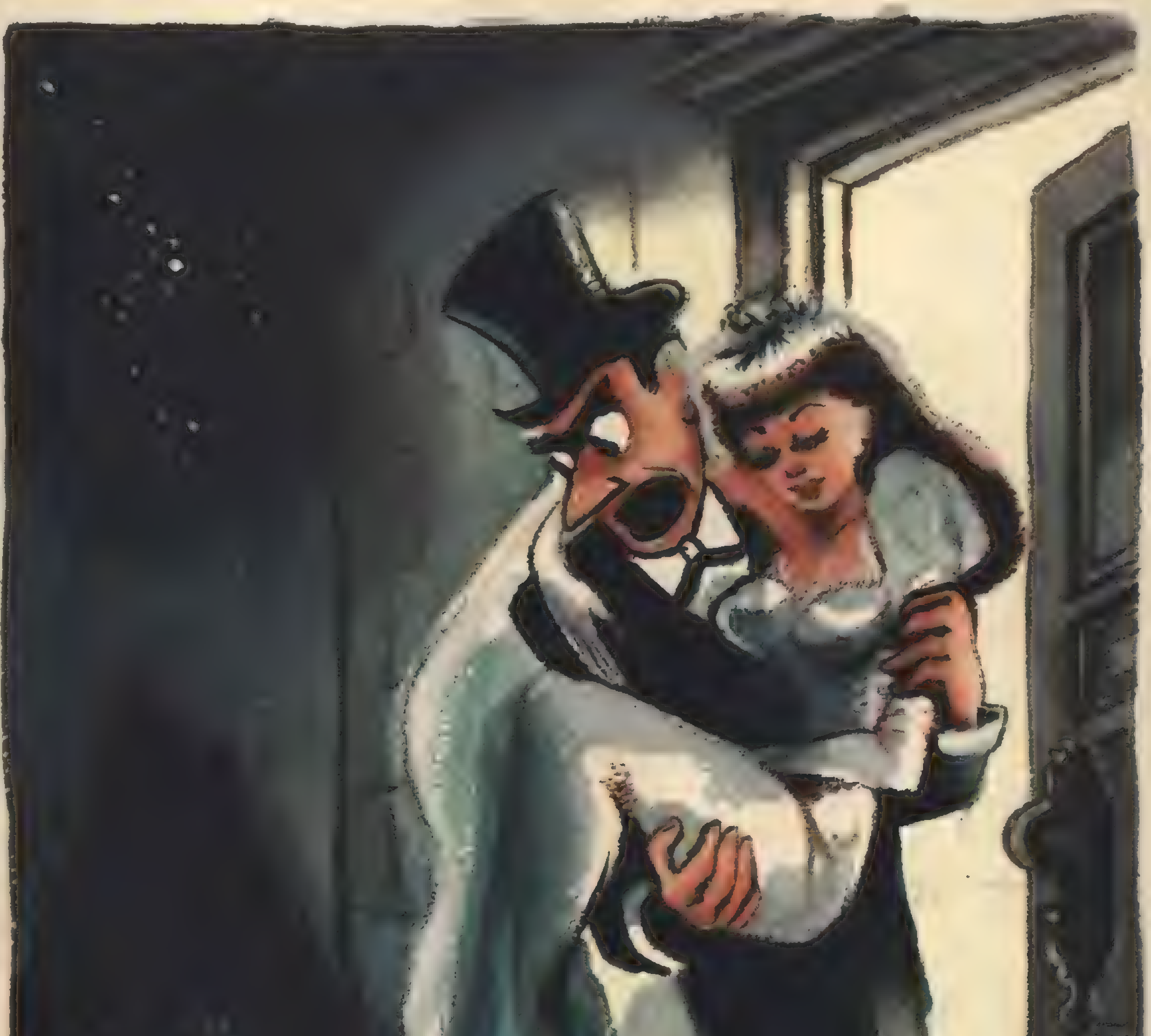
Miss Bright on Men: "I wish there weren't so much talk about wolves. A lot of nice men think they *have* to be wolves to be in style. Why don't they relax? Any girl can see through that I-can-introduce-you-to-so-many-people-who-can-help-you routine. They used to bring diamond bracelets. Now they dangle contacts and contracts before you."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Height:* 5′ 4″ with heels; *Weight:* 114 lbs.; *Bust:* 34″; *Waist:* 23″; *Hips:* 34″.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL



"*Extra, Extra*—**Marriage Is Failure, says professor; Wife Shoots Husband; Man Deserts Wife and Child!**"



"You kids can let go and go home now"

Life Afloat with Father

With his usual self-confidence, the Old Man declared anyone could sail a boat, and in a way he proved it

by IRA HENRY FREEMAN

• ARTICLE •

I LEARNED to sail the hard way (the hardest possible way, I sometimes think) from my father. The Old Man knew volumes less than nothing about small boats or seamanship, which did not in the least cramp his style in teaching me.

The Old Man was that kind of gent: dignified, proud of his Roman gladiator's physique, proud of his English accent, proud, above all, of his "style." He was, also, gifted with self-confidence in inverse ratio to his knowledge of whatever the matter in hand.

During my four years (from the ages of ten to fourteen) between the Old Man and the deep, blue sea, we worked a variety of day-sailers out of our home port at Sea Cliff, Long Island, in Hempstead Harbor, Chart 222.

Life afloat with Father began when the O.M. arrived home one evening and announced: "I have chartered a cat sailing boat for the summer. It will be delivered on Saturday."

"Do you know how to sail a boat?" the family cried, astonished.

"Why, certainly," the O.M. replied in his grand manner. "It's a cinch. Anybody can sail a boat."

Like any kid, I was wild with excitement. But my mother put her head on one side and said nothing. She knew her husband had never trod a deck except that of the liner bringing him to the United States twenty years before.

Saturday morning came at long last, and a clear day. The white "cat sailing boat," 17 feet l.o.a., nodded at a mooring about 400 yards off the beach. She looked breathlessly beautiful to me and a little frightening, somewhat like a wild horse, or, as I suppose youngsters of today would say, an airplane.

"There she is," the O.M. said; then he added, "You always speak of a boat as 'she'."

Having no dinghy, the O.M. and I swam out. We lived in bathing suits, and a quarter-mile swim was nothing for us, nor one of a couple of miles on occasion in those days.

We had some trouble making sail. "I am certain each one of these cords has *some* purpose," the O.M. insisted, combing his fingers through a tangle of hempen spaghetti in the cockpit.

After much fiddling, the gaff was hoisted and we got sail on after a fashion. The sleeping boat awoke, shaking herself and stamping her foot. The O.M. reined in the mainsheet and belayed it short and tight. "Let's get all these strings up off the floor. A boat should be shipshape."

Since a ten-knot breeze was blowing in, the little boat stepped off smartly, fetched up on her mooring pennant hard and slewed around to the other tack. This erratic performance was repeated on alternate tacks. I cowered on the floorboards in terror of the low boom slamming back and forth across the cockpit, apparently in obedience to some inscrutable, malevolent law of nature. The O.M. sat at the tiller bewildered, but as stiff and dignified as though gripped in an old-fashioned photographer's neck clamp.

"Dad, stop the boat! Please, stop the boat!" I begged. But he kept answering, "Tut, tut, I just want to see how she acts."

"If you don't stop the boat, I'll jump overboard," I screamed and made some such motion.

The O.M. yelled, "Here, now!" and started for me. But at that moment, the mainsheet fouled on the cat's square counter, jibing the boat.

It probably was lucky we hadn't got the sail fully up. As it was, the heavy boom banged the O.M. on the point of the shoulder and batted him ten feet over the side. Left alone in the mad, runaway thing, I frantically threw off every line from every cleat I could see and helped the O.M. clamber back aboard.

He wasn't hurt. But he was so shaken that I think he might have quit for the day, except that in my fear and ignorance I had cast off the mooring line with all others. We were adrift. That was how we finally got off to the first sail of our lives. For, of course, after we had regained courage to make sail again, the untamed creature of the sea, free of her ground tackle, sailed away tractably enough.

We went without lunch to sail the boat across the harbor on as many different courses as we could. Naturally, we often jibed accidentally, but nothing carried away and by evening we had induced the rudiments of how to sail.

Picking up the mooring buoy, however, was something else again. We ran for it this way and that for an hour without coming even reasonably close. We began to get painfully hungry. We carried no anchor, and the O.M.'s pride would never permit him to beach the boat or yell for help.

We remembered, though, that a boat stopped when you dropped sail. So, when we got within 100 yards of the buoy on a lucky leg, we let spars and canvas flop with a crash, and the O.M. dived overboard with a bight of the mainsheet around his waist. With me steering, my father towed the tubby little cat, well ballasted with iron centerboard and sash weights, against the breeze to the mooring.

That wasn't the only time the mighty O.M. solved a problem in seamanship by main strength.

Our centerboard well was open at the top, and once we carelessly let the pennant slip down through it. Held only by a single pivot, the iron board swung straight down, possibly six feet below the keel. It never occured to us to regain the board by simply beaching the boat head on, so that the shelving bottom would force the board up in the well until we could secure it again in the cockpit. The best the O.M. could think of was fetching for it like a pearl diver.

Therefore, over the side he went and surface-dived many times, until the blood trickled from his nose because of the pressure and I was afraid he would never come up again. At last, he got under the board and shoved it upward with such desperate force it sprang out at me waiting in the cockpit. I just managed to catch it and hold on by my fingernails, whooping for help while he scrambled aboard.

When I see my friends and myself starting out for a week-end cruise nowadays in fine auxiliaries, with bunks and cabin, a toilet room, electric lights, sails that reef; forearmed with barometer, charts, a radio for weather reports and a library of tide and navigation books, equipped with a modern galley, forty gallons of fresh water and rations for days, carrying life preservers and signal flares and towing a dinghy—well, I sometimes wonder.

We sailed the same old Long Island Sound in those summers. We never looked at the weather, so long as it wasn't actually storming at the moment. We sailed from soon after breakfast until dark (or later, if we got stuck), in little open cats, or half-decked sloops, or sailing canoes. When it rained or breezed up, we kept right on sailing. If a black squall slammed down, we just

Continued on page 137

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

Tony and Sally De Marco—Design in Space

CAUGHT by the magic camera of Gjon Mili, the dancing De Marcos float through the air with the fluid grace that has made them top favorites in the entertainment world. Besides the delightful diversion of their changing patterns set to music, audiences find in them an illusion of romance, of love cast in a suave and civilized mold. And the De Marcos make it all look so easy.

As a matter of fact, this is not by accident. Tony creates their choreography from simple, popular steps that are danced by everyone—the fox trot, the waltz, the rumba, the samba. "My partner and I conduct ourselves as though we were in a salon with our friends and for the moment we have the spotlight. We do steps they recognize, and in that way they can participate in our dancing. They feel that with a little practice they could do the same thing," says Tony, ". . . and most of them could!"

Tony was born in Fredonia, New York, and discovered his fascination for dancing at the Academy Theatre in Buffalo, where he went as a wide-eyed youngster with his parents. Self-taught, he has been a headliner for many years, with several different partners, in night clubs, musical shows and movies. He has played all over the United States and made nine tours of Europe.

Sally was born in Roosevelt, Utah, and was schooled in ballet under teachers on the West Coast. She had risen to prima ballerina in the Broadway musical *Very Warm for May* when she became Tony's partner three years ago—and later, Mrs. De Marco.

Tony, as spokesman for the pair, is an articulate student of the dance and of the reactions of people to dancing: "When we go on the floor we have the same thrill of anyone getting up to dance with a favorite partner. We still experience the pure joy of dancing. Dancing is a universal expression. And social or 'ballroom' dancing is the folk dancing of our times."

Next to dancing, Tony likes best to talk about Sally. No doubt he is thinking of her when he says sincerely, "Dancing has given me all the good things in life."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GJON MILI

A Horse Named Stringbean

There was something contagious in Alfy's childlike faith in that nag even though betting on him to win was beyond reason

by RICHARD BRY

• FICTION •

ALFY—I never did learn his last name—lived in a make-believe world, where right always triumphed and dreams came true. Although he was well over sixty years old when I met him, I suspect that secretly he still believed in Santa Claus. He was sick, without friends and almost penniless, but the shining bright faith of a child glowed on his face and a vision of miracles just around the corner. He was a race track tout.

A stubby little gnome of a man, he had a head too large for his pint-size body and a pip-squeak of a voice that came out of his whiskey-worn throat several octaves higher than God originally intended. His wiry hair, short and thick, bristled like the quills on a hedgehog's back. It was dead white, contrasting sharply with the uniform crimson hue of a deeply-lined face with large pores and a gnarled stump of a nose. But the soul of the man lay in his eyes. They were cornflower blue, clear as the morning sky, and they sparkled with a boundless capacity for wonder and belief.

The first time I saw him was back in April about ten years ago at The Hot Shot, a cozy beer joint on 45th Street, west of Broadway, where a bunch of the boys sometimes burn an idle hour and consider such universal topics as the state of the weather, marinated herring and the Brooklyn Dodgers. Alfy was leaning across the end of the bar next to the cash register, whispering to Alex, the bartender, in a voice you could have heard in the lobby of The Lincoln a block away. He kept hopping with excitement from one foot to the other on the brass rail of the bar. Any minute I expected to see him slip off into the cuspidor.

His conversation was punctuated with frequent fits of coughing. After each of these spells he pulled a large, red-printed cotton handkerchief out of his pocket and spat into it. He looked ill.

"Gimme a beer," I sang out. Alex was so absorbed in the old man that he'd forgotten about waiting on customers.

"Com'ere," said Alex, beckoning me over with a sharp jerk of his head. "You're just the guy I wanta see. Alfy here has a tip on a horse named Stringbean that's running at Jamaica tomorrow. It's gonna pay a helluva price, and I want you to put five bucks on the nose for me down at the track."

He pinged the "No Sale" button on the cash register and handed me a five-dollar bill.

"What's wrong with giving it to a bookmaker tomorrow over the phone?" I asked. "The horse may be scratched overnight and not run."

"If I get a chance to think about it, I might change my mind and not bet on the nag," said Alex. "Here's your beer. It's on the house."

He set it down on the bar. The collar of foam slobbered over the sides of the glass.

"That's right," Alfy piped up. "Stringbean's on the line at twenty to one and he's a cinch to take the pelters he's lined up against. And it's Stringbean's best distance—six furlongs."

"Thanks for the tip," I said, and pocketed the fiver. "I'll put a few bucks on it myself."

"You won't be sorry," said Alfy. "And remember who gave you the good word when the horse breezes in."

"Don't worry," I assured him. "I will."

"Here's a whiskey on the house for luck, Alfy," said Alex.

Alfy swallowed the drink at a gulp, nodded good-bye, and turned to leave. As he passed me, he placed a hand on my arm and spoke earnestly.

"You're going to see a great horse run tomorrow—a great horse."

I was surprised. The emotion in his voice was sincere.

"Poor guy, he's got the T.B. bad," said Alex. He mopped up the puddle of beer around my glass with the bar rag.

"Gosh that guy would make a wonderful chauffeur"

As it turned out, Alex should have thought plenty before betting his five dollars. Stringbean got away from the gate nicely and stuck in the number three slot, a couple of lengths off the pacemaker, to the top of the homestretch. There he caught the top horse and ran with him neck and neck for a few strides. The time had been slow, and he was in a perfect position to breeze in when, for no apparent reason, he quit and wound up next to last. I had kept my binoculars trained on the horse, and the jockey had done everything to make him run except get off and push. Stringbean had no excuse. I felt like kicking myself all over the lot—falling for a blind tip on a horse about which I knew nothing.

On the train back to the city, I swore off the ponies for the thirty-third time, when the door at the end of the car swung back and in walked Alfy.

"Fine horse—that Stringbean," I muttered, when he walked up the aisle toward me. He hadn't heard what I said. He was quivering with pent-up rage, and he choked on his words as he spoke.

"That start . . . that start . . . It was terrible . . . Left him at the post . . . That's what they did . . . Didn't have a decent chance to get away . . . And that jockey . . . couldn't ride a merry-go-round horse . . . I'm going to write the stewards . . . write the stewards."

I gave it up as a bad job. You can't get mad at a man with tears in his eyes.

The fall meeting opened at Jamaica on a Saturday that year, and I was high on a wave of luck. I had walloped the bookmakers on the first three races, and the ponies had just hit the homestretch of the fourth. I was leaning over the rail yelling my lungs out for the nag I'd backed, which was running somewhere behind the leaders.

"Save your breath," chirped a shrill, bird-like voice at my shoulder. "Your jockey's steering him on the inside for a run along the rail. The horse will win this scamper going away."

I glanced down, and there was Alfy beside me. He was right. The horse won going away.

"You called that one," I said, as we walked slowly across the gravel to the betting ring. "Who do you like in the next race?"

"Stringbean!"

He fired the name at me as if my question was absurd.

"Again?" I shook my head. "Not for me."

He nodded with a smile of assurance on his face, and his fine blue eyes shone with the faith that moves mountains. A babel of excited voices reached us, the roar of the betting ring, a forgotten sound now that mutuel machines have replaced the hue and cry, the color and short prices of bookmaker days. Under the high roof of the shed the crowd surged back and forth from one bookmaker's stall to another, watching the prices chalked up on the slates and shopping for longer odds. One book, eager for business and more daring than the others, advanced the odds on the favorite. A swarm of bettors trampled each other in a frenzied rush to get their wagers placed at the new price before the book became overloaded and shifted back into line with the others. They jammed against the steel bar in front of the betting stand, waving wads of dollar bills and entrance badges in the air and clamoring for someone to take their money.

The scraping of countless feet against the cement floor, tobacco smoke, sweat and the wild hum of excited voices filled the air. Battalions of meaningless phrases stormed past . . . "Gotta getta bet down" . . . "Forty to one" . . . "Ten on the favorite" . . . "Gimme the mutuels any day" . . . "Won fifty bucks". . ."Goddam horse" . . ."Never stood a chance". . . "Five across the board". . ."Yeah, so what? He's won six starts this year and Kurtsinger's up". . . "Wise Barrister". . ."Stringbean" . . ."Sired by Man O' War". . . "Badge number 51328". . ."Holdjer badge up, mister; you don't get paid if we don't get the number right." A bell rang, warning that the horses had left the paddock; a fat man with his collar open rushed past mumbling to himself; and I got a sudden hunch on Stringbean

"The favorite looks like a standout to me, Alfy," I shouted, "but I'm going to give your baby one more chance Here goes my bankroll and my better judgment, too."

I fought through the mob and laid all my winnings on Stringbean's nose. I had been pummeled, cursed and bruised, but I'd gotten my bet down, and I felt as if I'd achieved some great deed. After what I'd experienced, the thought of the race ahead left me indifferent. The real race at a bookmaker track was the one to lose your money.

Alfy rejoined me, and we wormed our way up the almost impassable aisles of the grandstand, until by some miracle we located a pair of empty seats.

That race was a six-furlong sprint, three quarters of a mile with a cheap band of platers competing. Stringbean got off to a fair start, but began to lag at the quarter pole. Alfy squirmed.

"Oh, that jockey," he moaned. "He's pulling the horse, holding him in."

Everyone was standing on their seats and shouting, and Alfy on tiptoe had to crane his neck in order to follow the race. The horses had reached the turn, and Stringbean was barely holding his own.

"Let him out! Give him his head! Oh, Stringbean, *Stringbean!*" Alfy shrieked. His body twitched with excitement as he watched. For him the hysterical crowd on every side didn't exist. He was half a mile away, out on the track, riding Stringbean, urging the big horse on to victory.

"Isn't he beautiful?" He whispered ecstatically.

I looked, but all I could see was one brown horse running behind a half-dozen other brown horses. And naturally, since he didn't stand a chance in a million, my money would be on him!

"Oh, my God! They've got him blocked," Alfy screamed.

I almost laughed. No horse had blocked Stringbean. No horse could. He was dropping back so rapidly, I figured he might be a good show bet in the following race. By the five-furlong pole he was thoroughly beaten, and I kissed my dough good-bye. Just to make me happier, the favorite, whom I had intended to bet in the first place, won and paid five for two.

Alfy was heartbroken. His eyes welled up with tears, and he shook his head in bewilderment. "Oh, that jockey, that jockey. Why do they let him ride? . . . Oh, that damned jockey!" A fit of coughing interrupted his grief, and he groped for a handkerchief.

"It couldn't be the horse, could it?" I suggested, when he had composed himself.

He stared at me in amazement.

"Stringbean is one of the greatest horses I ever saw," he said simply.

Saratoga in August is a fantastic town. Old Russian Jews,

Continued on page 104

"Well, there goes that one last angle he's been praying for!"

Man the Kitchenette

Your refreshment for a hot day might include Vichysoisse, Eggs *en Cocotte*, a salad, iced wine, and good friends

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Assuming that you'll be reading this on a hot day, I present to you a comforting menu, a simple but fine meal that will cost you precious few ration points. Though I would like to talk about tantalizing viands, roasts and *grillades*, I elect to be practical: you should eat very little meat during the summer months, and where are you going to get it anyway?

So our fare will be a cold soup, a couple of eggs, a salad, wine diluted with water, a half cantaloupe, and refreshing companions. For, especially in the summer, selecting your dinner partners is nearly as important as choosing your food; canicule makes one extremely irritable. On a torrid day one is ready to murder a lifelong friend just because he asks one to pass the salt. And I suppose I'd better begin to tell you about that cold soup before you lose patience and throw things.

Vichysoisse is the most fashionable cold soup in our era, and the best is to be had at New York's Hotel Plaza. Now this is a very serious statement and entails a great deal of responsibility on the part of a man who eats his way around in New York. However, I have to brave the wrath (and a possible Mickey Finn) from other restaurants; one simply can't be wishy-washy in passing out laurels. A conscientious culinary critic must be a martyr who would sooner die a thousand deaths than relinquish his beliefs. *Enfin* this is the way the Plaza's Vichysoisse is made under the supervision of the principal chef, Monsieur François Gouron:

Chop finely the white parts of four leeks, place in a pot with a lump of sweet butter, and brown very lightly. Add a finely chopped small onion, four finely sliced potatoes, and a quart of chicken broth (if you have any), or consommé (the canned variety will do), or water if you must. Add salt to taste. Simmer for a good half-hour, and when the potatoes and leeks are done, take the pot off the fire, crush the vegetables, and pass through a fine sieve. Return to the fire and add two cups of boiled milk, two cups of cream and a tiny lump of butter. Correct the seasoning, bring to a quick boil, cool, and again rub through a fine strainer. Add a cup of cream (heavy if possible), chill, and add finely chopped chives at the moment of serving. (Serves six generously.)

This cooling and nourishing soup underwent more vicissitude than most—first it was called Bourbonnaise, then it became Vichysoisse, and now it is called Gauloise in honor of General de Gaulle and in repudiation of the crimes of the hapless Vichy regime. And probably before it was named Bourbonnaise the soup bore the moniker "à la Jeanne D'Arc," for Viriville writes in his *Chronique de la Pucelle* (Chapter XLIV) that the ascetic Maid of Orleans subsisted for years on a monotonous concoction composed of a few crushed vegetables to which she added a goodly amount of milk and slices of dry bread.

I must confess that I am rather impatient with eggs, whether they be soft boiled, hard boiled, fried, poached or scrambled. I seldom think of asking for them, and if they are put before me I eat them obediently, but with an abysmal yawn. Originality is not used in this country so far as eggs are concerned, although mere touches can change the boresome things into exciting edibles. Here I give you two recipes not well known in the United States, and if you prepare them properly you might add some color to your present unpicturesque egg situation.

Eggs *en Cocotte*

Slightly warm up individual small earthenware ramekins, and pour in their bottoms a little boiling cream. Gently break the eggs (not more than two in a ramekin) and carefully slide them onto the surface of the cream. Season with salt and pepper, and add a tiny piece of butter. Place the ramekin into a pan of boiling water to reach within a half an inch of the brim of the ramekin. Cover (but leave a little opening for the steam to escape), put the pan in the oven for ten minutes, and serve.

Eggs *Beurre Noir*

Fry the eggs in butter in small ramekins. At the same time brown well a little butter in another pan, add finely chopped parsley, a dash of good vinegar, salt and pepper. When very hot pour the sauce over the eggs and serve in the ramekin.

The moment I finished with my eggs, I raised my tall glass which contained good red California wine and water and some ice—the best summer drink I know of to accompany a meal—and toasted my host. For with me was my mentor in epicureanism, Colonel Serge Obolensky U. S. Army R., back from the wars where he parachuted in the midst of Italians and Maquis and organized their resistance. Now he has returned to organize the "old" Plaza which has new owners, and he was kind enough to have me for luncheon so that I could test for you one of their typical summer menus. Obolensky flanked me on the right, J. B. Herndon, another vice-president of the Hilton chain of hotels on my left, and opposite sat Count Adlerberg, still another executive of the Plaza. So you see I chose my companions well; American businessmen and European aristocrats make an excellent hodgepodge. I only regretted that democracy is not advanced far enough yet so that Fred Barbero, famous and incomparable *maître d'hôtel* of the Plaza's Persian Room, could join us, princes and poets. You may recall that Voltaire got a good thrashing from one of the Duc de Rohan's hirelings when in conversation with the noble he said, "we princes and poets." Then the great writer ran to the Duke of Orleans and begged him to do him justice. "Monsieur," said the duke, "justice was done already." We live in less feudal times and I don't think I have to worry about a bastinado.

Courses should be eaten one after another and not together; this rule of gastronomy applies most of the time, to salads also. In France they used to serve them after the main course, and French dictionaries said that they are a "*réunion de choses confusément assemblées*." The trouble in the United States with this definition, that salads are "a union of things confusedly assembled," is that hostesses and tea rooms take the definition too seriously—they marry pineapple to cream cheese, nuts to marshmallow, mayonnaise to onions, and so on. Ladies in this country go berserk when it comes to salads; they try so hard to be unique, that in their zeal they really confuse things.

A purist in gastronomy acclaims only one category of salads: green leaves, as, for instance, lettuce, romain, chicory, dandelion, etc., whichever happens to be in season, well washed and dried, seasoned with salt, pepper, oil, vinegar and mustard. It was about such salads Brillat-Savarin said that they "refresh, invigorate comfort, and it is my habit to say that they even rejuvenate." In these uncomplicated but marvelous salads the most important thing is that the leaves should be fresh, crisp and vivid in color, the pepper freshly ground, the salt preferably sea salt, the oil real olive oil, the vinegar wine vinegar and mustard in powder form.

The proportions are a matter of taste, although here, too, there are some established rules, as for instance that the measure should be one spoonful of vinegar to two of oil. And first the salt must be dissolved in the vinegar, then the

Continued on page 155

SHE TOILS NOT, NEITHER DOES SHE SWIM ➧

Ruth Hall, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

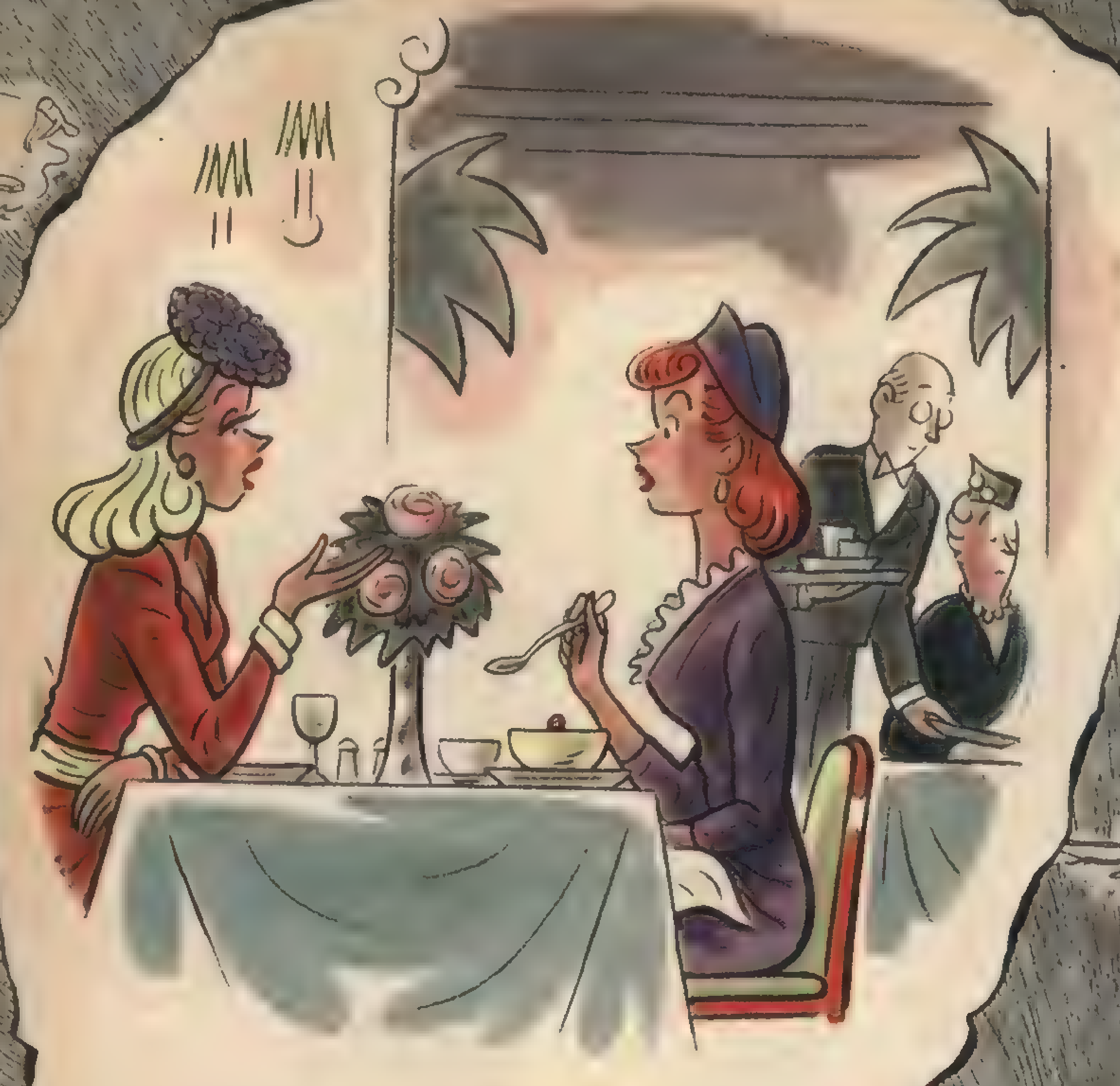
"If it had required the slightest energy on my part," says Ruth Mary Hall, "I wouldn't be nineteen years old." This five-foot nine-inch Hollywood Earl Carroll glamorzon says her outstanding characteristic is laziness. She's a native daughter of the sun-kissed state and has never been beyond its borderline. Born in Santa Monica, which boasts a fine beach, she doesn't swim. She lives near many movie studios, but has never attempted to crash their gates. She got where she is by doing nothing. While she was lying on the beach one day, the waves washed up an Earl Carroll talent scout. He blinked the salt water out of his eyes, took an appraising look and said, "You should be a show girl." She agreed when he explained all a show girl had to do was walk around slowly a little and stand still a lot. That was for her . . . besides she could sleep late—didn't have to get to work until nine p.m. Mister Carroll isn't worried about her laziness. He put her on his pay roll to look pretty and she gives his audiences their money's worth. Ruth has enormous brown eyes, black hair and homogenized milk skin. She looks down on men from her magnificently put together height, which, plus her three-inch heels, makes an even six feet of body bountiful. The only time Ruth ever feels energetic is on payday when she goes shopping. She is extravagant, buys clothes she never wears, including nightgowns. As for men, she doesn't know what type she prefers and hasn't any favorite branch of the service. Says she enjoys small men because they make an effort to be pleasant; any man who is enough taller than she to impress her is too impressed with himself. She likes her meat rare and if she ever did exercise, she'd bowl. As for marriage, she isn't making any plans, at least not for the duration. She is leaving love up to fate, figures if lying on the beach in a bra-suit can get her a job then she should do all right in the romance department via Mister Carroll's spotlight.

Vital statistics: *Height:* 5'9"; *Weight:* 130 pounds; *Bust,* 36"; *Waist:* 26"; *Hips:* 36"; *Age:* 19.

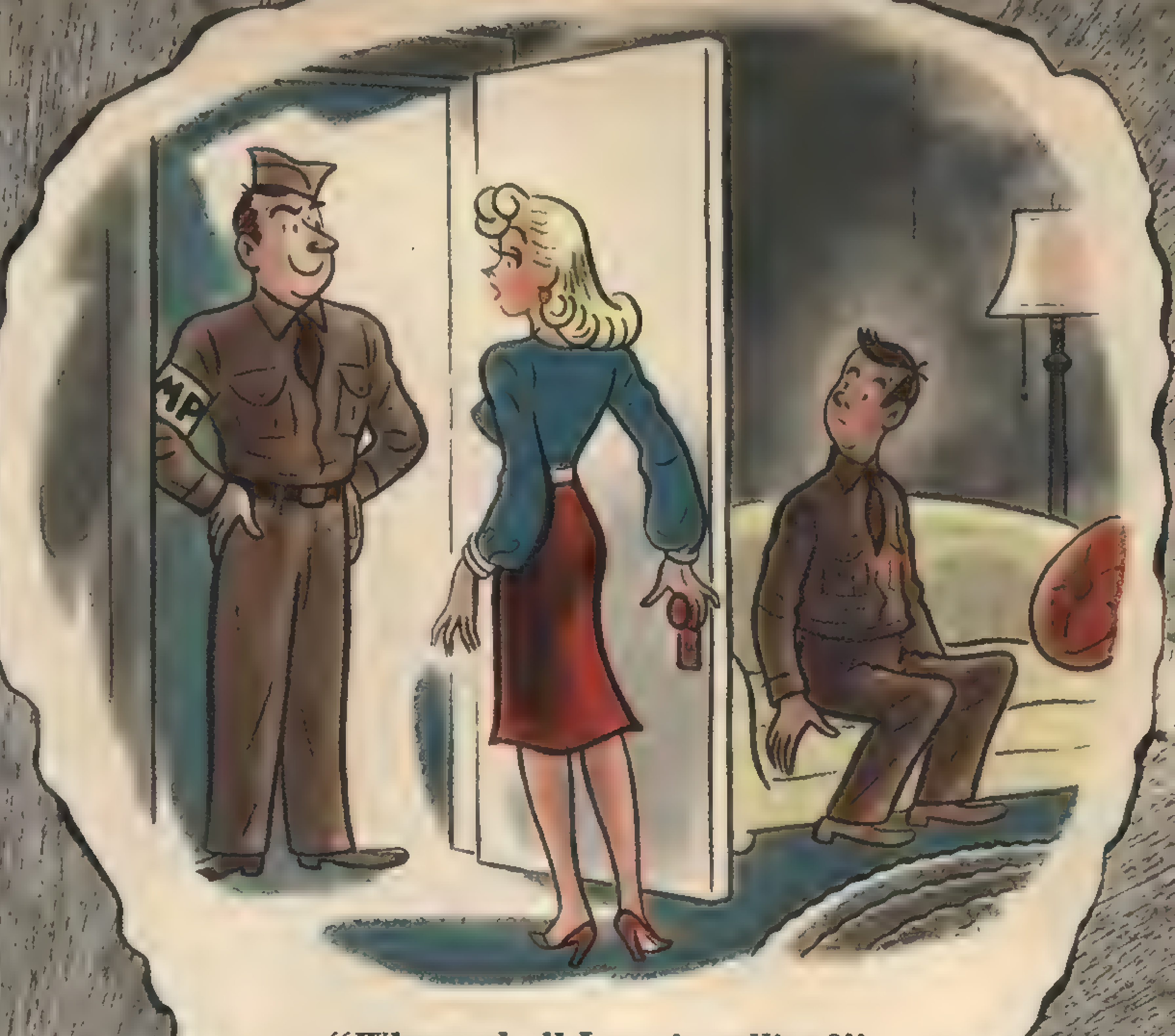
PHOTOGRAPH BY WAXMAN

Firecracks

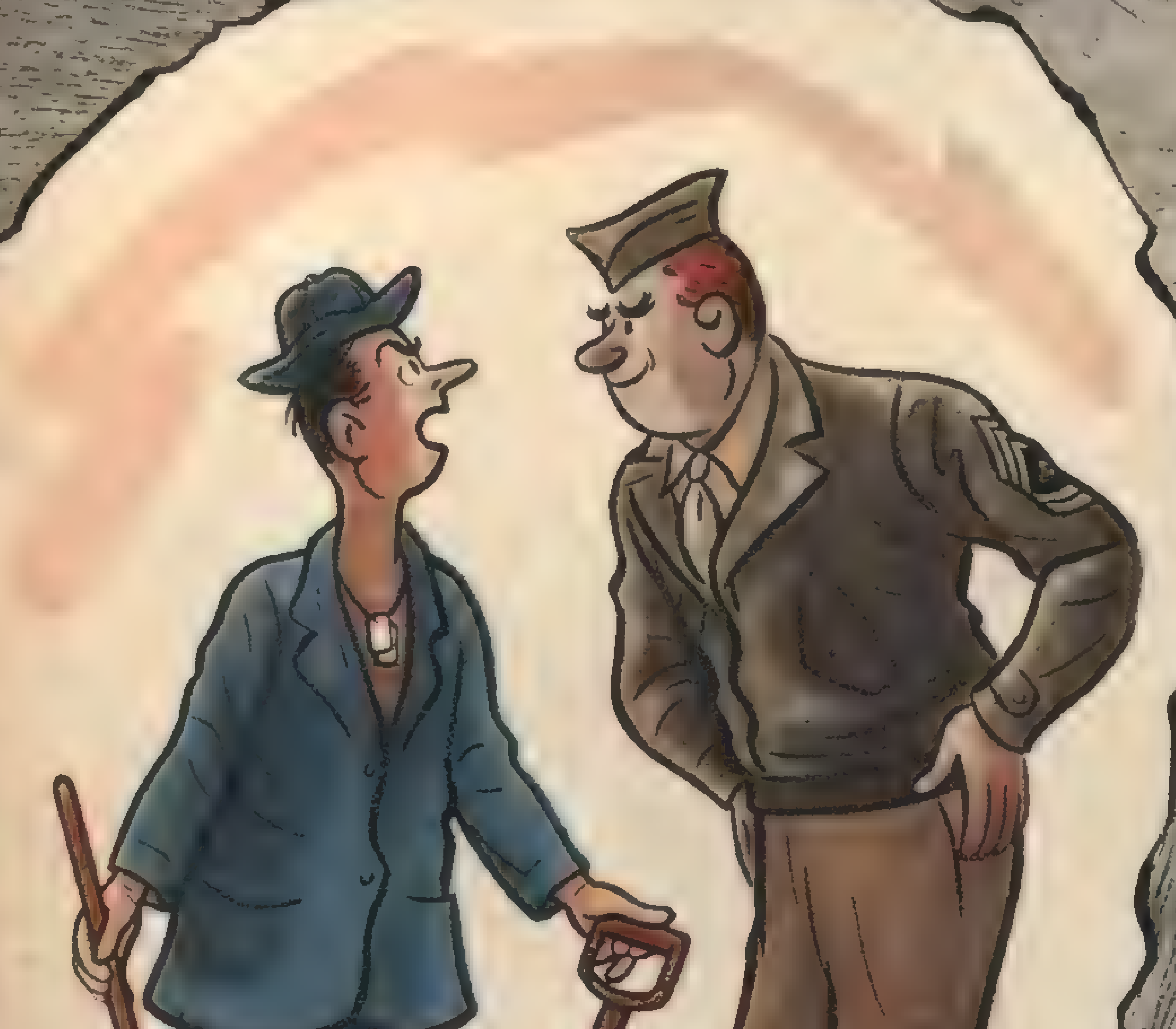
by FRANK BEAVEN



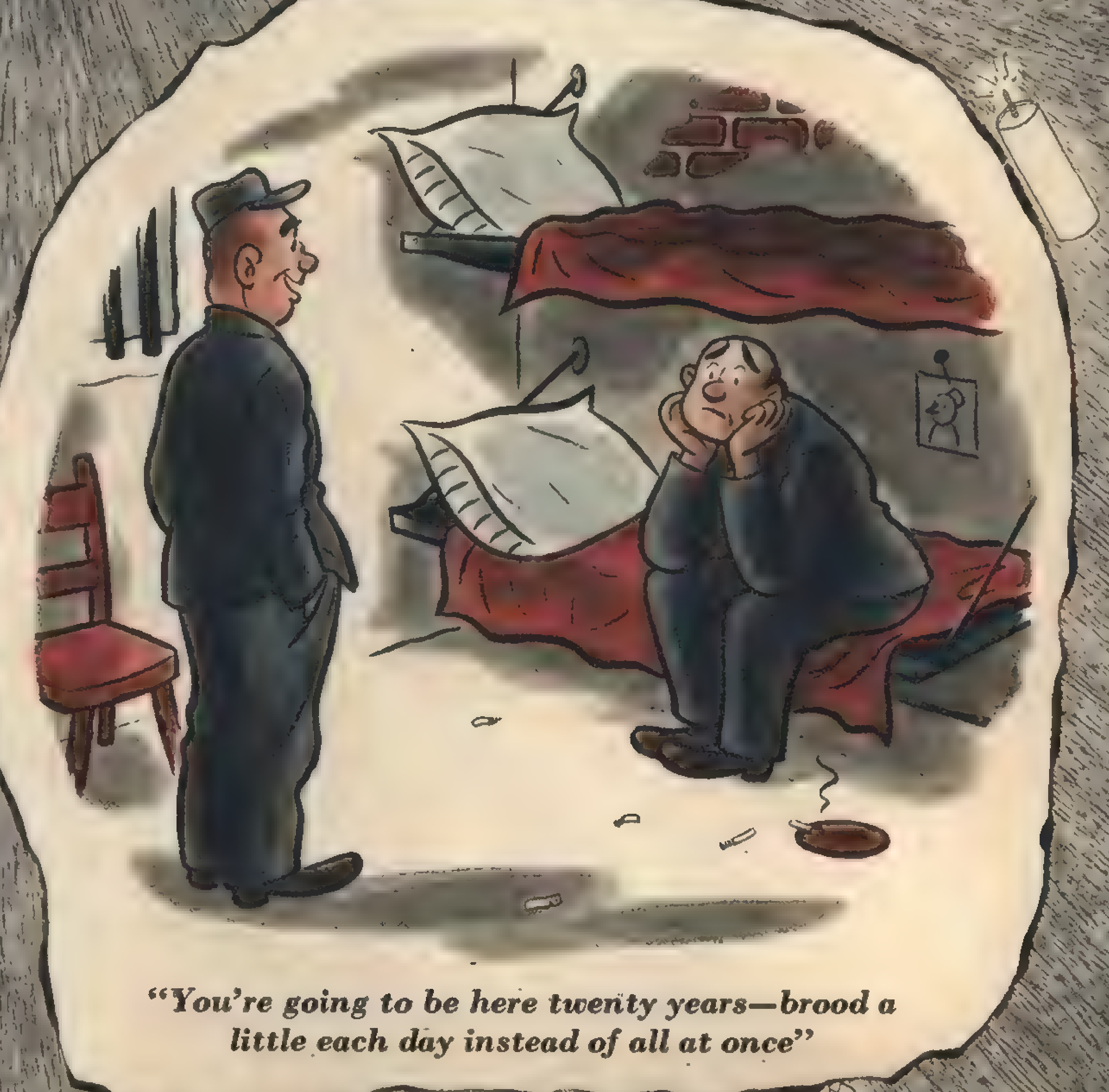
"The thing I find hardest to get used to is picking up my own check"



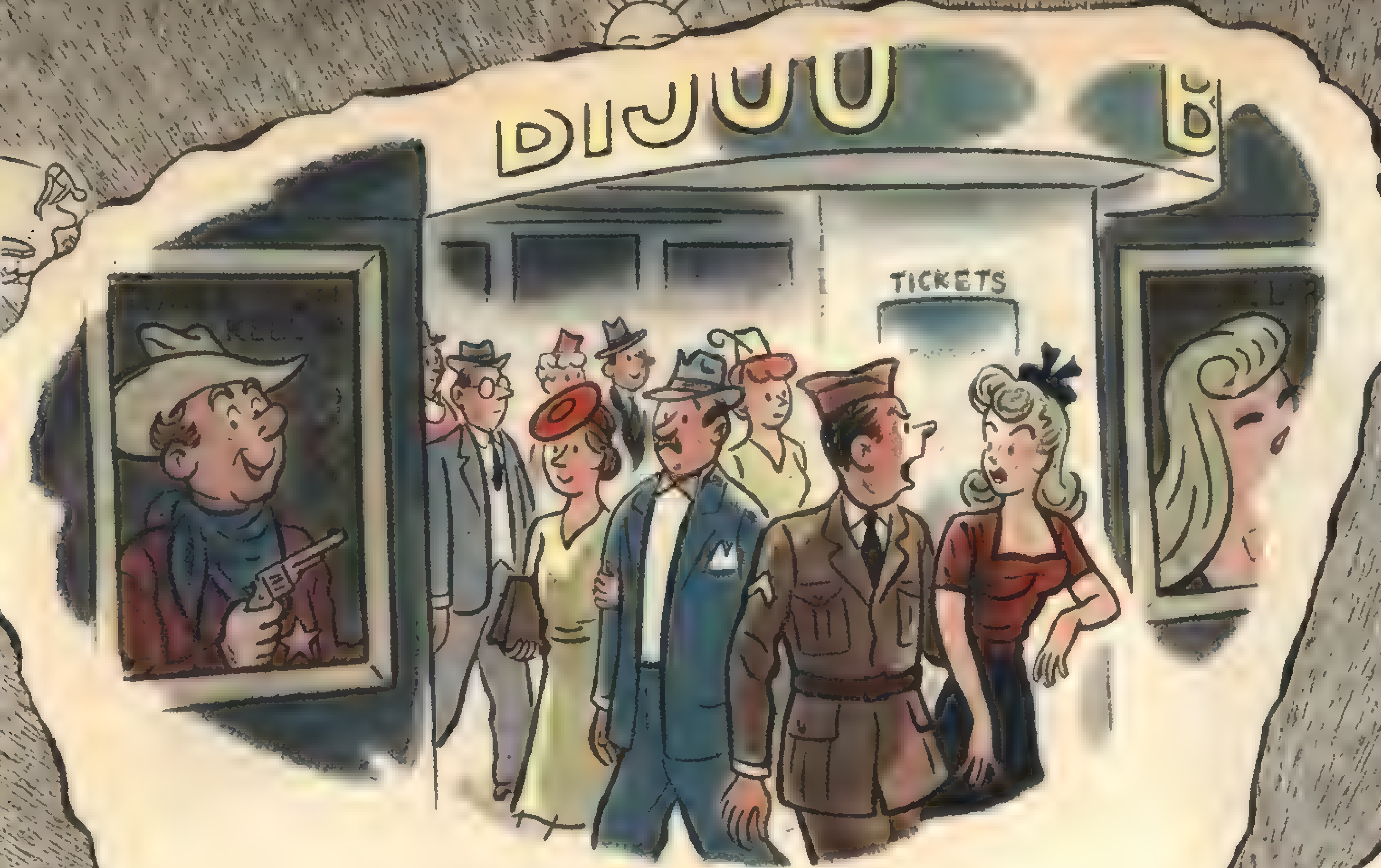
"Whom shall I say is calling?"



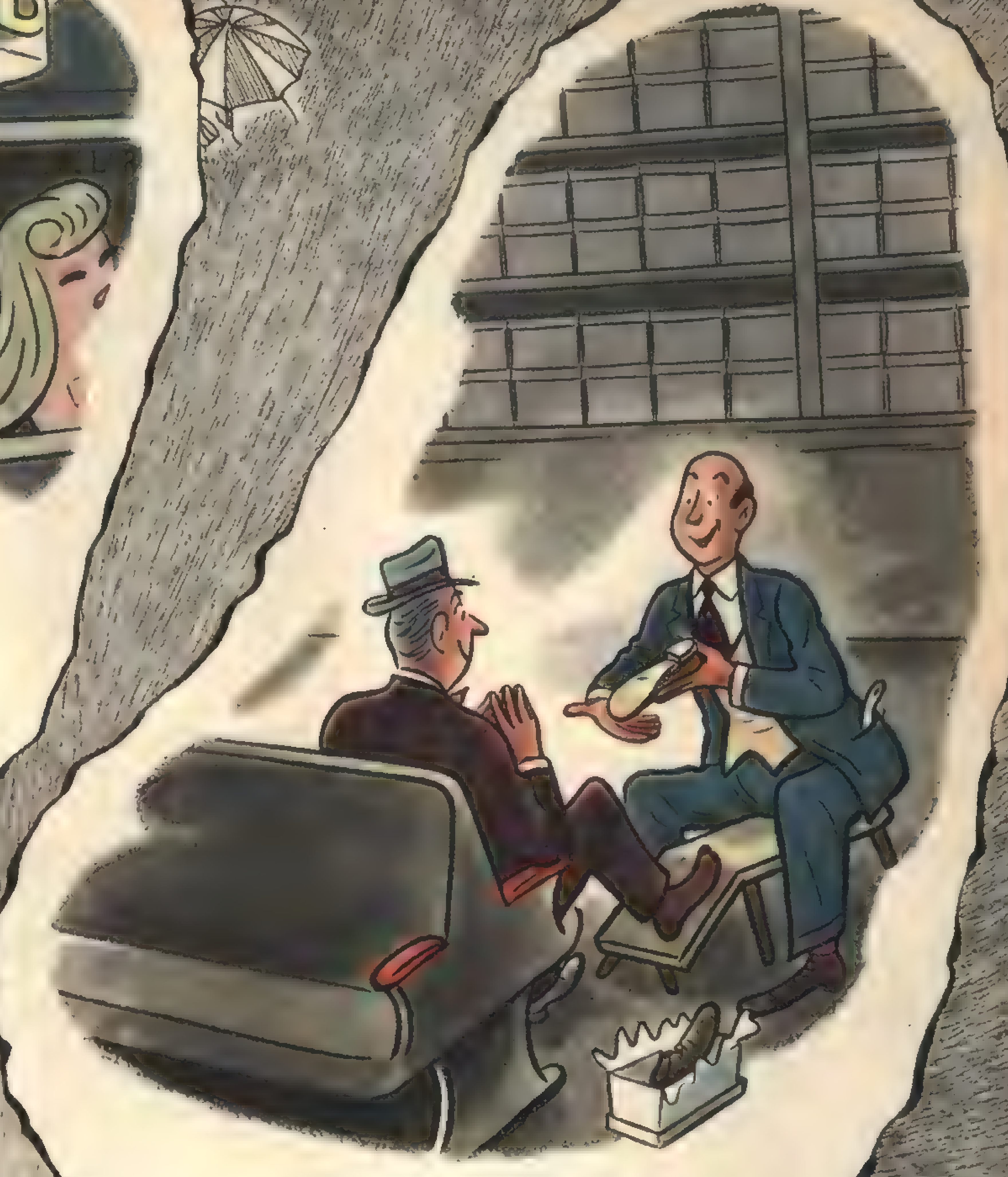
"Please bear in mind, Sergeant, I didn't ask for this job!"



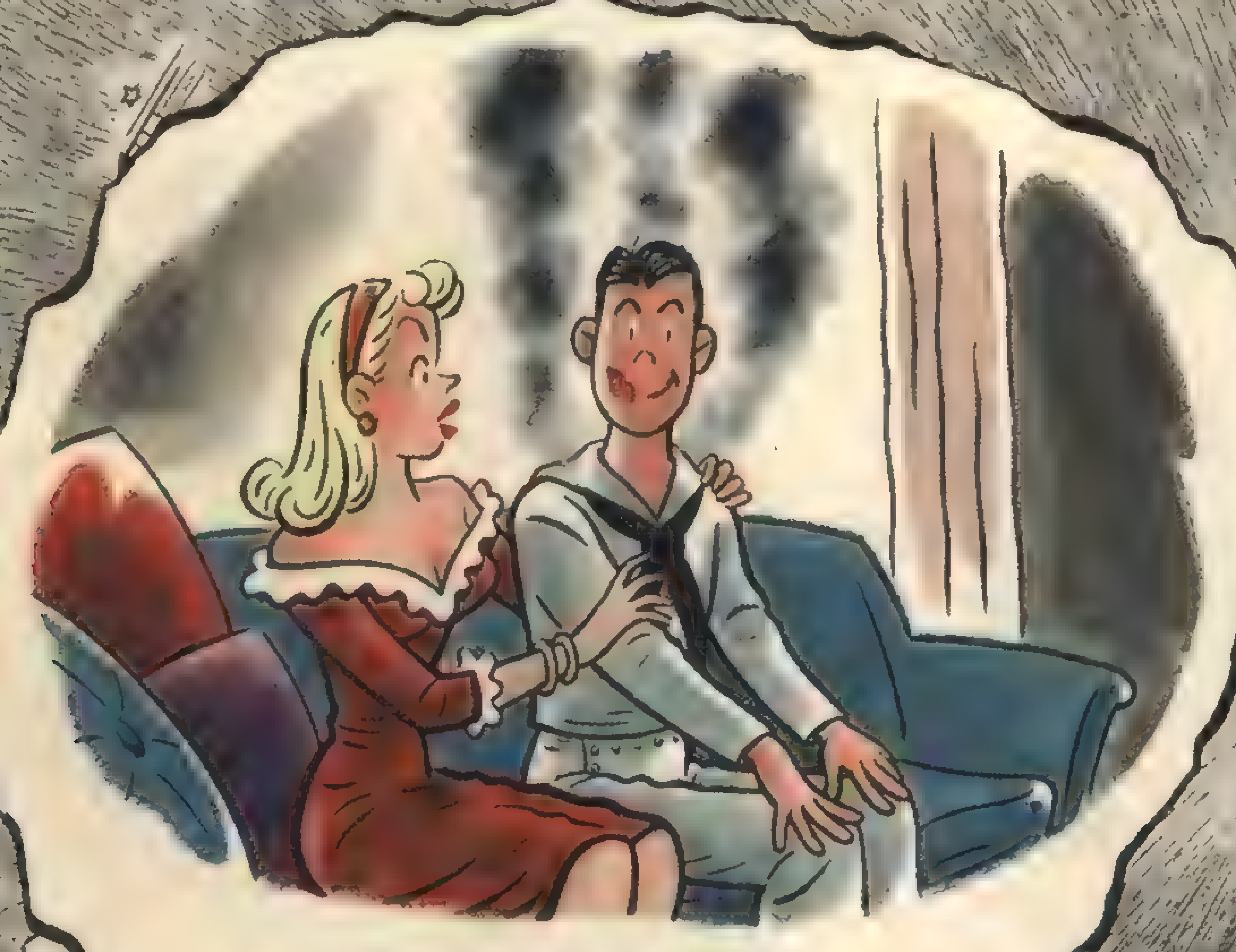
"You're going to be here twenty years—brood a little each day instead of all at once"



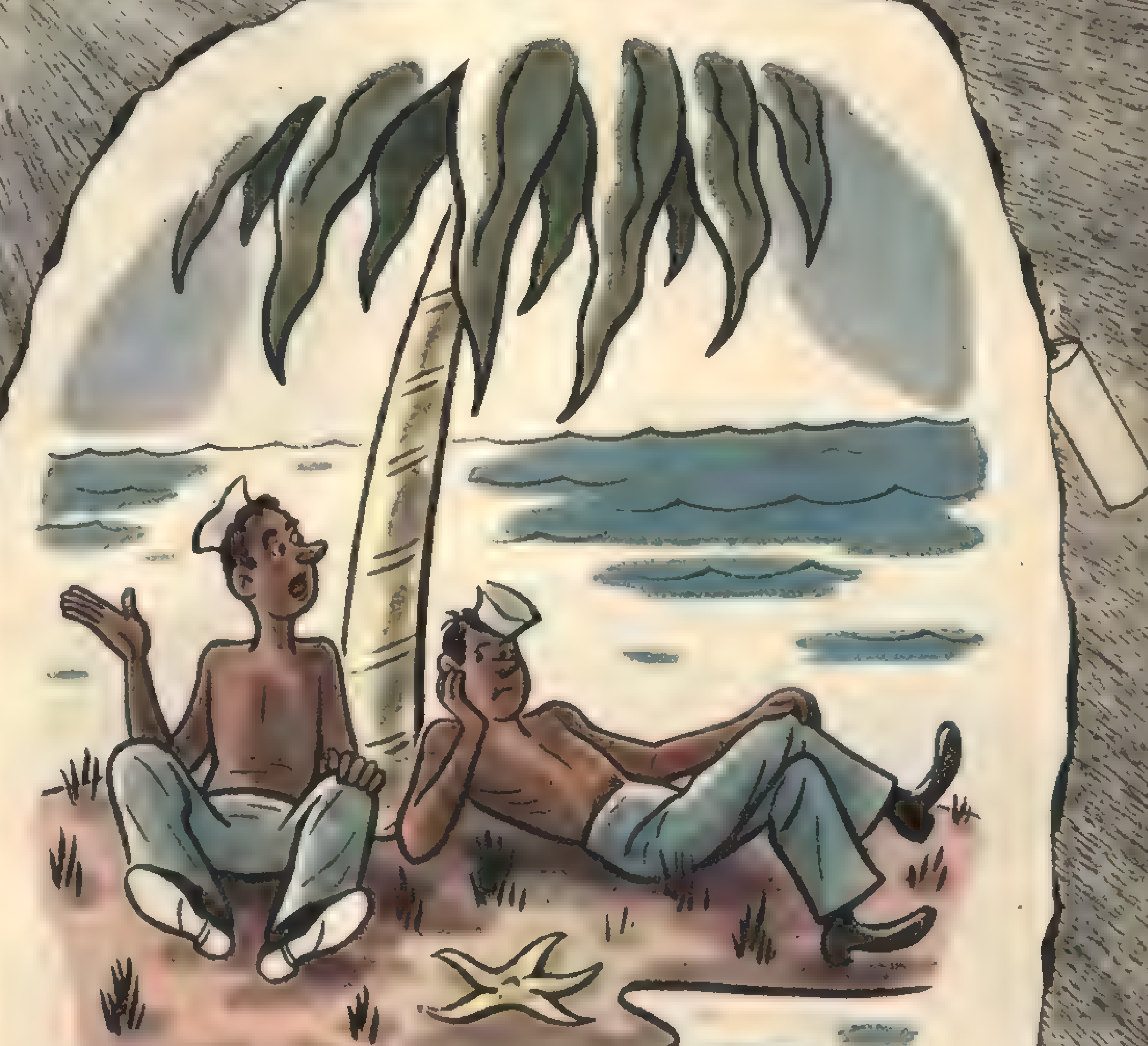
"This is a fine time to tell me that your father and mother went to the movies tonight, too!"



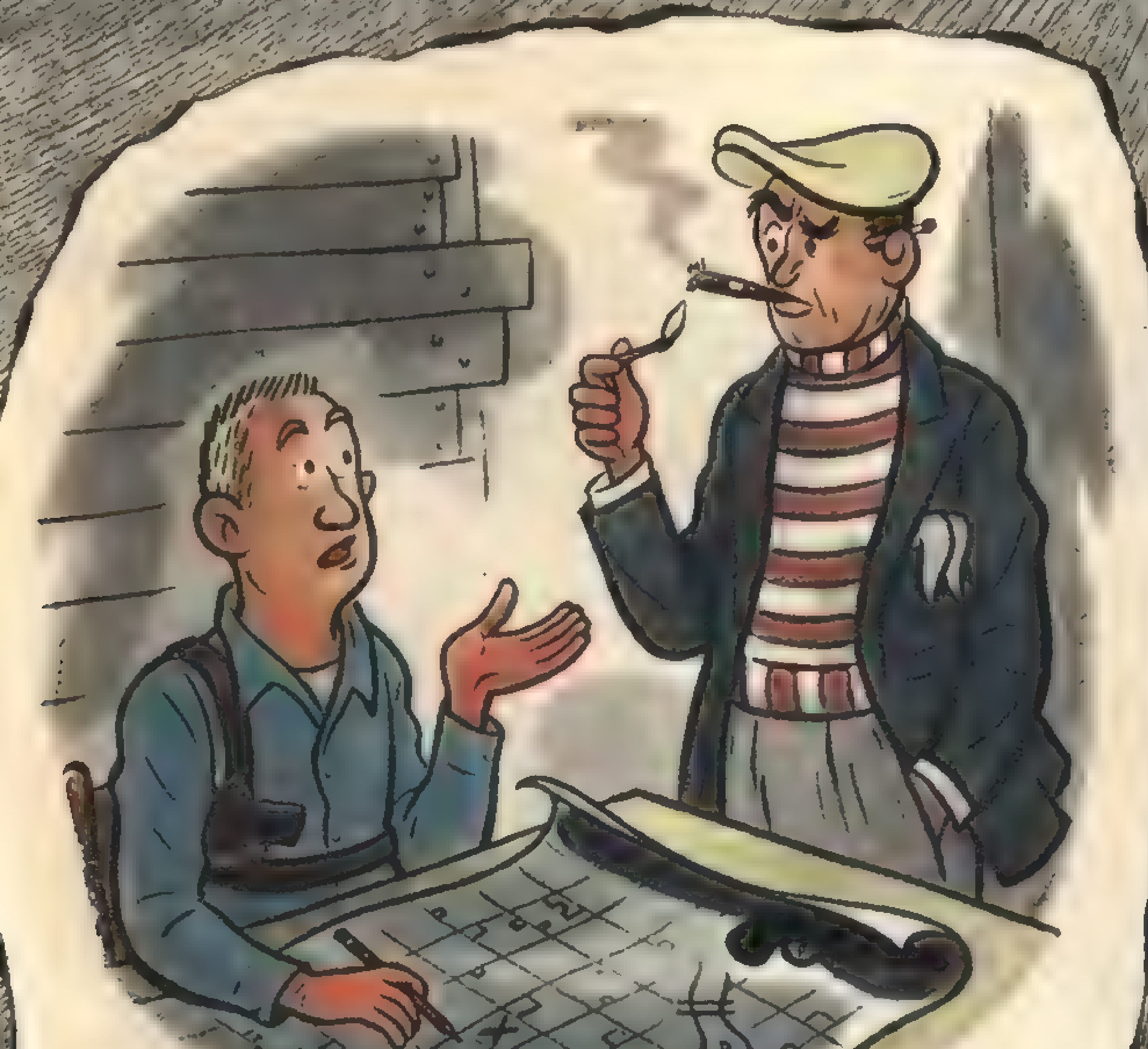
"It'll wear like—like steak!"



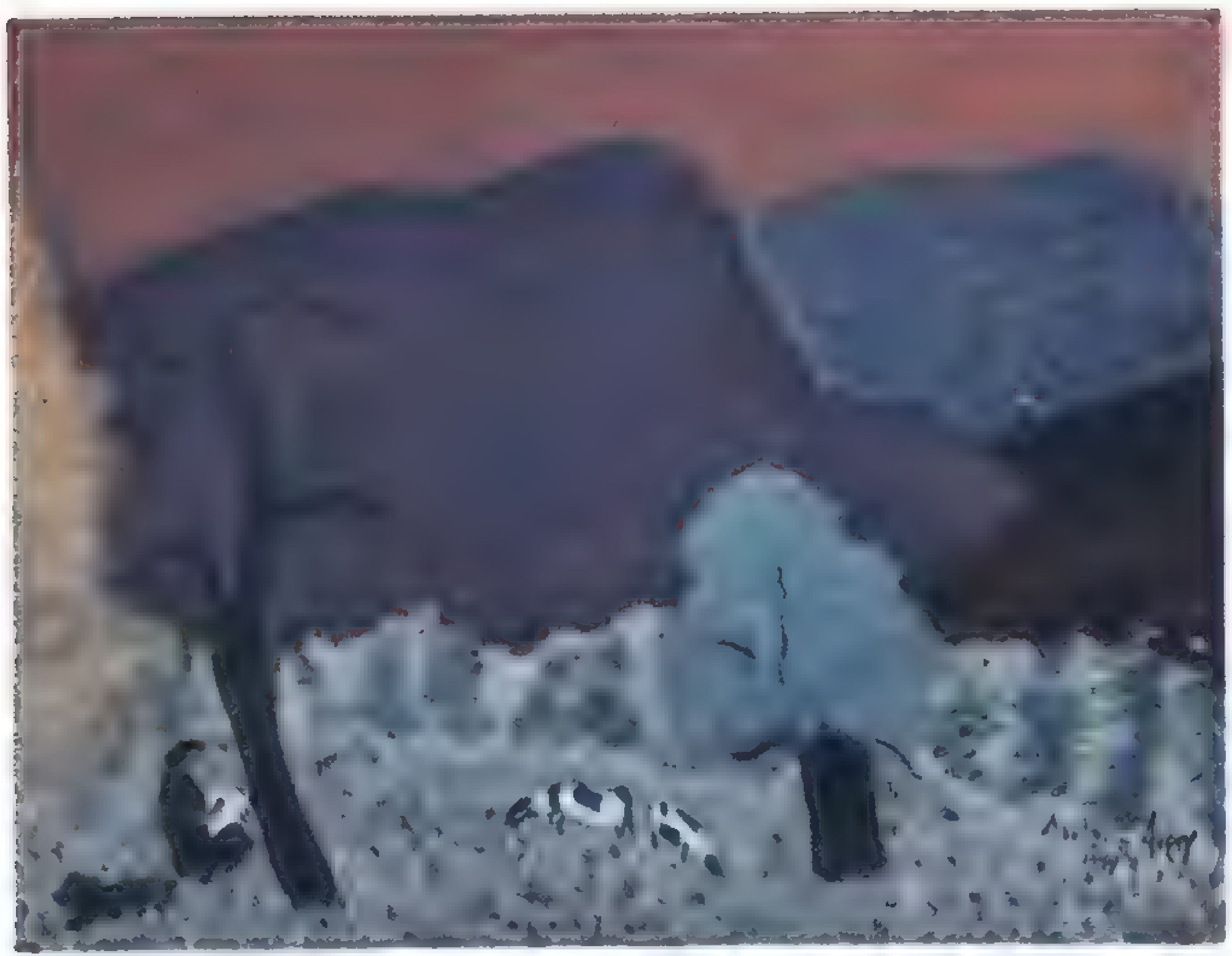
"I smell smoke!"



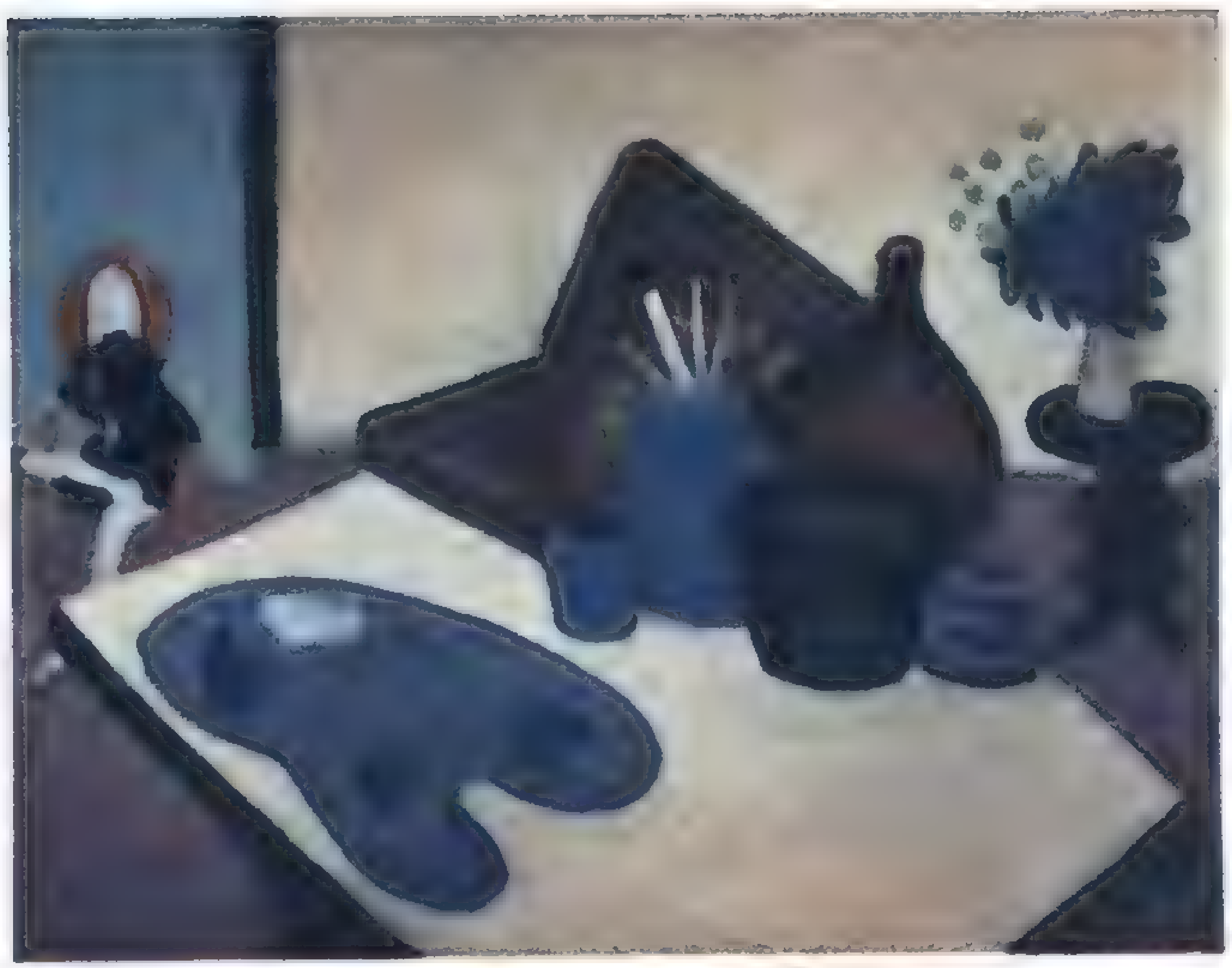
"Sure you miss your wife, but think of me in love with six women!"



"This bank's too far away, Butch —we only got an A card"



LANDSCAPE WITH PINK SKY

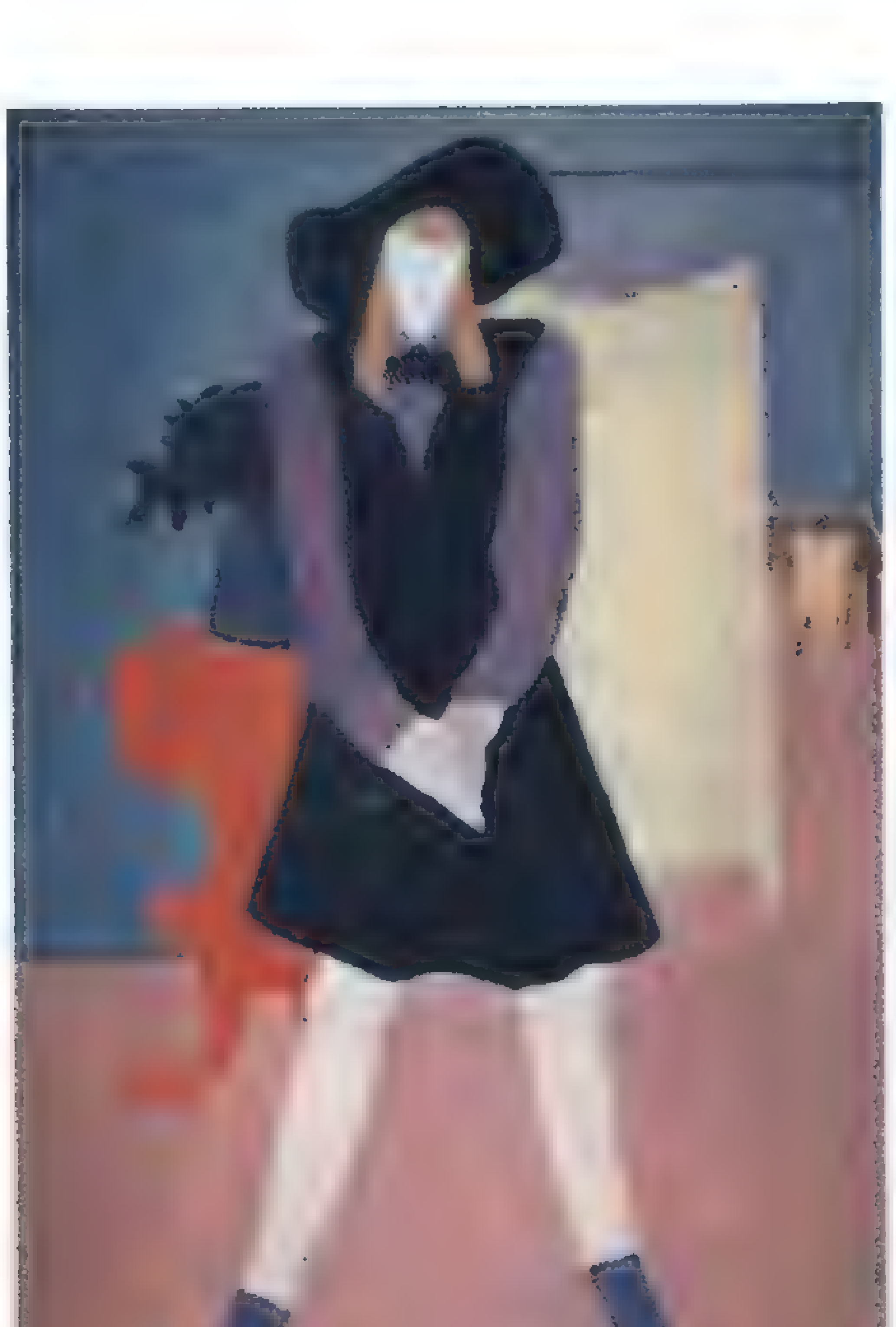


ARTIST'S WORK TABLE

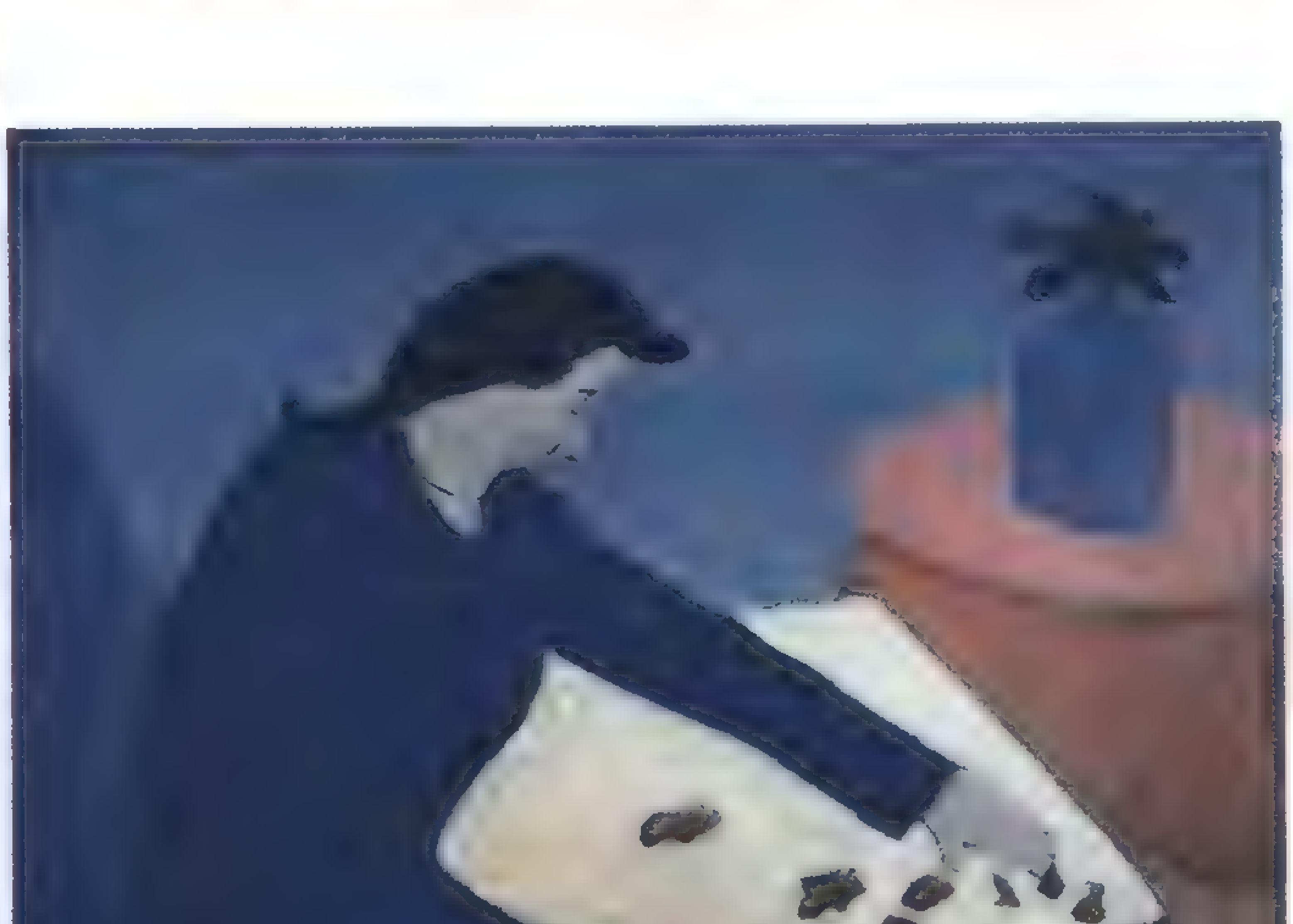
A Group of Paintings

by MILTON AVERY

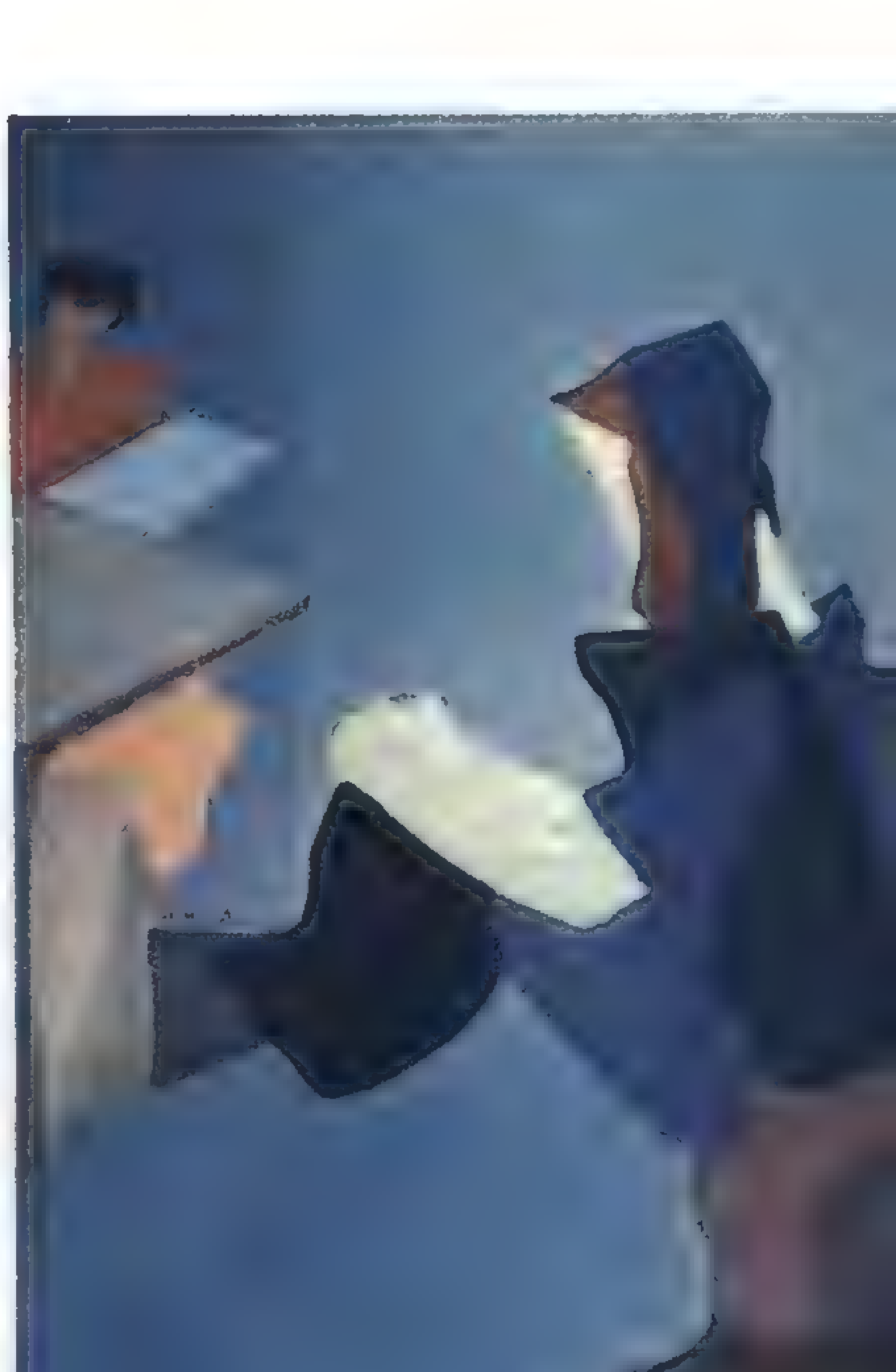
These paintings are reproduced through the courtesy of the Durand-Ruel Galleries, New York City. Other paintings by Mr. Avery are on view at the galleries of Paul Rosenberg & Company, also of New York City.



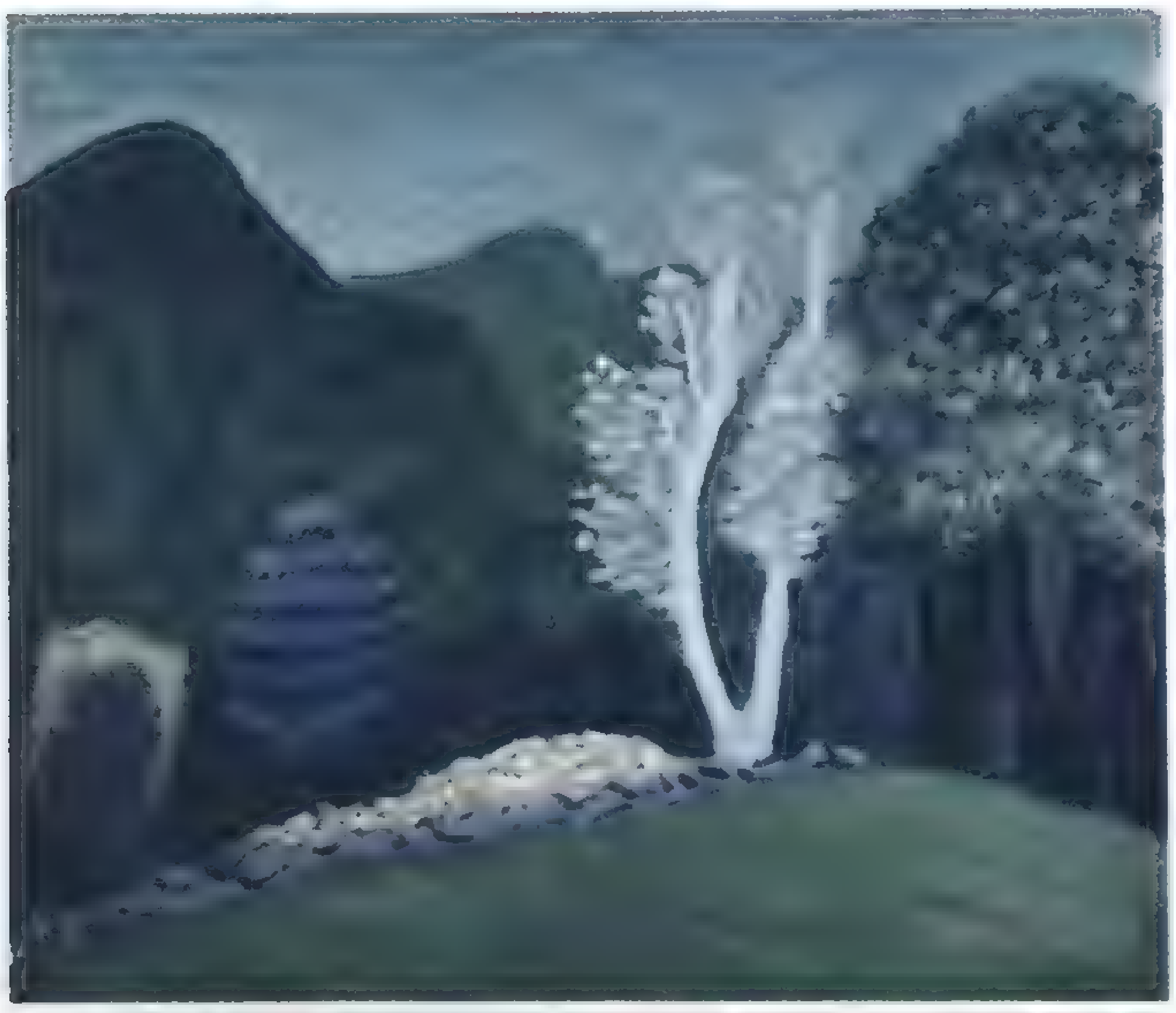
BLACK JUMPER



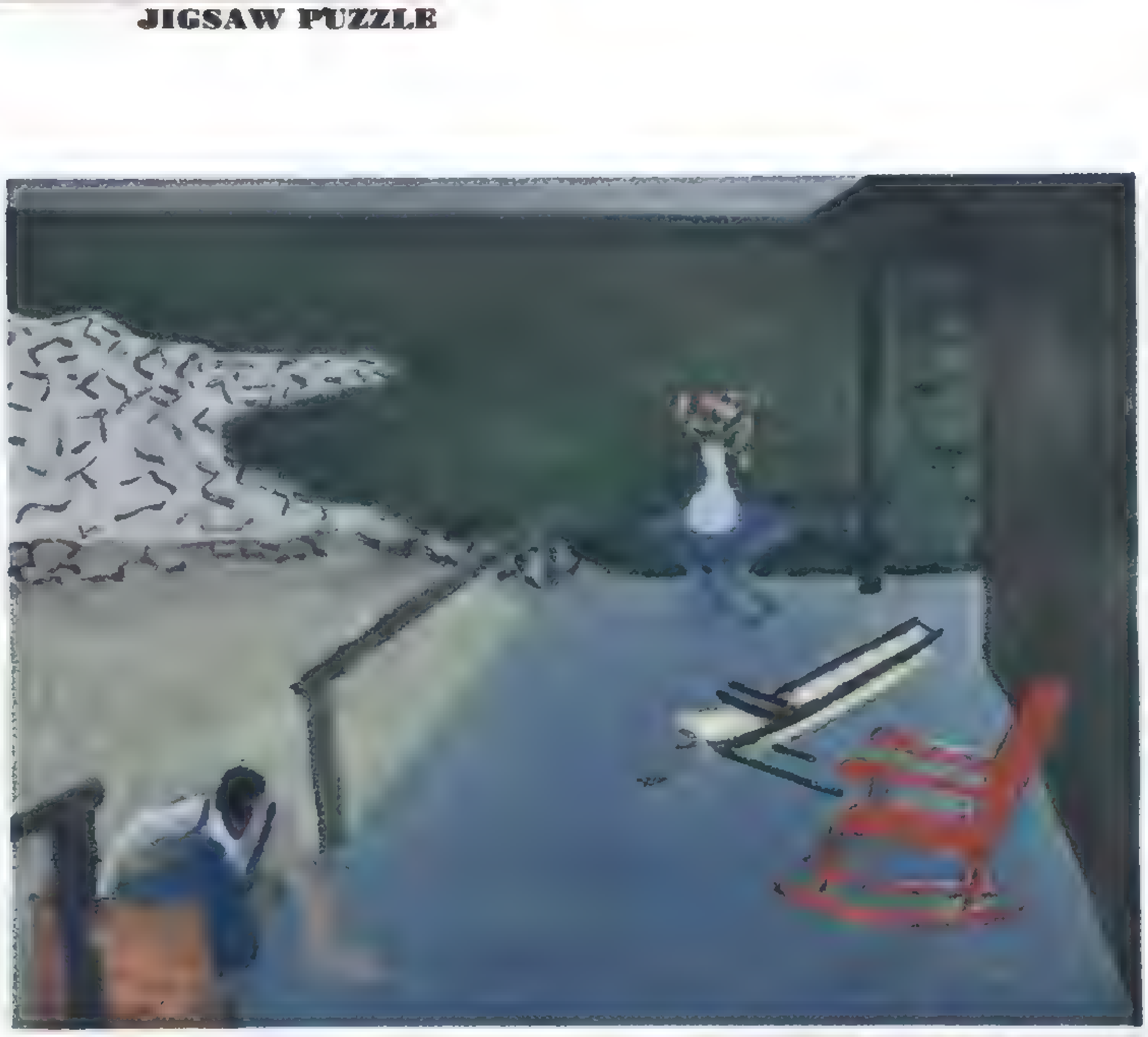
JIGSAW PUZZLE



DRESS DESIG



LANDSCAPE, WHITE TREE TRUNK



PORCH AND CHAIRS

Art Career in Two Keys

While Milton Avery was finding his way he painted thousands of pictures, acquiring an easy, spontaneous kind of expertness

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Only recently the Averys stopped pinching themselves. By this time they know, every morning when they awake, that yesterday was not a dream and that tomorrow will not be a struggle. Milton Avery is an artist, Sally Avery is his wife. After twenty years of strictly limited appreciation, collectors, dealers and the rest of the art folk are tumbling over each other to buy Averys and acclaim their creator. An old friend who almost always found them alone when he used to drop in of an afternoon must now pick his way warily among the picture buyers and assayers who are getting in on the ground floor two flights up. All the clichés of certain and sudden success apply to the current chapter of the Averys: their ship has come in and their bandwagon is bulging with camp followers. Yesterday Milton Avery's art was a curiosity; today it is becoming dangerously like an investment. Even those who are not too sure of it as art—and there are still a few—are allowing themselves to be persuaded to hedge against future possibilities. There is no other living American artist whose work has appeared on simultaneous exhibition in at least three New York galleries. Recently Paul Rosenberg displayed Avery's gouaches, while Durand-Ruel showed oils. At least one other important New York dealer has staked his taste and a piece of his purse on Avery.

Now that the lamp has been lit, the light will not flicker out, for the vogue of Avery is no sudden mushrooming or manipulation; it is based upon a slow, patient education of the eye which has accepted as valid the artist's vocabulary and grammar. The more personal a man's art, the greater the time required for the indoctrination of a public taste accustomed to other visions of the universe, but the more complete is the recognition we give the man who does not remind us too much of other artists, when finally we do recognize him. Independent, individual and consistent to itself as Avery's work has been, he has nevertheless benefitted in public esteem from the vogue of other artists—mainly the modern French—whose acceptance has made logical the opening of eyes and doors to his work. If our taste had received no training beyond Bouguereau, for example, Avery would be a neglected solitary today, but a taste which takes for granted the simplifications, the distortions and the color schemes of Matisse, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, of Soutine and Rouault already has received a rough introduction to Avery's American Primitivism. That is why he has been called "our most native and genuine American Fauve."

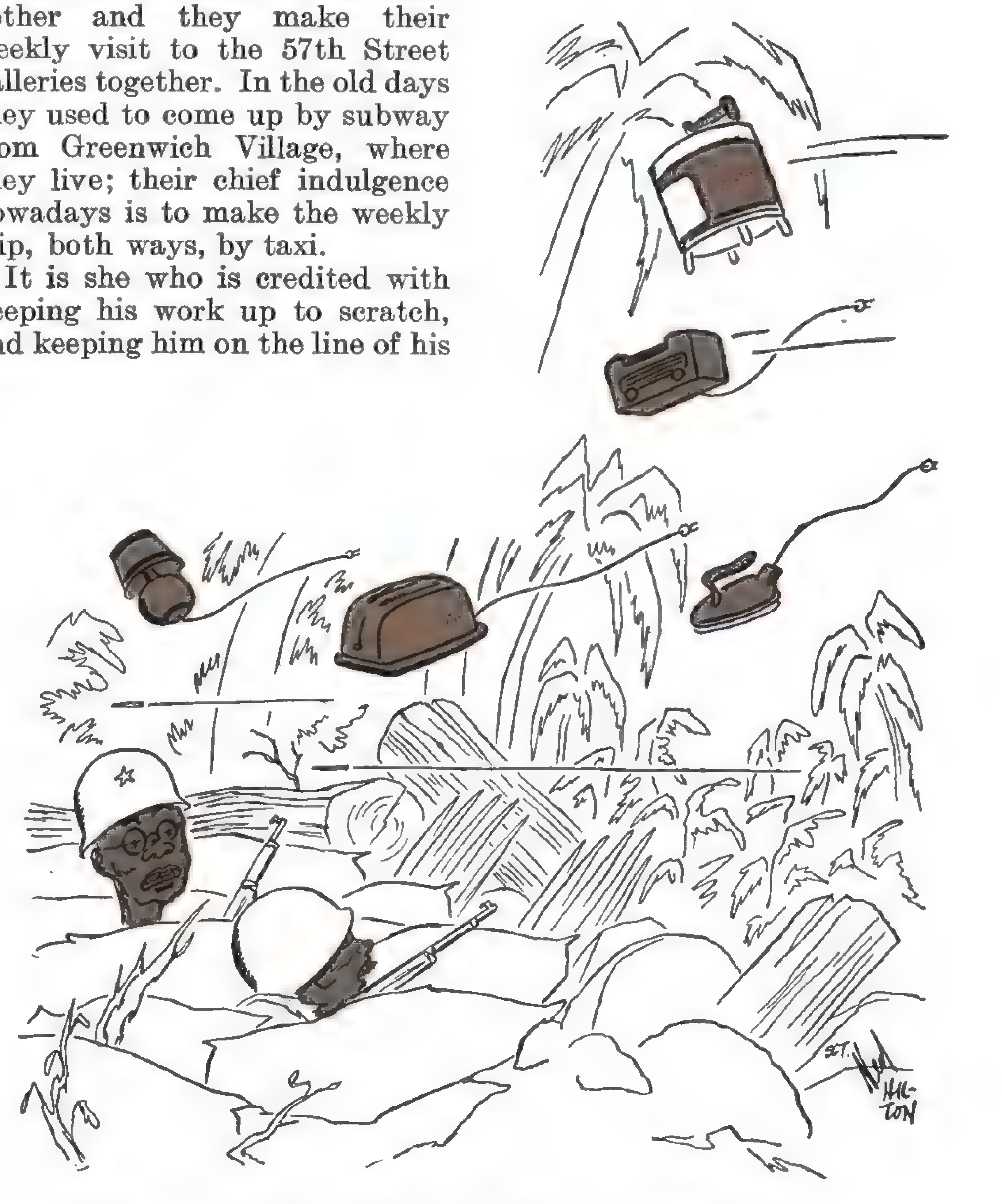
His paintings are too spontaneous an expression to have been done according to the book; he has never visited Paris and he never reads anything more aesthetic or complicated than a mystery thriller. Indeed, years ago a famous artist told Avery he could never become a good painter until he stopped reading trash. Apart from his instinctive sensibility at the easel, he can put on an excellent show as a typical thick-skinned, taciturn, monosyllabic yokel from the sticks, one without the slightest interest in culture or general ideas. There are other native artists on whom the obvious comment is that they are as American as a silo. But that a man like Avery who resembles these others so convincingly should be painting pictures within the framework of a tradition that is regarded as "modern French" out of native impulse shows that there exists in modern art a common denominator in sentiment, simplification and color sense that transcends locality and can leap oceans. George Constant, an artist friend, makes the point that Avery's color scheme, although high, is serene, whereas Matisse, whom Avery appears to resemble, suggests the Oriental bazaar in his work. At first look his work appears to be that of a gifted child of taste whose arbitrary use of colors does not startle or offend, but as we continue to observe we see that his paintings are highly sophisticated, imply, rather than display, draftsmanship, are brilliant in the short cuts that eliminate the nonessentials of the statement, and suffer no diminution when set against the work of the best French. It is not without significance that the dealers who most thoroughly realized the quality of Avery and who are largely responsible for his recent recognition are those who had received their own grounding in taste by looking on the work of the French School—Paul Rosenberg probably more than any other. And that goes for the collectors and the critics.

People refer to the Averys because, although Milton paints the pictures, Sally completes and complements him in more than the usual manner of the typically loyal wife. Old friends say that Avery never would have made the grade without the help of his wife. From the day in 1926 when she became Mrs. Avery, she decided that no matter how long it took and what it took for him to come through, Milton would paint and she would keep the pot boiling. She is a commercial artist and continues at her work. She is the manager of his life, the architect of his career, the Cerberus at the door, the verifier, if not the maker, of business decisions. They understand each other so perfectly that she expresses the thought which, in him, is dormant or inarticulate. Since Avery's complete expression is in painting, some of his oldest friends don't know what he thinks—that is, in explicit words—about anything. The Averys travel everywhere together and they make their weekly visit to the 57th Street galleries together. In the old days they used to come up by subway from Greenwich Village, where they live; their chief indulgence nowadays is to make the weekly trip, both ways, by taxi.

It is she who is credited with keeping his work up to scratch, and keeping him on the line of his development. Whenever his painting seemed to be going into a slump, she would playfully threaten to divorce him, saying she didn't want to be married to a bad artist. It is she who would say, looking at the work in progress on the easel, "Yes, that's right, you've got it!" or, on the contrary, "Huh-uh!" and he would accept the judgment as that of his own artistic conscience. For a short time, before his marriage, he made a desperate effort to go commercial, painting pretty girls' heads for a fashion catalogue for a now extinct mail-order house, but it was not his trade, as the French say.

David Kaufman, the violinist, who saw Avery's work, in the double sense, as many as twenty years ago, who bought his work and attempted to interest his friends in this original artist, recalls the Averys living in fantastic poverty in a room no larger than a cubbyhole in the old Lincoln Arcade Building and subsisting on

Continued on page 160



"They must be pretty confident—their factories are beginning to reconvert"

Breakfast on the Ferryboat

Sanely, quietly contented, Anderson was the only commonplace person of all those daft escapists at Papeete

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• FICTION •

ANDERSON lived in Papara, and I used to see him puttering around when I'd bicycle out to visit a friend who lived near the Presque-Isle in the house Robert Keable, the English novelist, had built and died in. Anderson lived in no such comparatively magnificent mansion as the Keable house, however. His was a *niau* shack, indistinguishable from that of any native except that it was neater. He was foolishly fond of his garden. He had the flowers arranged in prim beds, as though this were New England, a fact which the brash tropical blooms, accustomed to rioting as they pleased, perhaps resented. His pauseless effort to regulate and control and space those flowers, though it was pauselessly foiled, made him happy. He was always humming. I would wave to him, and sometimes stop to drink a coconut with him—for it could be thirst-making, that trip from Punaauia, where I lived, out to the Presque-Isle.

You never saw Anderson in Papeete except on boat-days. You saw everybody in Papeete on boat-days in those dim, gracious, almost unbelievable times before the war. We used to get two ships a month then, one up from Sydney and Auckland, one down from San Francisco—rusty little hookers, stinking of copra, but they carried mail. Though the Frisco ship was the more exciting, everybody journeyed into town for the up-ship as well, since friends not infrequently misaddressed letters, or postal clerks missent them, so that they went four or five or six thousand miles out of their way. "Haiti" instead of "Tahiti" was a fairly common mistake of otherwise well-educated persons. A letter from New York or London *might* come by way of Australia. Once I received a letter from Philadelphia which was addressed to me at "Tahiti, Straits Settlements," and which reached me, six months later, God knows how, from the New Hebrides, bearing, among other postmarks, that of Bangkok! In those days people didn't have as good a picture of the South Pacific as they do, alas, now.

Boat-day was a big day in Papeete. You shopped in the ratty little Chinese stores, and greeted men you hadn't seen in weeks, and sometimes, during the waiting, bridge games or games of checkers or dominoes sprang up. But mostly it was a day devoted to gossip and to drink, while sailors made the rounds of the bars, enjoying every hilarious moment of their too-brief time ashore. If the clerks at the Bureau de Poste were unconscionably slow in sorting the mail, as they always were, practically everybody got at least a little drunk; and the night was wild. But letters, not rum, brought them together; and they purchased canned goods and calico in shops, and chatted and drank in cafés, from which the Bureau de Poste was visible. I myself preferred—as did Anderson—the Cercle de la Concorde, grandly located on the second-floor veranda of one of Papeete's two-story buildings, just above Georges Sage's barbershop. From there, your elbow hooked over the rail, a rum punch in your hand, you could gaze sleepily out over the cluster of small trading schooners, across the bay, past the toy islet of Motuiti, its coconut palms atitter in the breeze, past the white irregular line of the reef, and clearly see that dream island, that island of the fabulous peaks, Moorea. At the same time, and without being obliged to turn your head, but merely by swiveling your eyes, you could glance along the quay to the white doors of the green Bureau de Poste. When those doors were flung open other activity ceased, for that meant that the mail had been sorted: it was the come-and-get-it signal. Checkers, dominoes, bridge, were left in mid-air, as it were; conversations were snipped off in the very middle of a word; drinks were hastily gulped or even left half-finished; and the rush started. Not that anyone *ran.* Nobody ever ran in Tahiti, even on boat-days. But they hurried.

"Here are your final divorce papers, Mrs. Parker—by the way, what are you doing tonight?"

Afterward the drinking was resumed, for those who had received good news wanted to celebrate, while those who had received bad news or none wanted to forget, and the sailors, naturally, were not inclined to waste any time in this their only port of call in a month's voyage. Tahiti, anyway, was always Heaven for the sailors.

Tahiti was Heaven for a lot of us then, when the world seemed to have stopped and there was nothing violent or exacting or bad. This is a story about George W. Anderson, who came from a commuters' town in Morris County, New Jersey; but because Anderson was remarkable in Tahiti for the very reasons which must have made him unremarkable in Morris County, it is necessary that you have some idea of what the rest of us were like.

Well, we were queer. There is no other word for it. We were of all nationalities, of all ages, from every walk of life; and we were artists and authors, adventurers and titled cranks, yachtsmen, scientists, beachcombers, millionaire sportsmen . . . some heels, some swell guys . . . drunks, dopes and degenerates there were, but each was also, inevitably, a dreamer. Each had been touched by something, some magic, which cannot be explained to those unfamiliar with Tahiti. We were Escapists—all right. We were Ivory Towerites. If you insist, we were nuts. We were crack-brained romantics, who, panicked by civilization, displayed the ostrich's instinct; but it was a place of beauty and of song, and not dry, dreary sand, into which, frightened, we had thrust our unstable heads. Whatever else we might have been, we were not commonplace.

Anderson was. In his middle fifties, he had medium grey hair, was of medium height and build, and smiled (with medium blue eyes) a medium, rather shy smile. He spoke too, when he spoke at all, in a medium sort of voice. He was never positive. He had no glittering mannerisms, no habits that shocked. He seemed to have no mentionable ideas about Art, or the Meaning of Life, or even about the price of copra. He was a nice little man whose affability was not strained, as his shyness was not morbid. Everybody knew him; but though we loved scandal, scandal left him alone. He lived by himself—in Tahiti an extraordinary thing to do—and only "had in" a *vahine* who scrubbed his shack, made his *poipoi*, cleaned the fish he caught and washed his *pareus* and sometimes a shirt—two shirts a month, one for each boat-day. He didn't play bridge. He didn't reminisce. He seldom told a story. He liked company, and liked to listen, but he'd never argue about anything. He was grave sometimes, but mostly he was smiling a little; and if there was nothing notably clever about that smile, there was nothing sappy about it either. He'd take a drink or two or three on boat-days, at the Concorde; but I never saw him tight, and certainly he never lingered for the party: I suppose that by the time the rest of us, admittedly a bit hysterical, were making fools of ourselves, Anderson was lying on his pallet out in Papara, listening to the slap of wavelets at the edge of the lagoon, to the tinkle of palm fronds and to the far mumbling thunder of surf on the reef, and smiling himself gently to sleep.

We wondered what he was doing there, and once I asked him point-blank. This was not considered good manners in Tahiti, where for all our love of gossip we knew how to leave people alone. There were some who talked much about their past, perhaps mendaciously, but others never brought up this subject, and ordinarily the latter were not questioned. A man might have all sorts of reasons for living in such a place; but whatever these were, they were his own. But I asked Anderson. Possibly I'd had a rum punch too many.

He was not offended. Though he did not leap as though upon a long-awaited opportunity, he did talk willingly enough. The story was as unexciting as the man himself. *Was* it a story at all? This was at the Concorde, of course, and as he told me that he had always dreamed of the beauty of the South Seas he stared mostly at his drink, though now and then his eyes, like mine, flicked toward the post office.

He was married, and had no children. His wife was alive. They had been separated for eight years: he told me this shyly, as though to apologize for being such a freak. He had been an accountant, and I gathered a good one: not boastfully but with conviction he assured me that he could get another job any time he went back to the States. However, he did not intend to go back.

It might have been different if they'd had children, he said. In fact it *would* have been different. But as it was . . . He told me no tale of woe. In all references to Ada, his wife, he was careful. There had been nothing dramatic about their breakup. Divorce was something they had not even considered.

"We never really fought. It was just that Ada got awfully tired of me talking so much about the South Sea Islands, and reading everything I could get about them. She said I was crazy, we'd never have enough money to go there anyway."

He did not play bridge, and Ada loved bridge. Ada had some friends, harmless enough, women her own age, to whom she was much more closely attached than she was to her husband. Anderson himself, I gathered, had no real friends and never sought any. He didn't have much time, for one thing. The town they lived in was fifty-five minutes each way by train, plus a ferry trip, plus a ten-minute walk each way to and from the station. They had gradually bought the house, when they still hoped to have children. They wanted the children to get the benefit of living in the country.

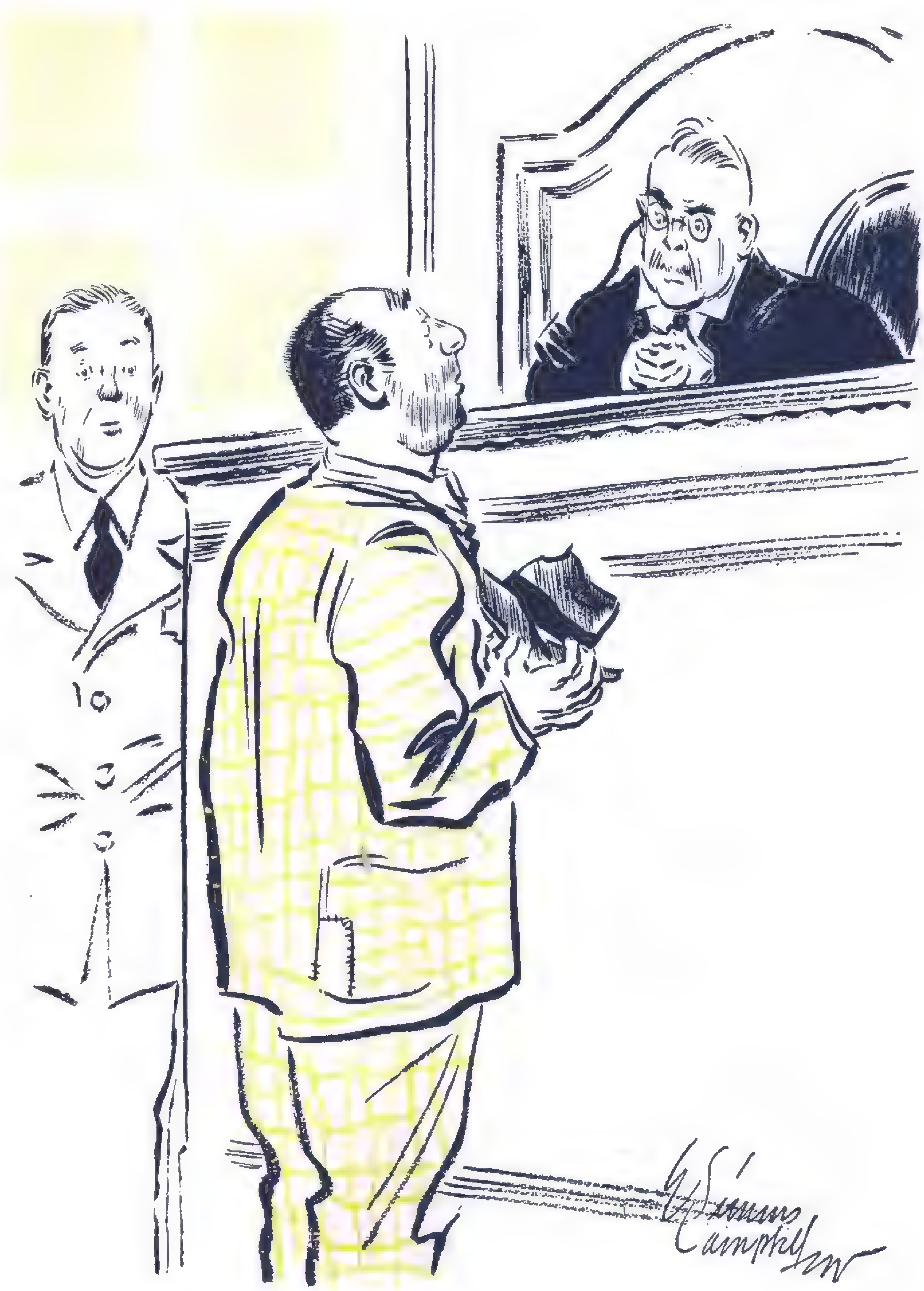
"It got sort of hard for Ada to get up and make me breakfast, when she was feeling her age a bit, and naturally I didn't insist. For years I went in on the seven-six without any breakfast. I used to get that on the ferryboat. On the upper deck. They sold coffee and sandwiches there to men who'd had to skip breakfast. But it was a regular thing with me."

He looked out over the bay, up toward Faaa, turning, back toward Taaone. Nothing stirred in Papeete except along the quay, where natives were unloading a schooner down from Tuamotu—copra and pearl shell, sacked. The natives were singing.

"It just seemed the right thing to do. There was nothing bitter about the way we were going along, but it might have become bitter if we went on that way. Then we got the chance to sell the house . . ."

The house had been large and old-fashioned, hard for Ada to keep up, and increasingly difficult to get rid of. "People don't want that sort of thing nowadays." It was when they got an unexpected cash offer, at a price almost as great as the price they had paid for it, that he had made his suggestion. He had been thinking about it for years. He had been

Continued on page 170



"No, your honor, you've never seen me here before—but you may have seen me in the saloon across the street!"

The Rhythm Section

Artie Shaw's long view of swing music, Haydn's polkas and Mozart's minuets, and a candid picture of Sidney Bechet

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

▪JAZZ▪

The longhairs, says Artie Shaw, are getting away with murder. "As soon as you raise the subject of popular music (or swing or jazz or whatever you want to call it) they cry, 'Quick, Henry, the Flit!' and act as though real music flickered out with gaslight!"

Artie Shaw has good reason to express strong views on the validity of popular music. During his two years in the Navy his band covered 25,000 miles in a tour of the South Pacific. Thirty thousand men at a time would turn out in pouring rain and lie around in the mud for hours, waiting to hear music from home, to hum along with the world-renowned Shaw version of *Begin the Beguine*. Admiral Halsey told Shaw the band was worth twenty tons of sulfanilamide to the boys out there. Then Artie came home and heard all about the "demoralizing" influence of jazz.

Because he happens to be the most articulate of all big-time bandleaders, I cornered Shaw during his last New York trip to question him about classics vs. swing, about popular music vs. real jazz, about money vs. art, and about the bearing of these three conflicts on his own musical policy. I came away with a good story, despite the delightful distraction of Ava Gardner, who was sitting next to Artie opposite me. (Artie has a full life; esthete, Broadway playboy and musicians' musician, all at once.)

"People talk about the purity of the symphony," said Artie, "but look how many symphonic forms you can trace back to the dance numbers of the 17th and 18th centuries. Moreover, there's no such thing as writing a classic. When Beethoven sat down to write his Fifth Symphony, he didn't say to himself, 'This will be a classic.' The Fifth Symphony is good because Beethoven was a great musician, just as a hundred years from now the really fine music of today will be 'classic.' You can apply the word Classic to any music which is so good that it becomes a model of its kind.

"In this sense," he added, "Mozart's and Haydn's symphonies weren't classics, but fine, workmanlike compositions of the popular music of their times, the polkas and mazurkas. If a minuet is a minuet until a Mozart or a Beethoven attacks it and makes it a 'classic,' the same thing holds true of a fine American jazz number, whether it's some old blues or tomorrow's Hit Parade champ. For example, who can say whether *Stardust* or *Night and Day* isn't as fine in its way as, say, one of the Brahms Lieder?"

"Don't you think you're lumping all popular music together too rigidly instead of differentiating between commercial dance music and hot jazz?" I asked.

"No. . . . They all stem from the same idiomatic expression, and broadly speaking they're the same form. Some guy in a joint in Kansas City dreams up a two-bar riff, and it becomes a hot jazz number, and then somebody adds lyrics and it's a Tin Pan Alley hit. Plenty of old Louis Armstrong ideas wound up that way, and more recent songs like *Tabby The Cat* and *Shoo Shoo Baby* stem directly from idiomatic stuff played by jazzmen. *St. Louis Blues* is nothing but an expression of a genre, but it's become so widely accepted that when we played it in the Pacific, they blew their tops and looked on it as almost a second national anthem. And *Ol' Man River* is just a folk poem set to music; the melody in itself is trivial compared with the vast over-all implications of the work. The main point is, the more the public accepts songs based on or stemming from the roots of jazz, the more they'll be prepared to accept real jazz itself in the end."

"Do you believe you can play the kind of music you like without compromising with public taste?"

"I believe you can always enlarge the musical horizon by giving the public just a little more than what it wants. After all, if a bandleader feels that his obligation is limited to giving the public only what it wants, he is hoist by his own petard. Jazz is a healthy and vital thing if it can be allowed a free rein, but the lack of intelligence, and of a sense of responsibility, on the part of the bandleaders is holding it back. Sure, when you play in theatres you have to do a lot of crummy songs and request numbers, but on records you can experiment, and sometimes you can establish a new number via records so that it will be accepted in person. It's the same thing in the so-called classical field; I mean, if symphonic conductors had refused to play any modern work, everything would have stopped at Beethoven."

"What kind of progress do you mean, Artie? Bigger bands? Symphonic arrangements?"

"No, the tendency to use bands symphonically is usually bad, though once in awhile Whiteman produced something good. And I certainly don't think a band gets better as it gets bigger. But I do believe in new ideas such as the integration of a string section into a swing arrangement. When strings are rightly handled they add luster and color to a band and give the jazz soloist an extra fillip as he plays. Our arrangement of *Stardust* represents an intelligent use of strings."

The music industry grows, declared Artie, in an inverse ratio to its musical honesty. "The more I have to make money, the less I can rehearse, the less I can worry about improving the music. Lately I've been working to pay off a year's economic obligations, so we've been playing theatres, doing the same five tunes four times a day, every day for fifteen weeks. If that were all I could ever do, I'd quit the business again, for the same reason I did that time when I went off to Mexico. I have some fine men in this band, but they have to be welded into a real unit. We're going to spend several weeks just rehearsing, getting some really advanced arrangements into the library by men like Eddie Sauter, and doing just enough public playing to put our new material into practice.

"As long as I stay in the music game, I want to show that jazz has as much validity as any art form; it's only some of the people *in* jazz who lack validity."

"Have you heard any music around New York that corresponds with your idea of the way jazz should go?"

"Haven't had much time to, but there are a few things I heard that I liked. Cootie Williams has a fine band, and Boyd Raeburn is playing some interesting stuff. Small bands? Sure, I like Eddie Heywood."

Artie smiled as he stood up, hesitated a moment, then said what I was somehow expecting him to say.

"That Heywood arrangement of *Begin the Beguine* is a hell of a nice thing. It sustains a mood. It makes my version sound sick to me!" —Leonard Feather

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

In person—As this is written, the new Benny Goodman band is making its Manhattan bow. Although nothing new of any significance has been added—most of the music is by the same arrangers who built the old Goodman orchestral library years ago—nevertheless the band carries a punch, and Benny himself is so wonderful that even members of his own band sit and gape. More exciting than the big band is the new Sextet, which shows a healthy, infectious enthusiasm generated mainly by the powerful quadruple alliance of Goodman's clarinet, Red Norvo's vibraharp, Slam Stewart's bowed bass and Teddy Wilson's piano.

Cootie Williams, our #1 trumpet man, has a great band and is thrilling the jazz cognoscenti with his hysterical *House of Joy*, the stage version of which may run anywhere from five to fifteen minutes. In a fine spirit of professional non-jealousy, Cootie allows at least two talented men from his trumpet section to take solo choruses, revealing themselves as budding Cooties.

On records—Six albums of old records have been assembled by Victor; four of them contain musical gems that had been unobtainable outside the Black Shellac Market. Each album contains four records. HJ-1 offers the Louis Armstrong of 1932-3 in such hits as *Snowball, That's My Home, Basin Street, St. Louis Blues*. HJ-2 features some of the best Benny Goodman Trio and Quartet items. HJ-3 stars Lionel Hampton with various mixed units featuring men from the Ellington and Goodman bands. HJ-4 disinters an early Negro band, McKinney's Cotton Pickers. Some of the 1928-30 arrangements sound rusty and dusty, but many of the solos have stood up well. HJ-5 (Jelly Roll Morton) is recommended to research workers only. HJ-6, as far as I am concerned, can be skipped, though for those who have not been sated with the French Hot Club Quintet it will be pleasant enough listening.

Among the new recordings there are some good examples of real 1945 jazz by such men as Boyd Raeburn, Georgie Auld and Dizzy Gillespie, all on the new Guild label. Woody Herman's *Caldonia* (Columbia), Artie Shaw's *Sad Sack* (Victor), Eddie Heywood's *Lover Man* and Jimmie Lunceford's *I'm Gonna See My Baby* (Decca), King Cole's *Bring Another Drink* (Capitol), and the Edmond Hall-Teddy Wilson *Shanty In Old Shanty Town* (Commodore) are all earworthy.—L. F.

Sidney Bechet—No Peers, Few Equals

ANYONE who carries a love of jazz in his heart can't help liking the music that pours out of the soprano saxophone and clarinet of Sidney Bechet. A quiet, mild-mannered man, he becomes completely the artist when he picks up his instrument: there is a confidence and dignity in his every movement as he prepares to stomp off the first tune. As soon as it begins, the music tumbles into the ears of the listener with a youthful verve and exuberance that impels one to sit up attentively. Jazz is so completely a part of him that he never tires of playing: he takes a delight in it; there is never any letting down since he himself does not feel that way about the music he is playing. He'll play chorus after chorus; if he takes ten in a row (which I have heard him do) his sure sense of dynamics tells him just where a diminuendo or crescendo is needed, while his feeling for rhythm and pattern unerringly guides him through long and intricate passages. If that little extra note to fill in behind another soloist is needed, he will be the one to supply it; his accomplished and appropriate accompaniments and backings are unsurpassed. His drive and freshness, unlike that of most of the younger jazzmen who are being talked about, derives from concentrated and controlled emotional fervor rather than from undisciplined frenzy.

For thirty-five years Sidney Bechet has been playing jazz professionally—playing jazz in 1910 with the same inner feeling with which he plays it today, at the age of forty-eight. He himself puts it this way: "I express myself in my playing, as I feel the piece." No artist, however great his technical ability, can accomplish more than that, more than an expression of his own real self, without sham or pretense. But because a musician performs with that kind of feeling, it does not mean, as some jazzfans seem to think, that technical facility bears no relation to the emotion. Bechet, it may be said without fear of contradiction, has likewise acquired such technical facility as is necessary for an effective projection of his feelings. His performances, in truth, have been and are an ideal blending of feeling and technique. Few jazz virtuosi have attained this ideal, and among them all, among all the Giants of Jazz, only Bechet can point to a record of achievement that spans so many unbroken years of qualitative performing.

That should give him recognition and prestige at least equal to the best of them, but it hasn't. Of course, one can hardly say that Bechet has been neglected. During the past eight years he did more recording than in the previous fifteen, and he has been given some attention in the public prints. On the other hand, it cannot be claimed that his reputation is on a par with that of other ranking soloists of long standing. He has never won a poll and, during the past ten years, he has not recorded as extensively as have men such as Coleman Hawkins, Benny Goodman or Johnny Hodges, who were among the Gold Award winners in Esquire's 1945 All-American Jazz Band. Neither has he received the attention that, for example, Duke Ellington (age forty-six) and Louis Armstrong (age forty-five) have received. Yet, the stature and importance of Sidney Bechet is at least the equal of Armstrong, Ellington, Hawkins, Goodman and Hodges, while in the matter of sustained consistency of performance he is their superior. Too frequently the jazzfan and even the critic fail to realize the immense talents of this virtuoso of the soprano sax and clarinet—particularly when those talents are viewed in perspective. Bechet already had been playing for more than two decades when, almost eleven years ago, I first met him personally. Up to that time I had heard him on only two records: the Clarence Williams Blue Five of *Kansas City Man Blues* and *Wild Cat Blues*, both of which feature Bechet's soprano throughout; and the New Orleans Feetwarmers of *Maple Leaf Rag* and *Sweetie Dear*, played by the band which he headed in 1932 at New York's Savoy Ballroom. I had never read anything about him—to my knowledge, no one in this country, up to that time, had ever written anything, except, perhaps, to mention his name. However, a number of musicians had told me about him, from which remarks I had received an excellent opinion of his talents.

I was not disappointed. In fact, after hearing him that first time during the stage presentation with Noble Sissle's band in Madison, Wisconsin, I felt a deep inner response such as I had not experienced since the middle and late twenties performances of Louis Armstrong, Erskine Tate, Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson and McKinney's Cotton Pickers—all of them in Chicago. Now that I had finally heard him, I knew instinctively that Bechet belonged in that select company. I rushed backstage to meet him and get acquainted. I found an agreeable and genial man who was delighted to reminisce about his many years of activity in jazz circles. I soon discovered that his memory was phenomenal. It was he who first told me about Buddy Bolden, about the Eagle and Olympia Bands, about Bunk Johnson, Picou, George Baquet and Big Eye Louie. The next day, while the band was backing him up for a two-chorus solo, supposedly on *St. Louis Blues*, I heard Bechet cut loose on *I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say*—it was a special reading, for my personal benefit and elucidation. Now I knew what musicians had been telling me for years: that this man Bechet was one of the best. During the time he remained with Sissle (1934-38), I heard him on some half-dozen other occasions. Each time he reinforced my belief in his extraordinary virtuosity; each time I was impressed with his tremendous vitality, with his freshness and his graceful way of playing melodies—and I was to continue to be impressed during the forties, right up to now.

Beginning in 1937, his recordings offered more lasting evidence of his artistic stature. With Sissle he waxed a sensational chorus on *I'm Just Wild About Harry*; as the featured clarinetist of Sissle's Swingsters (*Blackstick* and *Okey Doke*) he was given the opportunity to do what he had not done since the 1923 *Kansas City Man Blues*—play his horn through the entire record. He recorded his first instrumentals under his own name for the Vocalion label in 1938, when, with Ernie Caceres and Zutty Singleton, he performed *Chant in the Night*. There followed recording work with Tommy Ladnier, Jelly Roll Morton, Muggsy Spanier and Louis Armstrong. But it was as a soloist on the Blue Note label that he was allowed to display the full measure of his artistry for the first time. His *Summertime* and *Dear Old Southland* have never been surpassed as sheer emotion beautifully and articulately expressed. His waxings with the Port of Harlem Seven and his recent work for Victor have been of high quality.

But to be fully appreciated, Bechet must be heard in person. It is when he is able to play for a longer duration than the regulation three or four minutes of the recording studio that one comes under the complete domination of his vigor and forcefulness. His is not the cocktail-lounge type of jazz, to which one can listen pleasantly for hours without ever being touched at the core of one's self. Bechet's music strikes boldly at the heart of the listener. The telling impact of his boldness becomes really convincing only when he can be heard for two or three or four consecutive hours. If, during this time, he is playing in the company of other musicians who match his pace and his depth of feeling, no jazzfan could fail to admit that here was jazz with a vibrancy and aliveness that rarely is heard among current bands.

Last year I had the good fortune to hear Bechet under such circumstances. With pianist Max Miller and drummer Ken Smith, he performed with more fire and drive and beauty than in all those eleven years since I first heard him. And I have witnesses. Of some fifty persons (many of them musicians) who listened to *Blues at Moonrise* or *Carmen Avenue Special*—two of the half-dozen spontaneous originals played on that occasion—forty-five agreed that Bechet outdid any of his previous work; agreed further that Miller and Smith supplied the perfect setting for his horn, in addition to contributing their own first-rate talents to the artistic success of this trio jazz. As a jazz virtuoso Sidney Bechet has no peers, few equals. That this fact is not more widely accepted in jazz circles may be traced directly to poor bookings and the apparent unwillingness of recording companies to exhibit him at his very best. —PAUL EDUARD MILLER

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

THE jazzmen whom I most admire, respect and praise are those who play the best jazz most frequently in their public appearances. This does not mean that I approve of stagnation—the hackneyed idea that once a thing "clicks" with the public it must be repeated incessantly, regardless of its merit as music. I do mean that when I go to hear a band I expect to hear some good jazz, and if I do not, the band falls a notch in my esteem. Even making due allowances for the physical condition of certain members of the band (we all have our off days), there is a point at which tolerance dulls the critical instincts.

For example, consider my listening experiences with the King Cole Trio. Four years ago, in a 52nd Street nightspot, I heard Cole accomplish some pianistics of commendable merit. I observed that he played a fast, clean style and that his then local reputation deserved wider acclaim. During the past several years I have listened to a number of his stage presentations; in these there was no hint that Cole was one of the better jazz pianists of the day. Instead, he apparently felt it his duty to impress me—unsuccessfully, I may add—together with the rest of the audience, that his latest vocalisms were available at the nearest juke box. For a jazzman who can produce a record like *What Is This Thing Called Love?* (the best side in the recently released Capitol album), the suave minstrel man pose is sheer treason.

Cole is not alone in his fervid belief that, come what may, the "public" must be pleased—and the public, it seems, wants nothing but juke-box tunes of the day. Jazzfans all around the world might well ask: What about us? Aren't we the "public" also? When a Woody Herman plays maybe four good jazz tunes in four hours, is that for us? What about Louis Jordan, who can play as fine an alto, tenor and clarinet as just about anybody in the business, but who is convinced that his vocalizing makes the money and therefore must hold the spotlight relentlessly? If Duke Ellington had the courage to record so many of his remarkable original pieces five and ten years ago, why does he now, at the height of his prestige as a "genius of jazz," succumb to "popular" pressures and wax a whole series of insipid pop tunes? Are not we, the jazz public, growing in strength and numbers? Cannot we demand a fairer representation in the public performances of bands—particularly *jazz* bands? —P.E.M.

Esquire's Ready-to-Speak Spanish II

By acquiring a bowing acquaintance with Spanish grammar you prepare now for that postwar journey into Latin America

by FRANK HENIUS

▪ EDUCATION ▪

HERE are the high points only of the rules which govern the use of Spanish words, their various forms and relationships. These rules will not give you a command of faultless Spanish, but they are offered for the same purpose as the language books which this author has prepared for the soldier: to introduce you to Spanish, encourage your further study, and overcome your possible fear that the language is much too hard ever to tackle and master. For your immediate convenience, these rules will enable you to construct sentences which, even if they are not grammatically correct, will convey what you wish to say, want, or know.

Word Stress

Spanish words have one syllable more strongly stressed than the others. Words ending in a vowel, *n* or *s* are stressed on the second syllable
OHM-bray, AH-blahn, sen-yo-REE-tahs
from the end: *hombre, hablan, señoritas.* Words ending in any consonant but *n* or *s* are stressed
se-NYOR, pa-PEL, syoo-DAHD
on the last syllable: *señor, papel, ciudad.* Any exceptions to the above rules show the syllable to be stressed by means of an accent mark (′):
na-SYOHN, LA-pees, ah-BLAY, seem-PA-tee-ko
nación, lápiz, hablé, simpático.

The accent mark is also used on some common words to distinguish them from others similarly
EL EL
spelled and pronounced: *él* he, *el* the. Observe
KO-mo, KYEN, KAY,
that words like *como* how, *quien* who, *que* that or
KWAHN-do, DOHN-day,
which, *cuando* when, *donde* where, when used
KYEN
interrogatively have an accent mark: *¿quién*
es-TA ah-KEE
está aquí? who is here?

Nouns

Spanish nouns fall into two groups, masculine (m) and feminine (f). This is important because it affects the form of other words used with the nouns as will be seen. In general, nouns ending in *o* are masculine and those ending in *a* are
DEE-ah MA-no
feminine. (But notice *día* m and *mano* f.) The gender of other nouns is best learned from usage, but the following points will be useful: Nouns
-YOHN, -AHD, -TOOD dee-rek-SYOHN,
ending in *-ión, -ad, -tud* are feminine: *dirección,*
ay-DAHD, ahk-tee-TOOD
edad, actitud, attitude. Nouns denoting men are masculine and those denoting women are
pay-ryo-DEES-ta
feminine regardless of ending: *periodista* m newspaperman.

Spanish nouns form their plural by adding *s* if the last letter is a vowel and *es* if it is a con-
BO-ta, BO-tahs; moo-HAYR, moo-HAYR-es; LAY,
sonant: *bota, botas; mujer, mujeres; ley,*
LAY-ays
leyes f, law, laws. Notice that many words with an accent mark in the singular no longer need it
ka-MYOHN, ka-MYOHN-es
in the plural: *camión, camiones.* Nouns ending an *z* in the singular change the *z* to *c* before
HWES, HWE-ses; LA-pees,
the ending of the plural: *juez, jueces; lápiz,*
LA-pee-ses.
lápices.

The Articles

The Spanish definite article (English "the") has the following forms:

	Masculine	Feminine
Sing.	EL *el*	LA *la*
Plural	LOHS *los*	LAHS *las*

AH DAY
Observe that the prepositions *a* and *de* contract with the masc. sing. of the definite article *el*
AHL DEL
to form *al* and *del.*

The indefinite article (English "a," "an") is
OON OO-na
un masculine, *una* feminine.

The articles must agree in gender and number
el
with the nouns with which they are used: *el*
OHM-bray lohs OHM-brays la TEE-ah LAHS
hombre m s, *los hombres* m pl; *la tía* f s, *las*
TEE-ahs OON sen-YOR OO-na sen-YOR-ah
tías f pl. Similarly: *un señor* m s; *una señora.*

Observe that when the singular definite article is used before a feminine noun beginning with a stressed *a* (or *ha*), the form *el* is used instead
el AH-gwa, el AHM-bray
of *la: el agua* f, *el hambre* f. The definite article is used in Spanish with abstract nouns or nouns
la lee-bayr-TAHD la LYOO-vya
in a general sense: *la libertad,* liberty; *la lluvia,* rain.

The indefinite article in Spanish has a plural
OO-nohs OO-nahs
(*unos* m, *unas* f) which means "a few," "sev-
OO-nohs LEE-brohs
eral": *unos libros,* several books. The indefinite article is often not used after a preposition, con-
SEEN sohm-BRAY-ro
trary to English usage: *sin sombrero,* without a hat.

Adjectives and Adverbs

Adjectives must agree in number and gender with the nouns they modify. Adjectives ending in *o* for the masculine change this *o* to *a* for the feminine. Most other adjectives are alike for both genders. However, adjectives of nationality
ah-may-ree-KA-no,
always end in *a* for the feminine, as: *americano* m,
-nah es-pahn-YOHL, es-pahn-YO-la
americana f; *español* m, *española* f.

Adjectives form their plurals just like nouns:
ayr-MO-so, -sohs ah-SOOL, ah-SOO-les
hermoso, hermosos; azul, azules. Unlike English,
OO-na
adjectives in Spanish usually follow the noun: *una*
NEEN-ya ayr-MO-sa
niña hermosa, a beautiful girl. However, some common adjectives often precede the noun.
BWAY-no, MA-lo, ahl-GOO-no, neen-GOO-no
Such are *bueno, malo, alguno, ninguno,* and a few others. Many of these drop the *o* of the
OON BWAYN
masc. sing. before a following noun: *un buen*
ah-MEE-go GRAHN-day
amigo a good friend. When *grande* precedes a
GRAHN
singular noun of either gender it becomes *gran:*
OON GRAHN pa-EES
un gran país, a great country.

The comparative form of adjectives is regu-
MAHS
larly formed by putting *más* (more) before the
MAHS FA-seel
adjective: *más fácil* easier. Some adjectives have irregular comparatives without *más.* The most important are:

GRAHN-day *grande* great	ma-YOR *mayor* greater
pay-KAY-nyo *pequeño* small	may-NOR *menor* smaller
BWAY-no *bueno* good	may-HOR *mejor* better
MA-lo *malo* bad	pay-OR *peor* worse

The superlative is formed by prefixing the
el MAHS FA-seel
definite article to the comparative: *el más fácil*
el ma-YOR
the easiest; *el mayor* the biggest. The ending
EE-see-mo
-ísimo added to adjectives intensifies the mean-
ayr-mo-SEE-see-mo
ing: *hermosísimo* extremely beautiful.

Adverbs may be formed from adjectives by
MEN-tay
adding the ending *-mente* to the feminine singu-
KLA-ra kla-ra-MEN-tay
lar: *clara* clear, *claramente* clearly. Of course,
MAHL
there are other adverbs too, such as: *mal* badly,
BYEN LAY-hohs
bien well, *lejos* far away, and so forth. Most adverbs form the comparative like adjectives, with *más: más claramente, más lejos.* But some have irregular comparatives:

BYEN *bien* well	may-HOR *mejor* better
MAHL *mal* bad(-ly)	pay-OR *peor* worse

Pronouns

When subject of a verb, Spanish pronouns have the following forms:

YO *yo* I	no-SO-trohs *nosotros* m we
OOS-TED *usted* you	no-SO-trahs *nosotras* f we
EL *él* he, it	OOS-TED-es *ustedes* pl you
AY-lya *ella* she, it	AY-lyos *ellos* m they
	AY-lyas *ellas* f they

Notice that *usted, ustedes* are usually abbreviated as *Ud.* and *Uds.* Remember that these forms take the verb in the 3rd person! "It" is translated by *él* or *ella* according to whether the Spanish noun referred to is masculine or feminine.

However, these pronouns are often omitted in Spanish unless emphasis or clarity demands their use, since the Spanish verb shows what person is meant. It is considered more courteous not to omit *Ud.* and *Uds.* so frequently as the others. We have omitted here the familiar pronouns
TOO vo-SO-trohs
tú s thou and *vosotros* pl you, ye, because their use is unnecessary for the foreigner in the early stages of his study. We shall correspondingly omit the verb forms to be used with them.

When pronouns are the objects of verbs, they have the following forms:

MAY *me* me, to me	NOHS *nos* us, to us
LAY *le* to him, to her, to you, to it	LAYS *les* to them, to you
LO *lo* m him	LOHS *los* m them

LA LAHS
la f her *las* f them

MAY NOHS
The reflexive pronouns are: *me* myself, *nos* our-
SAY
selves, *se* himself, herself, yourself, itself, themselves, yourselves, to himself, etc.

These forms *precede* the verb in most cases.

After prepositions most pronouns have the same form as when subject of a verb: *él es americano* he is American; *de él* of (or from)
YOH MEE
him. But *yo* has the form *mí* after prepositions:
pa-ra MEE SAY
para mí for me. The reflexive pronoun *se* has the
SEE pa-ra SEE
form *sí* after prepositions: *para sí* for himself (yourself, herself, themselves, yourselves). With
KOHN kohn-MEE-go
the preposition *con* with, the forms *conmigo* with
kohn-SEE-go
me, and *consigo* with himself, herself, etc.

When two object pronouns are used in the same sentence, the indirect object pronoun must precede the direct object pronoun, unless one of them is the reflexive pronoun *se*, which always
OOS-TED MAY LO DA
precedes any other pronoun: *Ud. me lo da* you
EL-yohs NOHS LAHS DAHN
give it to me; *ellos nos las dan* they (m) give
EL SAY NOHS O-FRAY-say
them (f) to us. But: *él se nos ofrece* he offers himself to us.

When two pronouns beginning with *l* are used together, the first one (always the indirect object) is changed to *se*: (*yo*) *le lo doy* becomes (*yo*) *se lo doy* I give it to him. *Él les lo da* becomes
EL say lo DA
él se lo da he gives it to them.

Unfortunately this construction with *se* (=*le* or *les*) is often very ambiguous. This results from the fact that *se* can mean "to him, to her, to it, to you, to them, to you pl." If the context does not make clear what is meant, the preposition *a* plus the appropriate pronoun is added
say lo DOY ah OOS-TED-es
after the verb: *se lo doy a Uds.* I give it to you.

The object pronouns follow (and are written as one word with) infinitives, gerunds, and commands in the affirmative. This often necessitates the placing of an accent mark on the verb form involved in order to keep the stress in the right
KYAY-ro day-SEER-say-lo
place: *quiero decírselo* I want to say it to you;
DEE-ga-may OOS-TED no
dígame Ud. tell me. But notice carefully: *no*
may DEE-ga OOS-TED
me diga Ud. do not tell me.

Possessives

Spanish possessive words have two forms, long and short. The short forms are used before a
MEE NWAYS-tro SOO
noun. They are: *mi* my, *nuestro* our, and *su* his, her, its, your, their. These words function like adjectives and agree with the noun in number
mees LEE-brohs NWAYS-trahs
and gender: *mis libros* my books, *nuestras*
ayr-MA-nahs
hermanas our sisters. Observe very carefully that *su* also agrees in number *with the noun*
SOO KA-sa
modified and not with the possessor(s): *su casa*
SOOS KA-sahs
his (or their, etc.) house; *sus casas* his (or their, etc.) houses. If the meaning of *su* or *sus* is not clear, it is replaced by the definite article, and *de* (of) plus the appropriate pronoun is used
SOO LEE-bro
after the noun: *su libro* (not clear) becomes
el LEE-bro day OOS-TED
el libro de Ud. your book.

This is the normal way to show possession
la MA-dray day HWAN
with nouns: *la madre de Juan* John's mother.

The long forms of the possessive words are
MEE-O
used after the noun or alone. They are *mío* my,
NWAYS-tro SOO-yo
mine; *nuestro* our, ours; *suyo* his, her(s), your(s),
EL
their(s). They also agree like adjectives: *el*
KWAR-to ES MEE-O lahs KAR-tahs SOHN
cuarto es mío the room is mine; *las cartas son*
SOO-yahs lahs KAR-tahs SOHN day OOS-TED
suyas (or, for clarity, *las cartas son de Ud.*) the letters are yours. Notice the following usage:
OON ah-MEE-go MEE-O
un amigo mío a friend of mine.

Demonstratives

English has two demonstratives, "this" and "that" with their plurals, "these" and "those."
ES-tay ES-ta ES-tohs
But Spanish has three sets: *este* m (*esta* f, *estos* m
ES-tahs AY-se, AY-sa, AY-sohs, AY-sahs ah-KEL
pl, *estas* f pl); *ese* (*esa*, *esos*, *esas*), and *aquel*
ah-KAY-lya, ah-KAY-lyohs, ah-KAY-lyahs
(*aquella*, *aquellos*, *aquellas*). *Este* means "this," *ese* means "that" (there by the person spoken to), and *aquel* means that over yonder, yon (distant from both speaker and person spoken
ES-ta PLOO-ma AY-sa PLOO-ma
to): *esta pluma* this pen, *esa pluma* that pen
ah-KAY-lyahs KA-sahs
(over there by you), *aquellas casas* those houses (way over there).

When these words are used alone or as pronouns, they bear the accent mark: *éste* this (one) m s; *aquéllas* those (yonder) f pl.

ES-to,
There are special forms which end in *o* (*esto*,
AY-so, ah-KAY-lyo
eso, *aquello*). These forms refer to general ideas
AY-SO ES OO-na
or situations previously expressed: *eso es una*
BWAY-na ee-DAY-ah
buena idea that (which you said) is a good idea.

Verbs

Spanish verbs have many more forms than English, and careful use of verb forms is important as the wrong ending may completely mislead your hearer. Verbs fall into three conjugations whose infinitives end in *-ar*, *-er* and *-ir*. Examples of regular verbs in their various forms are:

	I	II	III
Infinitive	ah-BLAR *hablar* to speak	ko-MAYR *comer* to eat	vee-VEER *vivir* to live
Present	I speak (am speaking)	I eat (am eating)	I live (am living)
yo	AH-blo *hablo*	KO-mo *como*	VEE-vo *vivo*
él, ella, Ud.	AH-bla *habla*	KO-may *come*	VEE-vay *vive*
nosotros	ah-BLA-mohs *hablamos*	ko-MAY-mohs *comemos*	vee-VEE-mohs *vivimos*
ellos, ellas Uds.	AH-blahn *hablan*	KO-men *comen*	VEE-ven *viven*
Imperfect	I was speaking	I was eating	I was living
yo	ah-BLA-ba *hablaba*	ko-MEE-ah *comía*	vee-VEE-ah *vivía*
él, ella, Ud.	ah-BLA-ba *hablaba*	ko-MEE-ah *comía*	vee-VEE-ah *vivía*
nosotros	ah-BLA-ba-mohs *hablábamos*	ko-MEE-ah-mohs *comíamos*	vee-VEE-ah-mohs *vivíamos*
ellos, ellas Uds.	ah-BLA-bahn *hablaban*	ko-MEE-ahn *comían*	vee-VEE-ahn *vivían*
Preterite	I spoke	I ate	I lived
yo	ah-BLAY *hablé*	ko-MEE *comí*	vee-VEE *viví*
él, ella, Ud.	ah-BLO *habló*	ko-MYO *comió*	vee-VYO *vivió*
nosotros	ah-BLA-mohs *hablamos*	ko-MEE-mohs *comimos*	vee-VEE-mohs *vivimos*
ellos, ellas Uds.	ah-BLA-rohn *hablaron*	ko-MYAY-rohn *comieron*	vee-VYAY-rohn *vivieron*
Future	I shall speak	I shall eat	I shall live
yo	ah-bla-RAY *hablaré*	ko-may-RAY *comeré*	vee-vee-RAY *viviré*
él, ella, Ud.	ah-bla-RA *hablará*	ko-may-RA *comerá*	vee-vee-RA *vivirá*
nosotros	ah-bla-RAY-mohs *hablaremos*	ko-may-RAY-mohs *comeremos*	vee-vee-RAY-mohs *viviremos*
ellos, ellas, Uds.	ah-bla-RAHN *hablarán*	ko-may-RAHN *comerán*	vee-vee-RAHN *vivirán*
Conditional	I would speak	I would eat	I would live
yo	ah-bla-REE-ah *hablaría*	ko-may-REE-ah *comería*	vee-vee-REE-ah *viviría*
él, ella, Ud.	ah-bla-REE-ah *hablaría*	ko-may-REE-ah *comería*	vee-vee-REE-ah *viviría*
nosotros	ah-bla-REE-ah-mohs *hablaríamos*	ko-may-REE-ah-mohs *comeríamos*	vee-vee-REE-ah-mohs *viviríamos*
ellos, ellas Uds.	ah-bla-REE-ahn *hablarían*	ko-may-REE-ahn *comerían*	vee-vee-REE-ahn *vivirían*
Command form	speak	eat	live
Ud.	AH-blay *hable*	KO-ma *coma*	VEE-va *viva*
Uds.	AH-blen *hablen*	KO-mahn *coman*	VEE-vahn *vivan*
Gerund	speaking ah-BLAHN-do *hablando*	eating ko-MYEN-do *comiendo*	living vee-VYEN-do *viviendo*
Past Participle	spoken ah-BLA-do *hablado*	eaten ko-MEE-do *comido*	lived vee-VEE-do *vivido*

You must pay particular attention to the fact that Spanish has two past tenses, the Imperfect and the Preterite. The Preterite is used whenever the action of the verb is viewed as being
lay ah-BLAY ah-YAYR
completed: *le hablé ayer* I spoke to him yester-
vee-VYAY-rohn en mahd-REED SEEN-ko AH-nyohs
day; *vivieron en Madrid cinco años* they lived in Madrid for five years (but they do not live there now). The imperfect is used for actions which are not thought of as having been completed, though in fact they may have been. Customary actions in the past and actions going on at the time of another action are expressed by this
yo ah-BLA-ba kohn el say-NYOR GO-mays KWAN-do
tense: *yo hablaba con el señor Gómez cuando*
OOS-TED en-TRO
Ud. entró I was talking with Mr. Gómez when
ah-BLA-ba-mohs een-GLAYS MWEE ah may-NOO-do
you came in; *hablábamos inglés muy a menudo* we used to speak English very often.

When the past participle is used with the
ah-BAYR
auxiliary *haber* to have (not to be confused with
tay-NAYR
tener to have, possess) we have forms corresponding to English "have said," "have eaten," etc. The conjugation of haber in its most important forms follows:

	Present	Imperfect	Future	Conditional
yo	AY *he*	ah-BEE-ah *había*	ah-BRAY *habré*	ah-BREE-ah *habría*
él, ella Ud.	AH *ha*	ah-BEE-ah *había*	ah-BRA *habrá*	ah-BREE-ah *habría*
nosotros	AY-mohs *hemos*	ah-BEE-ah-mohs *habíamos*	ah-BRAY-mohs *habremos*	ah-BREE-ah-mohs *habríamos*
ellos, ellas Uds.	AHN *han*	ah-BEE-ahn *habían*	ah-BRAHN *habrán*	ah-BREE-ahn *habrían*

AY ah-BLA-do ah-BRAY-mohs
Examples: *he hablado* I have spoken; *habremos*
ko-MEE-do
comido we will have eaten.

Continued on next page

Some verbs with typical irregularities in the body of the word are called radical-changing verbs. There are three types which you should be able to recognize. These irregularities occur in the Present and in some verbs in the Preterite.

Infinitive	pen-SAR *pensar* to think	kohn-TAR *contar* to count	dor-MEER *dormir* to sleep	sayr-VEER *servir* to serve
Present	I think	I count	I sleep	I serve
yo	PYEN-so *pienso*	KWEN-to *cuento*	DWAYR-mo *duermo*	SEER-vo *sirvo*
él, ella, Ud.	PYEN-sa *piensa*	KWEN-ta *cuenta*	DWAYR-may *duerme*	SEER-vay *sirve*
nosotros	pen-SA-mohs *pensamos*	kohn-TA-mohs *contamos*	dor-MEE-mohs *dormimos*	sayr-VEE-mohs *servimos*
ellos, ellas Uds.	PYEN-sahn *piensan*	KWEN-tahn *cuentan*	DWAYR-mayn *duermen*	SEER-vayn *sirven*
Preterite	I thought	I counted	I slept	I served
yo	(regular)	(regular)	dor-MEE *dormí*	sayr-VEE *serví*
él, ella, Ud.	(regular)	(regular)	door-MYO *durmió*	seer-VYO *sirvió*
nosotros	(regular)	(regular)	dor-MEE-mohs *dormimos*	sayr-VEE-mohs *servimos*
ellos, ellas Uds.	(regular)	(regular)	door-MYAY-rohn *durmieron*	seer-VYAY-rohn *sirvieron*

A number of Spanish verbs are quite irregular in some of their forms. We shall give only a few of the commonest and most useful. Forms not shown are regular.

Infinitive	SAYR *ser* to be	es-TAR *estar* to be	EER *ir* to go
Present	I am	I am	I go (am going)
yo	SOY *soy*	es-TOY *estoy*	VOY *voy*
él, ella, Ud.	ES *es*	es-TA *está*	VA *va*
nosotros	SO-mohs *somos*	es-TA-mohs *estamos*	VA-mohs *vamos*
ellos, ellas, Uds.	SOHN *son*	es-TAHN *están*	VAHN *van*
Imperfect	I was	I was	I was going
yo	AY-ra *era*	es-TA-ba *estaba*	EE-ba *iba*
él, ella, Ud.	AY-ra *era*	es-TA-ba *estaba*	EE-ba *iba*
nosotros	AY-ra-mohs *éramos*	es-TA-ba-mohs *estábamos*	EE-ba-mohs *íbamos*
ellos, ellas, Uds.	AY-rahn *eran*	es-TA-bahn *estaban*	EE-bahn *iban*
Preterite	I was	I was	I went
yo	FWEE *fuí*	es-TOO-vay *estuve*	FWEE *fuí*
él, ella, Ud.	FWAY *fué*	es-TOO-vo *estuvo*	FWAY *fué*
nosotros	FWEE-mohs *fuimos*	es-too-VEE-mohs *estuvimos*	FWEE-mohs *fuimos*
ellos, ellas, Uds.	FWAY-rohn *fueron*	es-too-VYAY-rohn *estuvieron*	FWAY-rohn *fueron*
Command form	be	be	go
Ud.	SAY-ah *sea*	es-TAY *esté*	VA-ya *vaya*
Uds.	SAY-ahn *sean*	es-TAYN *estén*	VA-yahn *vayan*

Notice that the preterites of *ir* and *ser* are identical.

Infinitive	tay-NAYR *tener* to have, possess	day-SEER *decir* to say	ah-SAYR *hacer* to make
Present	I have (am having)	I say (am saying)	I make (am making)
yo	TAYN-go *tengo*	DEE-go *digo*	AH-go *hago*
él, ella, Ud.	TYEN-ay *tiene*	DEE-say *dice*	AH-say *hace*
nosotros	tay-NAY-mohs *tenemos*	day-SEE-mohs *decimos*	ah-SAY-mohs *hacemos*
ellos, ellas, Uds.	TYEN-ayn *tienen*	DEE-sayn *dicen*	AH-sayn *hacen*
Preterite	I had	I said	I made
yo	TOO-vay *tuve*	DEE-hay *dije*	EE-say *hice*
él, ella, Ud.	TOO-vo *tuvo*	DEE-ho *dijo*	EE-so *hizo*
nosotros	too-VEE-mohs *tuvimos*	dee-HEE-mohs *dijimos*	ee-SEE-mohs *hicimos*
ellos, ellas, Uds.	too-VYAY-rohn *tuvieron*	dee-HAY-rohn *dijeron*	ee-SYAY-rohn *hicieron*
Future	I shall have	I shall say	I shall make
yo	ten-DRAY *tendré*	dee-RAY *diré*	ah-RAY *haré*
él, ella, Ud.	ten-DRA *tendrá*	dee-RA *dirá*	ah-RA *hará*
nosotros	ten-DRAY-mohs *tendremos*	dee-RAY-mohs *diremos*	ah-RAY-mohs *haremos*
ellos, ellas, Uds.	ten-DRAHN *tendrán*	dee-RAHN *dirán*	ah-RAHN *harán*
Conditional	I would have	I would say	I would make
yo	ten-DREE-ah *tendría*, etc.	dee-REE-ah *diría*, etc.	ah-REE-ah *haría*, etc.

A peculiarity of Spanish is that it has two verbs meaning "to be," *ser* and *estar*. But they are not interchangeable. In general *estar* is used for location and acquired characteristics. *Ser* expresses inherent qualities. This is a very difficult point and only careful observation can give mastery. However, observe the following ex-
YO SOY may-hee-KA-no
amples: *yo soy mejicano* I am a Mexican, but
YO es-TOY EN MAY-hee-ko el NEE-nyo ES
yo estoy en Méjico I am in Mexico; *el niño es*
MWEE SOO-syo
muy sucio the child is very dirty (by nature),
es-TAH
but *el niño está muy sucio* The child is very dirty (has become so while playing).

Estar is often used with the gerund (or present participle) to form a progressive construction similar to English:
es-TOY es-kree-BYEN-do
estoy escribiendo I am writing. This construction in Spanish is merely a little more
es-KREE-bo
vivid than *escribo* I write, am writing.

Ordinals

pree-MAY-ro	*primero*	first
say-GOON-do	*segundo*	second
tayr-SAY-ro	*tercero*	third
KWAR-to	*cuarto*	fourth
KEEN-to	*quinto*	fifth
SEKS-to	*sexto*	sixth
SEP-tee-mo	*séptimo*	seventh
ohk-TA-vo	*octavo*	eighth
no-VAY-no	*noveno*	ninth
DAY-see-mo	*décimo*	tenth

For the days of the month only *primera* is
el pree-MAY-ro day ay-NAY-ro
used: *el primero de enero* the first of January. Beyond that one uses the cardinal numbers:
el DOHS day MA-yo
el dos de mayo the second of May.

Cardinals

1 to 10	11 to 20	21 to 100
OO-no *uno*	OHN-say *once*	vayn-tee-OO-no 21 *veintiuno*
DOHS *dos*	DO-say *doce*	vayn-tee-DOHS 22 *veintidós*
TRES *tres*	TRAY-say *trece*	TRAYN-ta 30 *treinta*
KWA-tro *cuatro*	ka-TOR-say *catorce*	kwa-REN-ta 40 *cuarenta*
SEEN-ko *cinco*	KEEN-say *quince*	seen-KWEN-ta 50 *cincuenta*
SAY-ees *seis*	dee-ES-ee-SAY-ees *dieciséis*	say-SEN-ta 60 *sesenta*
SYAY-tay *siete*	dee-ES-ee-SYAY-tay *diecisiete*	say-TEN-ta 70 *setenta*
O-cho *ocho*	dee-ES-ee-O-cho *dieciocho*	O-CHEN-ta 80 *ochenta*
NWAY-vay *nueve*	dee-ES-ee-NWAY-vay *diecinueve*	no-VEN-ta 90 *noventa*
dee-ES *diez*	VAYN-tay *veinte*	SYEN-to 100 *ciento*

SYEN-to OO-no DOHS SYEN-tohs kee-NYEN-tohs
ciento uno 101, *dos cientos* 200, *quinientos* 500,
se-te-SYEN-tohs, no-vay-SYEN-tohs MEEL
setecientos 700, *novecientos* 900, *mil* 1000.

In Spanish, hundreds are not used above 900. For example when we wish to express the year we must say literally "thousand nine-hundred
MEEL no-vay-SYEN-tohs kwa-RAYN-ta ee SEEN-ko
forty-five": *mil novecientos cuarenta y cinco* 1945.

Months

ay-NAY-ro, fay-BRAY-ro, MAR-so, ah-BREEL, MA-yo,
enero, *febrero*, *marzo*, *abril*, *mayo*,
HOO-nyo, HOO-lyo, ah-GOHS-to, sep-TYEM-bray,
junio, *julio*, *agosto*, *septiembre*,
ohk-TOO-bray, no-VYEM-bray, dee-SYEM-bray.
octubre, *noviembre*, *diciembre*.

Notes

A few extra hints may be helpful.

1. Spanish uses a double negative construc-
NO KYAY-ro NA-da
tion: *No quiero nada* literally "I don't want nothing." But if a negative word precedes the
na-DYAY es-TA ah-KEE
verb *no* is not used: *nadie está aquí* nobody is here.

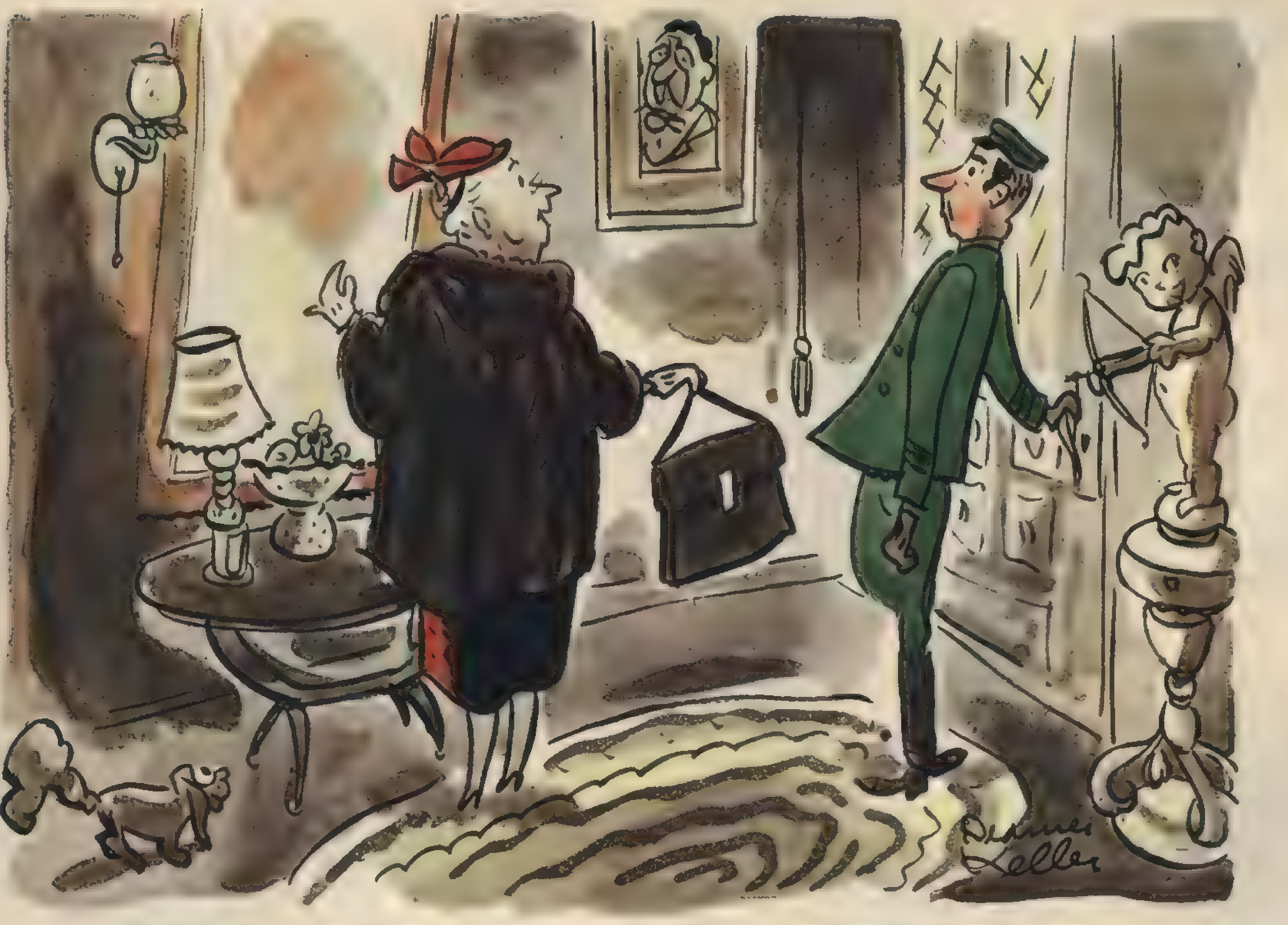
2. When the direct object of the verb is a definite person, it is preceded by *a* which is not
VAY-o ah HWAN
to be translated. Thus: *Veo a Juan* I see John.

HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC ▶

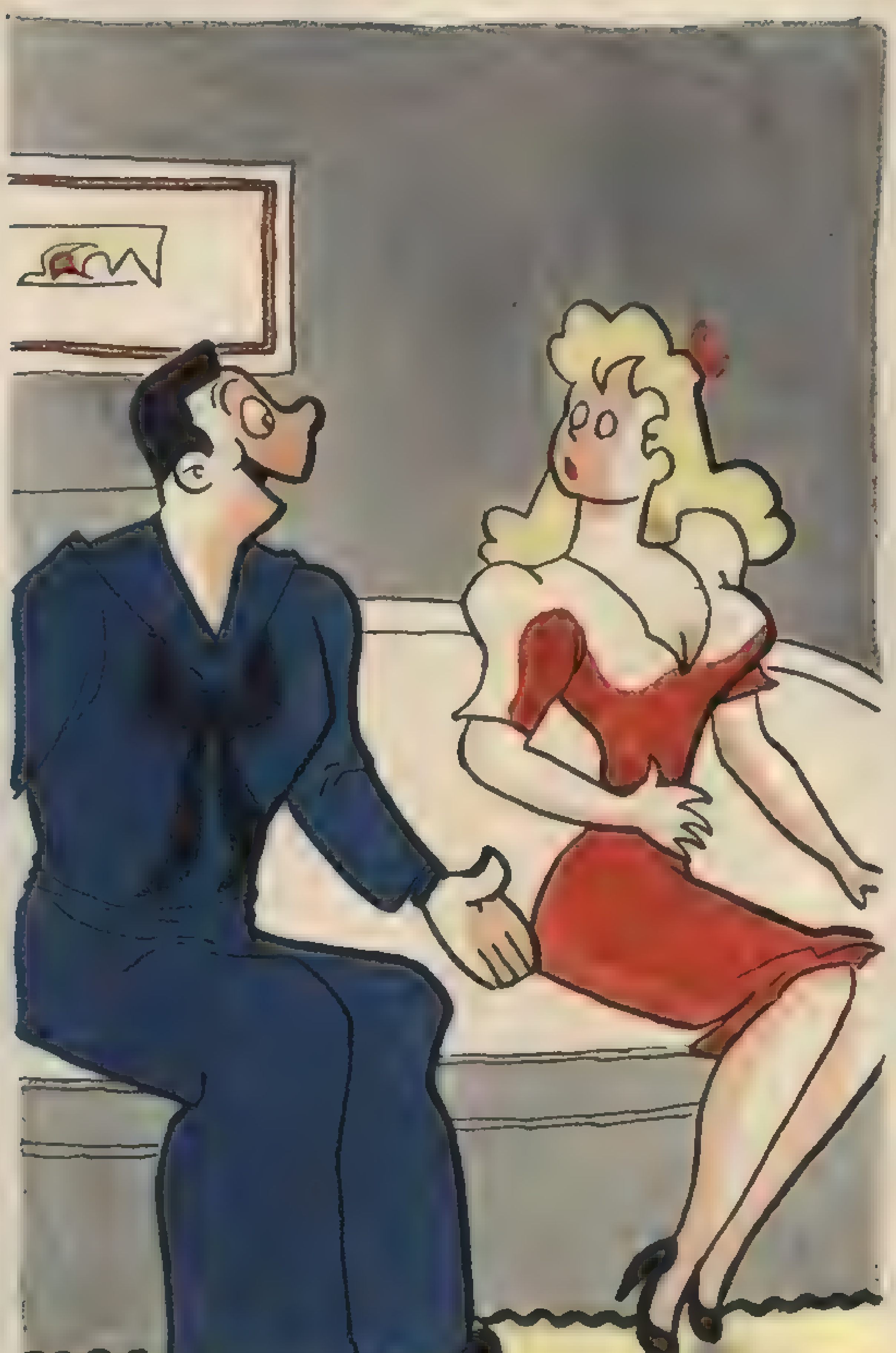
The De Havens' Little Girl Gloria

GLORIA got started young and the right way on her theatrical career . . . she piloted the stork to the door of that famous stage and screen team, the Carter De Havens. "It's a short cut for a gal with acting ambition," says Gloria, "to choose stars for parents." (Gloria is brought to Esquire's pages in this spun-sugar figurine pose, Kodachromed by photographer Carpenter.) For the De Haven's talented young daughter there was no heartbreaking period of knocking on studio gates. From a song and dance role in *Best Foot Forward*, Gloria went into *Broadway Rhythm* to play George Murphy's kid sister, and from there hopped into another sister role of *Two Girls and a Sailor*. Little Gloria caught on quick to acting and the public caught on quicker to Gloria. Enthusiastic letters about her poured into the studio. Planes and patrol boats were named after her, such highly garnished appellations as Glorious Gloria and Heavenly De Haven. And she was voted the number one favorite of dozens of field posts and barracks. Gloria was born in Los Angeles nineteen years ago, and the day she arrived her mother decided to give up her thirty triumphant theatre years and concentrate on keeping Gloria interested in everything but the stage. At twelve Gloria entered the Edward Clark Little Theatre. Then along came George Cukor and asked that Miss De Haven be allowed to play a small part in *Susan and God*. "Just for the sake of tradition," her mother let her, but it developed that her voice, not her acting ability, led to her first real professional work. She was engaged first by Bob Crosby and then Jan Savitt as soloist with their respective orchestras. And her voice was the springboard from which she dove into *Best Foot Forward*. She's now signed on the dotted line at M-G-M, who loaned her, by special request, to sing and be sung to by swoon-crooner Frankie in *Step Lively*. Gloria loves to work and is pretty grave about her responsibility as an actress. She'd better be good or she'll hear from her family and that includes her newest and favorite relative, actor John Payne.

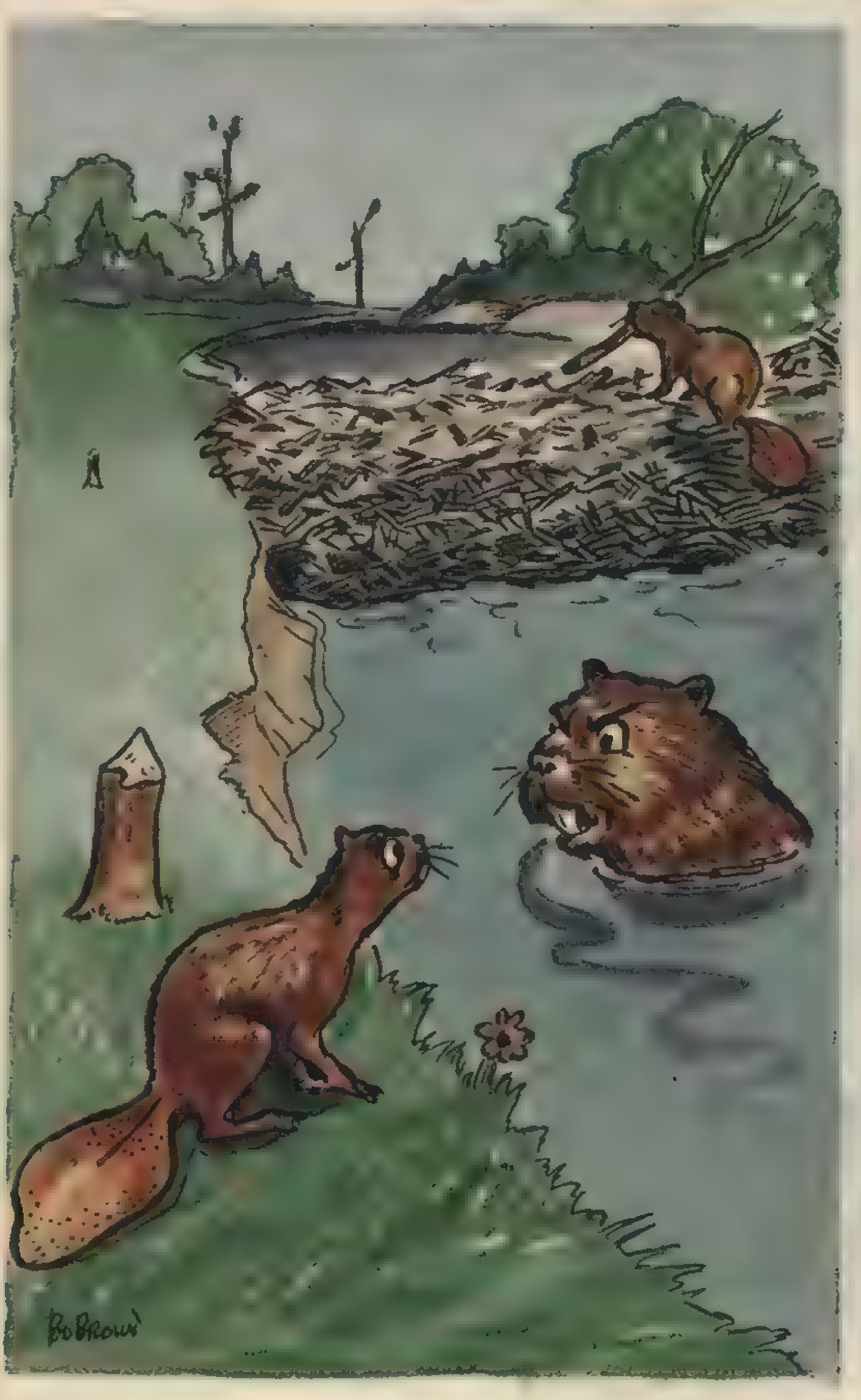
PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC CARPENTER


Reamer Keller

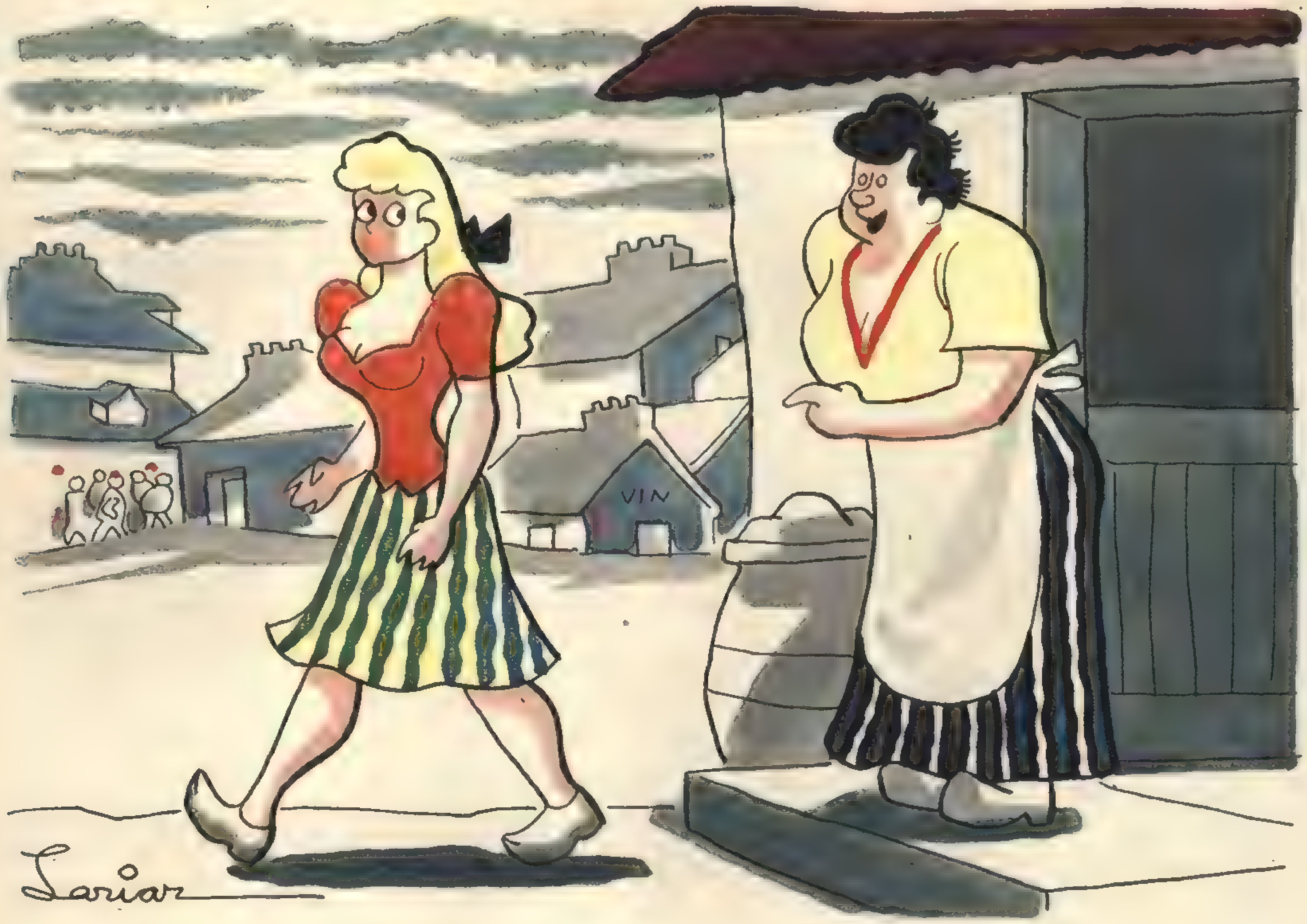
"Put a couple of empty pop bottles in my pocketbook, Winston —I'm going to the ball game"



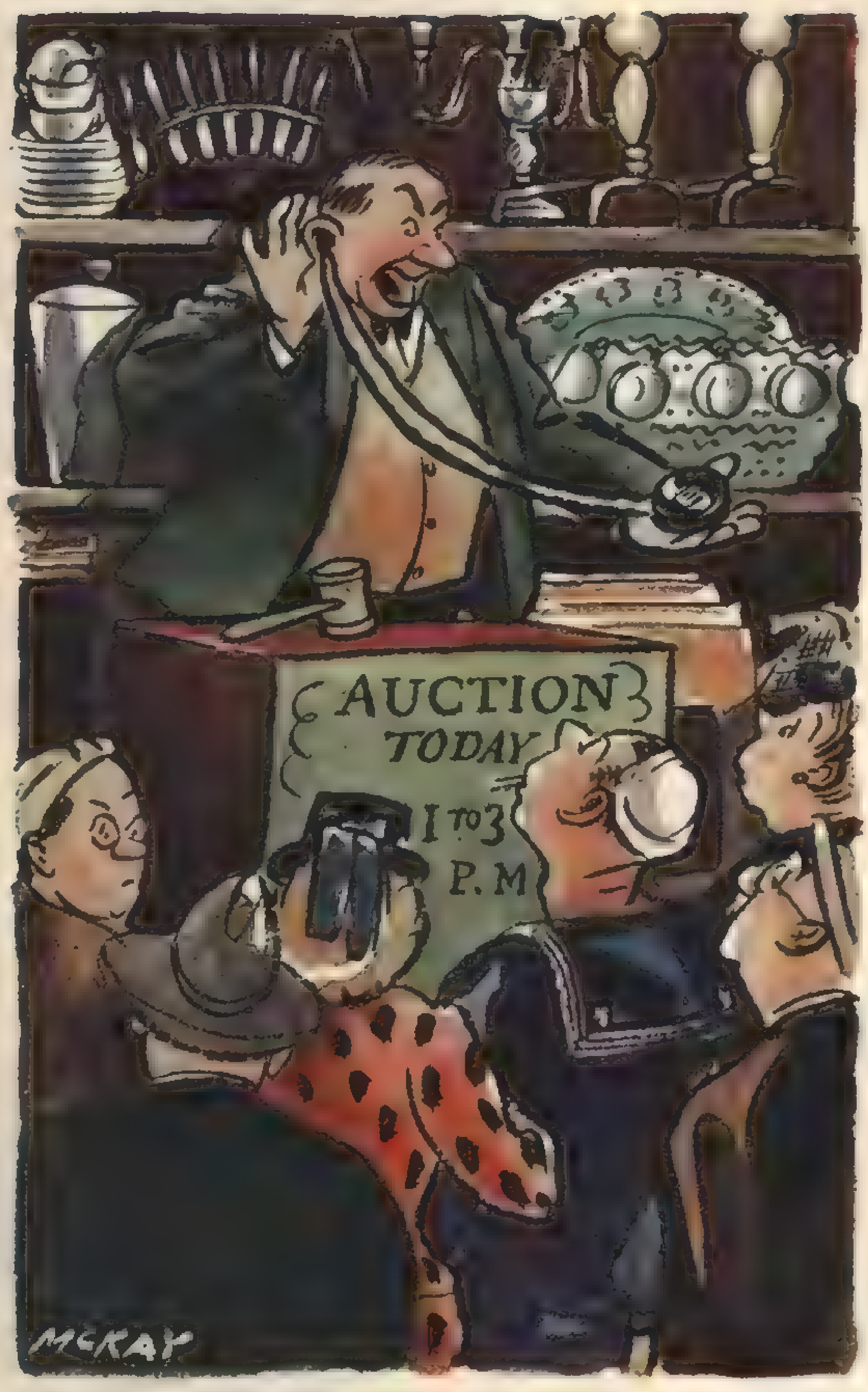
". . . and there I was for three years —on an uninhabited island!"



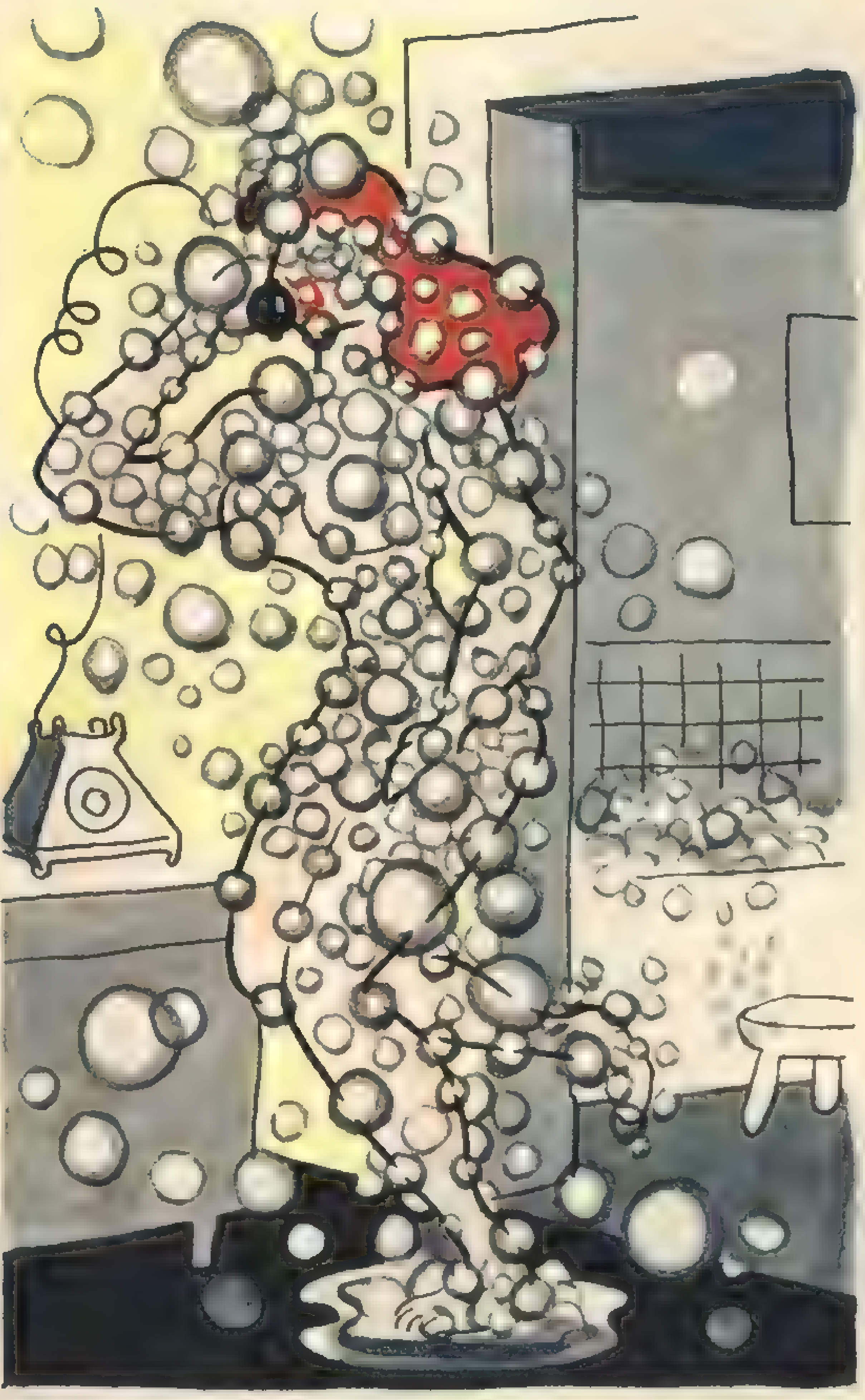
"I want you to stay away from those silver foxes—they're so common!"



"... and be careful, Colette—remember, I knew his father in the last war!"


AUCTION
TODAY
1 TO 3
P.M
McKAY

"I said—do I hear $12.00 for this marvelous scientific hearing aid?"



"I was in the tub—"

TABLE
MANUFACTORY

No Fun in Sports Rules

What sport needs is interesting new rules thought up by somebody with the old Landis slapdash temperament

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

LET's have more rules in sports. There are too many already, of course. But that's just the point. The present rules of sports are too solemn, too lawyerish, and the best players in the law-ridden games don't know them.

What the rule makers of sports seem to have lost sight of is that the main idea of sports is to have fun on the level. Legislating fairness is an impossibility while the human brain is constructed of crooked little convolutions. The best the rule makers have been able to do is instill fear of punishment rather than love of fair play. But it probably is possible to promote pleasure by a few gay rules.

Old Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis probably was the best catch-as-catch-can lawgiver sport ever had. He made his own pleasingly unorthodox rules to fit cases. He was very tough about enforcing them. Naturally he was not loved madly by the gents who hired him in the hope that he would provide baseball big business with an august façade and at the same time hand down decisions pleasing to each of the conflicting parties who paid his salary.

The Judge brought genius at shooting law from the hip into baseball from the federal bench. On the federal bench he had been too much of a simple solon to be technically kosher to the Supreme Court.

One of the Judge's cases was a gem of an example.

His brilliant brother, the late Fred Landis, was to have lunch with the distinguished Kenesaw. Fred came into court about fifteen minutes before noon; just as a suit had been decided.

The Judge beckoned his brother up to the bench and told him to wait ten or fifteen minutes while he tried another case; then he'd be free to feed.

Fred was beyond surprise at any of Kenesaw's performances, but conducting a federal court trial in less than a quarter of an hour was something that called for explanation.

The Judge obliged.

"See that scared old woman over there in the shiny black dress?" asked the Judge, pointing with his eyes.

Fred saw her.

"That's the plaintiff.

"And see that greasy, overfed, pig-eyed slob with that headlight diamond ring on a sausage finger?"

Fred glanced as the Judge's glare directed.

"That's the defendant." The Judge leaned over and confided to his brother: "It'll only take me about ten minutes to mete out fair and impartial justice to that so and so."

Probably nobody could find in the statute books the law governing that case. There also were no laws in baseball's books covering numerous decisions the Judge handed down. But look what a time baseball had trying to find a likely candidate for the Landis robe!

Codification of more of the Landis type of sports law might get the players reading the rule books with some interest. Perhaps that's an unwarranted supposition. Not many of the muscularly adept are inclined to be bookworms unless the books have pictures.

A livening up of the rules would make them more practical and result in better informed observance of the sports laws.

For instance, there is a rule in golf that fitted the now historic case of the Bob Hamilton-Byron Nelson final of the Professional Golfers Association 1944 championship. The amiable Hamilton had Nelson nearly nutty from the deliberation of Hamiltonian play.

Bob is one of the lads who surveys hill and dale leisurely before making his shot. Then he studies the cloud formations, the gender of the worms and insects on the green, muses deeply on the baffling phenomenon of chlorophyll in the grass surrounding the ball, the interesting geological background of the soil out of which the grass grows, the peculiar wart on the left cheek of a lissome blonde who is sitting on the edge of the green, and divers and multitudinous other factors, before stepping up and whacking the little white sphere.

There is no malice or consciously upsetting plan in Hamilton's procedure. It is just his way of employing chess temperament in competitive golf.

But it certainly is not conducive to the presentation of Nelson's typical game. Nelson is more of the hit-and-run type of golfer who makes, or misses 'em, quick. So Nelson, writhing inwardly while Hamilton seemed to be spending the week end on each shot, succumbed to Hamilton who became the P.G.A.'s surprise champion. Nelson previously had lost the 1941 P.G.A. title to Vic Ghezzi, who is even slower than Hamilton. Between Ghezzi's shots the gallery can walk across the course and into the clubhouse for lunch and a few drinks and return to what is incorrectly called the scene of action in time to see the genial and gigantic Ghezzi take a clout at the ball.

Ghezzi, too, hasn't the slightest idea of consciously disconcerting his opponent.

But neither Hamilton nor Ghezzi—nor any other of the slow-motion golfers—seem to realize their lagging pace is in direct violation of the etiquette section of *Rules of Golf*, which reads:

"A competitor who by delay in play unfairly interferes with the play of any other competitor shall be disqualified, in either match or stroke play."

The rule is in the book. But who seems to know it? Apparently not Nelson, the greatest golfer of these times. Apparently not the officials who preside over the professionals' championships. Apparently not Hamilton or Ghezzi. And the chances are that you didn't know the rule either. So that makes ignorance of the rule pretty nearly unanimous.

Yet it's a good rule. It was put into the book because golf play was getting so tedious that the longest summer days weren't long enough to give all of a fairly large field a chance to finish.

Now what might have put the rule into force is one of those needed revisions or additions to the rules; something which would require the victim of slow play to wait at the next tee until the offender had gone about a hundred yards down the fairway, then tee off and slam a shot at the transgressor's fanny.

After a few such treatments in which the services of a proctologist rather than a caddie are required to locate the ball, play would be accelerated. And, it is conceivable, would be improved. After all, Nelson with an average of 69.58 strokes during 1944 and a 68.23 average in his fifty-two rounds of tournament play this year, must be conceded to be at his best a better golfer than either Hamilton or Ghezzi at their best. And if a championship isn't for determining who is the best, what the hell's the use of holding it?

International competition offers a lot of room for additional rules. In swimming, you'd think the present simple rules would be adequate. However, the Japs found it easy to evade the spirit of sportsmanship. In the Olympics at Los Angeles the innovation of using

Continued on page 168

◀ ESQUIREGRAPH No. 9—W. C. FIELDS

WILLIAM CLAUDE DUKENFIELD, a Philadelphia boy better known as W. C. Fields, has been a thorn in the side of the Women's Christian Temperance Union for a third of a century. Some statisticians concluded the great man is the twentieth century's leading consumer of *spiritus frumenti*. Certainly this one-time vaudeville Indian-club juggler has capitalized on his chemical attraction to alcohol to the extent that it has enhanced his status as a comedian and contributed to the continuing popularity of liquid depth bombs. The fabulous Fields nose, which bears marked resemblance to a red electric-light bulb, and which was acquired only after painstaking attention to public and private drinking, has become as integral a part of the comedian's equipment as his high hat, his gloves, his heelless shoes and his dead-beat voice uttering such expressions as "My little chickadee" and "Never give a sucker an even break."

Fields, now sixty-five, has had three separate careers—on the stage, in motion pictures and on the radio. After graduating from vaudeville he became a headliner on Broadway in such productions as the *Ziegfeld Follies* and Earl Carroll's *Vanities*. In movies, he has created a draft at the box office both as a silent and talking star. He lurched into overnight renown as a radio personality in 1937 when he carried on a weekly feud with Charlie McCarthy.

Fields is one of the world's outstanding authorities on humor, and seldom uses material other than his own on the premise that he knows ten times as much as the next man about what is funny. He found out years ago, for example, that an object, such as a golf club or pool cue, that *bent* during a scene produced considerably more audience hilarity than an object that *broke*.

As a pitiable poor child in the Quaker City, Field spent years sleeping in doorways; to this day, therefore, he considers a bed the height of luxury. His attitude toward the medical profession is as singular as his brand of comedy. When a physician warns him that he won't live six months unless he stops drinking, Fields replies, "You're absolutely right, Doc. A great European specialist told me the same thing twenty-five years ago." . . . Alan Hynd.

RAVITZ-PALAZZO PHOTOCOLLAGE

They Made Me a Cinderella

Inside story of how a one-time catcher became a manager and how a big-league pennant was won, as told to Ralph Cannon

by LUKE SEWELL

▪SPORTS▪

JIM CONZELMAN *said:*

"What's Luke Sewell got that the other managers haven't got?" Jim Conzelman was asked.

"I'll explain that like this," he said. "I just left Luke. He's just got back from the USO trip overseas. I asked him about it. Here's the difference. All the others could tell you about what they had seen and heard. Luke didn't give you that; he was trying to *understand* the war, and he wasn't sure about it yet. He was searching, penetrating for fundamentals. That's the way he is in baseball, too. He doesn't care a hoot about those people up there in the stands, or how things look; he's after *essentials*. Get the idea? That's why I think he's done the best job that's been done in the majors in years. You can't put that too strong in my book."

DON BARNES *said:*

When asked: "Why do you like Luke Sewell as a manager?" Don Barnes said:

"First of all I like him as a person. *Everyone* does who is on the level. He is easy to like. I also always liked him as a player; he was always a hustler. As a manager he is thorough in detail, and has vision and perspective. He is smart, intelligent, well educated. I think he is ahead of all of them as a psychologist, as a student of ballplayers' own peculiar type of mind. To me he is the prototype of the successful big-league manager of the future."

THIS man said: "Why don't you get Sewell? He's had the best record with pitchers at more places than one: Cleveland, Washington, Chicago and then back at Cleveland again. I don't believe you'll be able to find a man with that good a record at so many different places."

I want to place that little statement first and emphasize it because it was a seed out of which a championship tree grew in St. Louis. I myself don't know what man in baseball said it; if I did I think I ought to be sending him Christmas presents, because he was one of the men who helped make a Cinderella out of me. But Bill DeWitt, business manager of the Browns, who was another of the principal characters in the continuity, won't tell me. Because a pennant was won as a consequence of the chain of circumstances that that remark set up, it has now attained that crystalline duration that is called history.

This is the inside story of how a pennant was won. Bill DeWitt tells me it is a story that has never been told. That being the situation, I will try to give it in as minute detail as possible wherein it relates to me, the man over whom a number of men waved wands to make a Cinderella.

In 1926 St. Louis won and enjoyed its first major-league pennant as Rogers Hornsby led the Cardinals to the World Championship. By an oddity the Cards that year won 89, lost 65, for a .578 percentage, and in 1944 the Browns won the first American League flag with a record of 89 won, 65 lost, for a .578 percentage. This is a story of oddities and coincidences.

In 1926 I caught my first season as a regular for Tris Speaker at Cleveland. For five years previously I had been a bull-pen catcher; but those weren't wasted years. I was busy studying baseball at the time because I love this game. In 1926 when I became a regular catcher I seemed to get results with the pitchers with what I had been studying. You don't just *play* baseball; you play it *against* another team. I had studied the weaknesses of the opposing hitters and the tactics of opposing managers. Two things I did: I studied baseball, and when I became a regular I *hustled*—also because I love baseball. If I had not studied the game thoroughly and intimately while I was a bull-pen catcher, and if I had not hustled when I became a regular, I have a lot of good reasons now to believe that I never would have been invited to manage the Browns, and I have greater reason to believe that I would never have been able to accomplish anything with them if I had.

So much for the tap roots of my role in the show.

In 1940 the leaders of the Browns felt that they needed a veteran catcher to help develop their pitching. The club had some hitting power, but its pitching was ineffective, and promising young pitchers brought up from the minors with good records failed to produce. It was during the hunt for a veteran catcher to serve as a coach of the team that the statement I have used as the lead of this story for emphasis was made by someone in baseball—one of my unknown benefactors.

RIDING ACADE
Angelo

"Let's try this one for size"

Be that as it may, at that time Rick Ferrell was engaged for the job.

Early in 1941, however, the Browns were still going bad; the shareholders were grumbling, and Don Barnes made the decision that a new manager must be installed. First the leaders of the club drew up a blueprint of what they wanted this new manager to be like. They decided that they wanted: first, a man who was familiar with the American League; secondly, a man who could handle pitchers; and thirdly a man who could handle men. They then decided that a catcher would be the most likely man to fill such a bill. They reverted to the studies they had made of catchers when they were looking for a coach in 1940, and the statement made about me then cropped up again. After further conferences, Don Barnes made the decision to proposition me. The first inkling I had that history was being made for me was on an off day when I was in Akron. My wife phoned to tell me that Alva Bradley wanted to speak to me.

"Oh, my goodness," I said impatiently, "I suppose it's some more of that Cleveland trouble. I don't want to get into any more of that."

"He said he wanted you to call him," she said. "I think you'd better do it."

So in an unpleasant frame of mind I called Mr. Bradley. He said that Don Barnes had called from St. Louis and asked for permission to talk to me about the job as manager of the Browns. I told Mr. Bradley that I was not interested. I said that I was very well satisfied where I was; happy in my work and glad to be able to get home at nights. I told him I had planned that this would be my last year in baseball and that I wanted to get out and get started building a future for myself in the rubber industry the next year.

But he insisted that there could be no harm in at least going to St. Louis and talking with Mr. Barnes. It would be only courteous to do this. As a result of Mr. Bradley's insistence that this was an opportunity for me, I finally agreed reluctantly to take a train to St. Louis. Just what my mental state was at that time may be judged from the fact that the first thing I did on getting off the train in St. Louis was to buy myself a ticket on a plane back to Cleveland!

Next there was a big gabfest in Mr. Barnes' apartment between Mr. Barnes, Bill DeWitt, Howard Stevens, another of the Browns' officials, and myself. In a rather objective frame of mind I outlined as sharply as I could all my ideas about how a baseball club ought to be managed. I wasn't looking for the job, so I really poured it on cold turkey. I *had* some ideas about this because for more than twenty years I had been studying the mistakes of big-league managers. That's the way you learn in baseball; everything is predicated on the weaknesses of opposing players and managers. I remember that I emphasized particularly the subject of authority; a manager *has* to be able to do what he *believes* with his players. He has to have authority as re-enforcement for his responsibility. I also stressed the value and importance of long-term contracts. If I had been let out at St. Louis in 1943 when we finished sixth, 25 games from the top, we wouldn't have won in '44—or at least not under *my* leadership. A manager therefore has to have authority to act, and time to work out the situation.

When I had finished laying these cards on the table, cold turkey, objectively, almost indifferently or perhaps even belligerently, because I was *not* in the mood to make this change and take on all the troubles of a last-place club, just when I was in the frame of mind to bow out of baseball for keeps, Mr. Barnes said: "That's very interesting. How much would you want to do all this for the Browns?"

I named a figure instantly.

"Will you let us have a few minutes?" he said; and the three of them went out into another room. When they returned, Mr. Barnes said: "Well, you're the new manager of the Browns."

The point is: *he* made the decision, I didn't. I don't say it wasn't a good one for me, for all the grief there is in managing a big-league club. I wouldn't take a million dollars for last season's pennant, and I know a lot of millionaires who would have paid just about that much to have been in my shoes last October. But it takes plenty out of you. The year before, when we finished sixth, 25 games behind, I went home in such a state I paid good money to go through a clinic and get checked up. "Hell," they said, "there's nothing the matter with you. It's just a case of managing a losing ball club. Rest will cure it."

Nevertheless, I spent the winter working. Even so, with taxes what they are, I don't have as much to show for it as I did when I was a player, and I have passed up some jobs in industry that would have paid me more. So baseball is in a sense an indulgence for me. But *this* is what I really *want* to do; *this* is what I know. I am a ballplayer from choice.

Conditions were about as bad as they could be when I joined the Browns. There was absolutely no team spirit and the men had lost their will to win. I know that three things are required to win in the big leagues:

1. Ability
2. Condition
3. Will to win.

We have only the conventional rules of the other big-league clubs on training. On joining the club,

Continued on page 102

The Boy Gets a Chance

The Esquire All-American Baseball Program benefits thousands—not just 32 stars

by JOE HENDRICKSON

Young Mr. America has been playing baseball during recent weeks—a lot of baseball.

On sand-lots, city athletic fields and even big-league diamonds, the kid ballplayers have had their fling as the Esquire All-American Baseball Program nears its big climax—the annual East-West game August 28th, in the Polo Grounds at New York.

Thirty-two young citizens are emerging as the best boy baseball players in the land—the All-American Boys of 1945. Newspapers throughout the nation have cooperated with Esquire in making these selections from the starting field of thousands of boys who set out to land a place in the big New York game.

Programs like this are doing more than providing the thrill of thrills for thirty-two fortunate boys who receive the big award. This Esquire movement joins other worth-while programs in rekindling baseball enthusiasm among the nation's youth and dispelling the belief that the great American game is no longer big stuff to our young citizens. The Esquire try outs, the American Legion junior baseball tournaments, the rise of midget team competition in towns and cities, and the comeback of baseball in high schools are separate movements that are blending into a common achievement—giving the kids a chance to get the most out of a great sport.

Many professional baseball pessimists have said, "The kids of today are spending their time on the golf course—baseball is losing out!" Certainly, thousands of boys are playing golf, but thousands are also playing baseball. Thousands are playing both, and why not? Because America has awakened to the need of bringing every kind of worth-while athletic activity to a young generation that wants a chance to play, physical fitness is becoming less and less a problem. And there should be less and less worry about where the baseball players of tomorrow will come from. The growing number of school, park and American Legion teams, plus the All-American Boy Baseball Program, will answer that.

The current Esquire eliminations have been even more extensive than in 1944 when the program was successfully inaugurated. An interesting boy baseball film has been circulated by Esquire to entertain the thousands of boys who competed. Esquire has also distributed a valuable booklet to every boy player, *How to Play Baseball*, written by Luke Sewell, manager of the St. Louis Browns.

Three newspapers, not previously announced, have joined the program—the Boston *Globe*, the Houston *Chronicle* and the Miami *Herald*. Jerry Nason and Ernie Dalton directed the Boston eliminations; Dick Freeman handled the Houston selections and Jimmie Burns was in charge at Miami. With All-American boys chosen at large from Chicago and New York, the number of boys in the big East-West contest hit the desired total—thirty-two.

The All-American Boy wins his rank through competition—the matching of his baseball skill, ambition, code of fair play and ability to learn against that of his friendly rival. Lessons learned in such competition will be beneficial throughout life to every boy among the thousands who seek the coveted thirty-two places. In most cities the representative for the New York game is chosen during a district game; in others the boy is selected by a vote of coaches or other competent judges who have had the opportunity to observe the candidates' qualifications for becoming an All-American Boy.

Again, Esquire will make a sizeable contribution from the gate receipts of the New York game to the American Commission of Living War Memorials. This organization was created in 1944 to encourage by education and assist in the erection of memorials that would make a lasting contribution to community life, increase physical fitness and at the same time be symbolic of the gratitude of each town toward its men and women in service.

When the first official tabulation was made recently, a total of 936 American towns, villages and cities were working toward a living war memorial of some type—swimming pools, stadia, gymnasiums, forest preserves, etc. The total is now well over a thousand.

Yes, more places to play, more encouragement to play in worth-while undertakings—*The American kid is getting a chance!* ⌗

BASEBALL TODAY

"He used to be in the rangers with General MacArthur!"

DADS!

How to Play Baseball, by Luke Sewell, is available for your boy. Send ten cents to cover mailing costs to Esquire Sports Department, Palmolive Bldg., Chicago

The Esquire Sports Poll

G.O. Guy far out in front as the lady casts her vote and decides she's not so sure Mr. Athlete is most amiable hubby

by THE ESQUIRE SPORTS STAFF

• SPORTS •

Gentlemen, we shall join the ladies. Instead of keeping the Esquire Sports Poll strictly stag this time, we polled only women.

To our regular gentlemen customers and to us, the powder puff poll gives enlightenment. Numerous returns advised us that we should have had women prepare the questions. The conductors of this poll are married men and haven't had much practice in asking questions of women. Our training has been to supply the answers, or else.

The 93.52 per cent vote endorsing the "good, ordinary guy" as a companion in wedlock, rather than the sports star or movie headliner husband, surprised us. But there were good emotional as well as logical reasons advanced for the approval of G. O. Guy.

Women are not disposed to pull any punches in the comment. The dear girls made precise remarks on the way that female contours in and out of a bathing suit have a male spectator appeal that can't be equaled by possibly greater finesse but obviously inferior fuselages in other sports for women.

By about a five per cent margin women voted that being—or having been—an athlete makes a man easier to get along with as a husband. And the amazing thing is that not one of the affirmative answers commented that athletic experience trains a man in being a good loser!

Some ladies were just as frank as though we were listening at home to criticism of our genteel research. Louise Flynn, *Journal-Tribune*, Sioux City, Iowa, said: "My major objection to your poll is the fact that most of your questions concern the part of sports that appeal to a woman's eye, not to her intelligence." Irene French, St. Cloud, Minnesota, commented: "If your current sports poll is an intellectual one, it fails entirely; if humorous, you should have tried harder. The questions themselves are an insult to the intelligence of most modern women and they are worded in a manner that implies that all women think alike."

And that's telling us.

But just after we read these candid critiques and were on the verge of going to Gingrich's editorial padded cell and telling him he knew what he could do with this job, we heard from Martha Berend, Washington Court House, Ohio, who commented: "I think this poll is the best you have sent out as far as revealing nonprofessional attitudes . . . It hit home for me."

Hundreds of women sent sports questions of co-educational interest. That emphatic indication of women's interest in sports, together with the exceptionally high rate of return of the ballots, surpassed our expectations.

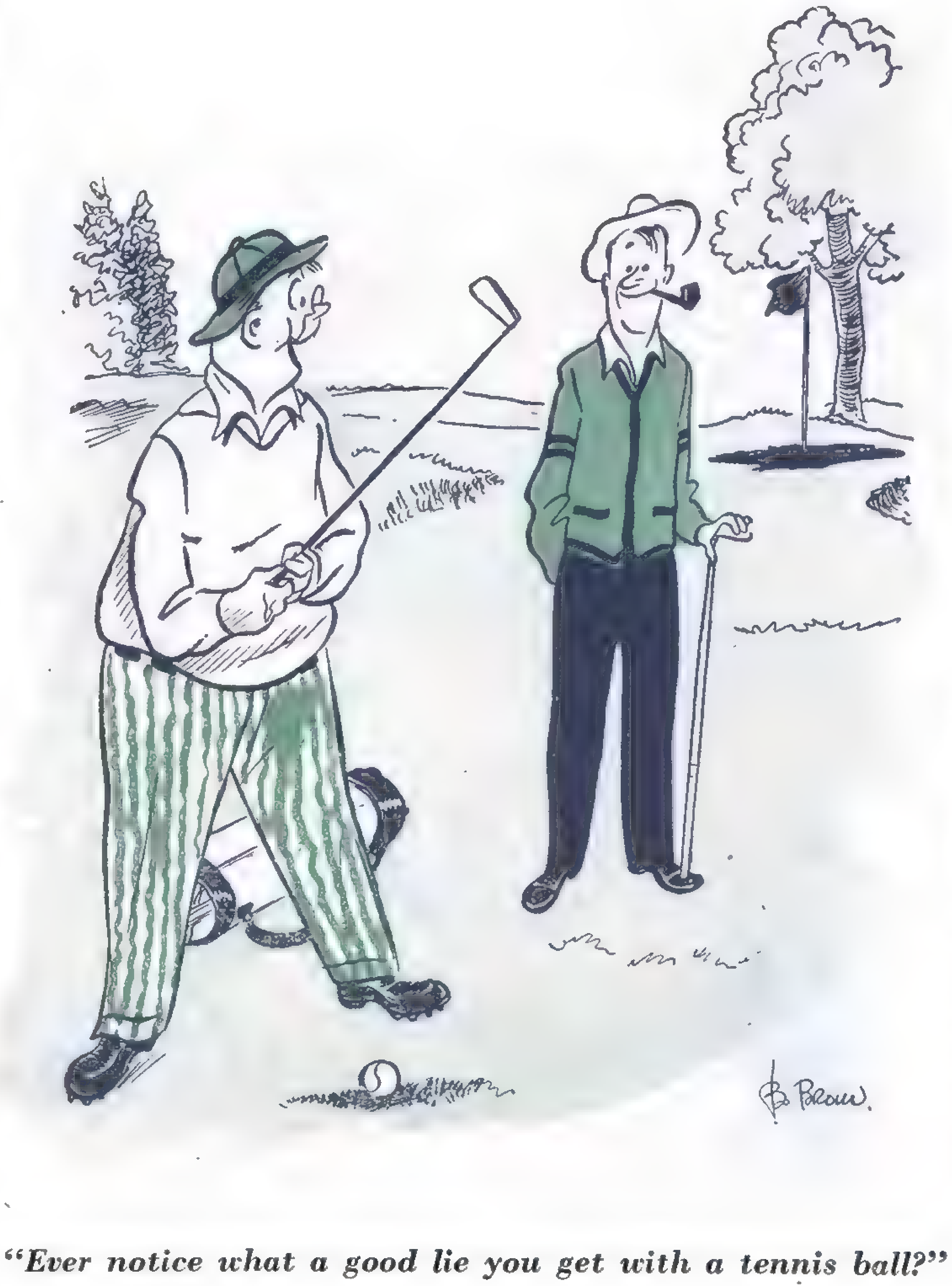
QUESTION I

What men's sport is most thrilling to women?

Football was selected by 54.03 per cent, baseball received 14.11 per cent and basketball was about 2 per cent behind.

Ruth Edgar, Chester (Pennsylvania) *Times*, remarked: "Men are No. 1 extra-curricular activity for all normal women between the ages of six and 106. Football makes them look brutal but charming; baseball, nobby but nice. It's in the clinch though that you can tell a good man from a so-so." Gail Edinger, Centralia, Washington, said that all men's sports were thrilling to her as they would be to other "athletically minded" girls. Esther A. Morris, Chadron, Nebraska, replied that hunting and fishing are men's sports most thrilling to women because The Lady can go along and be as good at the sport as The Noble Male.

Norine Clark, Rochester, New York, showed diplomatic genius. She commented that women find "most thrilling" the sport their men are most enthusiastic about. Jane Kane, Ashtabula, Ohio, said: "My admiration for sports is confined to those that show grace of movement and well-developed muscular co-ordination. They could abolish all organized sports tomorrow and receive my hearty approbation."



"Ever notice what a good lie you get with a tennis ball?"

Helen McLaughlin, *Nebraska State Journal*, Lincoln, Nebraska, said: "In grade school my 'men' were the baseball players; in college (a date with a football player —wow.) Now, as a more staid career gal, I must admit that my appreciation of men who know the responses to a four no-trump bid outshines that for men who indulge in more vigorous forms of sports."

And here's something to make the male wonder. Margaret Shinn, Kannapolis, North Carolina, said: "I think that most women really enjoy close football games, but tag along with men to baseball games to ask foolish questions."

QUESTION II

Do you think a girl's participation in competitive athletics reduces her attractiveness to men?

By a 71.05 per cent vote, women voted "No."

Quite a few voters made an exception in the case of women wrestlers.

Dolores Rielly, Rock Island, Illinois, pointed out "it isn't the sport, it's the girl" that determines attractiveness. Mrs. Doris Lockerman, women's editor, Atlanta (Georgia) *Journal*, commented: "Golf, tennis, swimming and badminton have a social value and certainly promote pleasant associations with what Ring Lardner called 'the opposite sect' but, sister, don't get too good at any one of them or try to make a career in them. Sun and wind do things to face and hands, and muscles are less attractive than curves."

QUESTION III

What competitive sport do you think presents women in the way that appeals most to men?

Half the women are certain swimming is the answer. Tennis received 30.95 per cent and golf 10.32 per cent.

Mrs. Chester H. May, society editor of Oneonta, New York, tacitly names swimming as being the only answer possible. But as a nice gesture to her paper's sports editor, who apparently is not fooled by curves in any sport, she says she casts her formal vote for baseball.

Honor McGrath, Buffalo, New York, presented figure skating, tennis and golf in a tie with swimming for showing women in sports most attractively to men. Kay E. Ryan, Rockford, Illinois, openly and sweetly said she's "envious of the girl who can make a good show in sports."

QUESTION IV

If women have enough skill to compete in sports with men do you think such competition generally identifies them as "muscle molls"?

The "nos" had it by a 65.94 per cent vote. Usually the comment was that the spotlight is shining so brightly on prominent women athletes that they must retain pronounced femininity as part of their showmanship.

Helen Noble, Alhambra, California, one of the nation's top women badminton players, is, at twenty, most positively not a "muscle moll." Miss Noble's informed opinion is that "muscle molls" are born, not made by sports. Elizabeth G. Quinby, Bridgeport, Connecticut, rates a "muscle moll" as a woman qualified to compete in athletics with men, hence too masculine to be feminine.

Frances MacLachlan, Pasadena (California) *Star News-Post* believed that swimming, tennis, golf and horseback riding don't put a woman in the "muscle moll" class, but baseball, wrestling, basketball and hockey do. She said, "most men prefer women who give them good competition in the milder sports."

QUESTION V

In what sports are men most attractive to you?

Football led with 17.75 per cent, then came tennis with 13.99 per cent and golf with 12.97 per cent.

Anne Crews Elston, Fort Dodge, Iowa, said football makes men attractive because of the "completely rugged nature of the sport." Mrs. Porter Wittich, Joplin, Missouri, said: "I've seen my husband miss a short putt in a golf tournament and run second in a 100-yard heat. And I'll take him in the field, a gun in his hand, two dogs on a stand, November's brisk air ready to be smashed open by a covey's flush."

Clara K. Molyneux, Draper, Utah, said: "If a woman is sports-minded, men are attractive in all sports."

QUESTION VI

Would you rather marry a sports star, a movie headliner or just a good, ordinary guy.

This question drew more comment than any other query. The "good ordinary guy" ran a great first by 93.52 per cent. The sports star placed at 6.34 per cent and the movie star showed at .14.

Mrs. Frank Longman, widow of the famed Michigan back who later coached Notre Dame, said of her husband: "His tenderness and kindness have given me memories that makes life now alone so much easier. He was a born gentleman, but I believe his football training helped make him an understanding man."

Rita Lang, Hamilton, Ohio, voted for G. O. Guy, and said: "The athlete usually needs development of his personality." "If the woman is athletic minded it would help make the husband easier to get along with," said Mrs. Vivian Hoadley, Beloit, Wisconsin. "The athlete is more apt to be pleasant," opined Bals Bailliere, Baltimore, Maryland. Thelma Flury, Avard, Oklahoma, remarked: "I prefer a man who is good in any line of sports, but not a professional."

Mrs. Albert Bernath, Atlanta, Georgia, commented: "A movie star and a sports star can also be good ordinary guys. Women who have athletic husbands should learn to participate in sports themselves or be prepared to tolerate dull conversation." Phyllis Perry, Idaho Falls, Idaho, said: "Give me a clean-cut lean boy; let him be interested in sports, but not necessarily a star in them." Adeline W. Kerr, Galesburg, Illinois, called the turn properly when she wrote: "An athlete should be easier to get along with as a husband if he carries his teachings of good sportsmanship into his married life."

That was the tenor of many opinions, although of the opposing view were women who maintained that the star athletes are inclined to fall so deeply in love with themselves and become so self-centered that they want a yes-woman and a cheerleader instead of a teammate. Well, maybe so, but we have seen many wives of famed athletes who know just how hard to tug on the leash to remind the headliner he still is a husband, no matter how many dolls are giving him a load of that "Oh, you great, big, wonderful man" stuff.

QUESTION VII

(a) What sports uniforms of men strike you as being ugly? (b) What uniforms for men are attractive in your eyes?

Football (31.69 per cent) and baseball (29.63 per cent) uniforms were nearly in a tie as the ugliest. Basketball uniforms (15.41 per cent) edged out the baseball suits (15.04 per cent) as being the most attractive.

Anne Watson, New York City, said: "Hockey uniforms are about the least attractive, but by no means ugly. The need for heavy padding and protective guards has been compensated by color combination and design." Color is a strong factor with the women. Mrs. Gayle Circle, Springfield, Ohio, commented: "The attractiveness of a uniform is the color combination and not the style of it." Mrs. Perry Smith, wife of the sports editor of the Springfield (Missouri) *Leader and Press*, said: "Baseball uniforms, if they are fairly clean, appeal most to me. Why can't they do something about those basketball suits. I'm no prude, but basketball outfits are cut awfully scanty now."

Bob Gallivan

". . . now if you'd hit him with the old left when you had him on the ropes in the third—Gus, you're not listening to me"

Mary Niles, Clarksdale, Mississippi, remarked: "If he's built—stacked—I like him best in swim trunks, but if his figure doesn't add up, I like him best all padded up in a football uniform." And again, the matter of cleanliness in men's sports uniforms was mentioned; this time by Mrs. Al Barackman, Moscow, Idaho. Louise West, Santa Ana (California) *Register* suggested that baseball adopt more attractive uniforms. She advised taking "a tip from softballers and adopting an 'upper', of silk or jersey in color. This would eliminate the ugly, dirty undershirts that string down the ballplayers' forearms."

The lads on her paper should tell Louise that the string undershirts are for wiping the excess smokeless tobacco off the big brawny ballplayer's puss.

QUESTION VIII

Do you believe that being an athlete helps make a man easier to get along with as a husband?

Yes, by a 55.36 per cent margin.

Janet F. Amstutz, Ann Arbor, Michigan, observed: "If a fellow has actively participated in sports he has learned fair play, co-operation and co-ordination, and probably has developed a balanced sense of humor." The teamwork angle was stressed by Adele Colwell, Boise, Idaho; Marion Baker, Charleston, South Carolina, Elaine Brandstad, Stockton, California; Muriel Ann Johnson, Corvallis, Oregon, and Tina Cannon, Columbia, South Carolina.

Albert Lea, Minnesota, voted a qualified no on the athlete making an easier house-broken husband. United in the voting were Mrs. Carle R. Belknap, Mrs. W. Russell Voigt, Elaine Baaken and Gladys Stiehl. If the husband hadn't been an athlete he would be made one by working on the lawn, helping with the dishes, and doing other household jobs the stalwart male now is inclined to let the little woman perform.

Janey Sullivan, *Montana Standard*, Butte, Montana, answered NO, doubled and redoubled. Janey said: "I live in a household jammed to the rafters with ex-prize fighters, utterly insane golf enthusiasts, gleeful fishermen and grim hunters." A sweet spirit of sportsmanship shines in the comments of Marietta L. Sonnenberg, Rochester, Minnesota, Jean Miller, Latrobe, Pennsylvania, Mrs. L. D. Gasser, Owensboro, Kentucky, Jeanne Elliott, Neosha, Missouri, and Patsy Hayes, Dallas, Texas. They spoke about it being the wife who has the answer to whether a fellow is going to be easy to get along with, and not the fellow's background in sports.

But for the pay-off in answering Questions VI and VIII probably Mary Katherine Glidden, Grand Rapids, Michigan, gave the right response. She said: "Maybe you haven't been around much lately, but it's common knowledge that we are taking anything we can catch these days, and training them after we catch them." ##

Bobby Jones on Golf's Future

Considering the possibility of plastic golf balls, hazards that are kinder to duffers and the revival of plus fours

by O. B. KEELER

•SPORTS•

"It's a large assignment," said Bobby Jones. "Even talking about it." Bobby Jones was never one to do a lot of talking. This is the second interview, more or less formal, I've had with Bobby Jones since he began his major golfing career in 1916 and I began trying out as his Boswell. Interview for publication, I mean. We used to have some rather lively interviews, or debates, off the record, in what they call the Good Old Days; the eight years, from 1923 to 1930, inclusive, when he was accumulating a string of thirteen major or national golfing championships, in this country and Great Britain, and working up to the Grand Slam. Which probably is the reason why the opinions of Robert Tyre Jones, Jr. on Postwar Golf are considered suitable for framing in the chaste, cool forms of the printer's art.

Anyway, let's have a shot at it.

"When we consider that golf after the war is a large assignment," said Mr. Jones, "too many angles crop up to be included in one viewpoint. The old game itself, and its personal appeal, would be enough for a book. For the boys who come back from the war, handicapped physically so that other outdoor sports are out of the picture, or maybe cracked up in their nerves for awhile, there's nothing like golf. And you may add a lot of play for the older fellows who have stuck around on the home job and have got somewhat frazzled themselves in wartime business and worries."

Well, and what about the postwar international relations in golf—visiting entrants in the big-league tournaments, and international matches, such as the Walker Cup (amateur) and the Ryder Cup (professional) affairs, between the U. S. and Great Britain?

Chances are good for other matches, Mr. Jones considers, facilitated by modern air travel.

"The international matches between this country and Great Britain, and the invasions of both amateurs and professionals for play in the championships, are naturally assured. And from what I've seen and heard, there appears to be a pleasant likelihood of international golfing relations—team matches and visiting firemen in the big tourneys—between the U. S. A. and Mexico, and Brazil, and several other South American countries. With France and Italy and Germany? Offhand, no. Just a guess, of course. They don't seem to look at golf, and sports in general, the way we do. Anyway, they didn't before the war."

But Great Britain and the U. S. A.? They appear certain to get back gradually on their golfing dogs. . . . With the gaps in the old ranks suffered on both sides of the Blue Atlantic, which Old Man Time will be doing his best to fill as the years trundle around.

What about Britain and British golf during the war, anyway? Jones, at that time a colonel in the Army Air Force, was over there quite awhile before crossing to Normandy and France. What about the famous old British golf courses, cultivated for cabbages and potatoes, or maybe busted wide open by spiteful German bombs? One of the most indignant letters I got during this war was from Anthony Spalding, golf writer (now in general reporting) for the London *Star*, in which he called the Nazis everything that would get by the censor for laying a load of eggs on Sunningdale, after being sidetracked from London.

"I saw old Sunningdale only once," said Mr. Jones, "and then vaguely, from the air. I'd love to see it again, someday, from the ground."

I'll bet he would! It was at Sunningdale in 1926 he set a record in qualifying for the British Open with a score of 66-68—134; a record that still stands. And then he won the British Open at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's.

"I got a chance to play at St. Anne's, after coming back from France," said Bobby. "Just before I started home last year. Three rounds. The fairways and putting surfaces were in good shape, but the rough was rough! Me? I was terrible!"

"I hired a detective to keep the ball under surveillance"

St. Anne's and Bournemouth were about the only layouts Mr. Jones saw at close range over there. Bournemouth was fairly active.

"Our soldiers and their soldiers were doing the playing, mostly," he said. "Very little golf in Britain, these days. The ball shortage is a lot shorter than over here, and transportation much more of a problem. They don't plow under the seaside links, however, because they're not much good for agriculture."

But they'll come back again. The golf courses and the golfers. What was that alleged line of the Iron Duke's, about the playing fields of Eton?

"They're that way, over there," said Bobby Jones, who has been deeply involved with them in golf, and in another and grimmer game. "They'll come back!"

So we loosened up a bit to speculate on changes in postwar golf. Equipment. Clubs and balls. Golfing technique. Golf course design. *Modus operandi* in competition—golfing leagues, on the baseball line? U.S.G.A. and P.G.A. still supervising the major events, or somebody like—

Hold it, suggested Mr. Jones. Now, as to equipment and implements and so on:

"I don't foresee any fundamental changes," said Mr. Jones. "The steel shaft, so accurately standardized as to eliminate the formerly variable factors of whip and torsion, seems to have taken care of everything except what might be termed the refinements of club design.

"There's this about the steel shaft innovation. Anybody in normal times now can acquire a set of clubs with a perfectly matched or balanced set of shafts. In the hickory days, they were good shafts, all right. But no two were alike. In the presteel days, a golfer really serious about his equipment had to accumulate his set of clubs one club at a time. And the ability to match up a well-balanced set depended on his sense of 'feel'—something that varies a lot, even with first-class golfers."

I recalled an episode in what Bobby Jones calls the good old days. His ultimate set of clubs that served him through the closing years of his career and the four major championships of the United States and Great Britain in 1930—the Grand Slam—this set of clubs was tested scientifically for center of gravity, moments of inertia and other phases never heard of by many of the better golfers. And the clubs of that Jones set, all hickory-shafted, actually *matched*, as do the clubs of a scientifically evolved set match today.

All except one club, the mashie-niblick—what they'd call a No. 8, in the latter-day lingo. He never found a mashie-niblick that felt just right to him.

"I always had trouble with that darned club," Bob Jones recalled. "Especially at Baltusrol, in the U. S. Amateur of 1926!"

And now—or anyway when this war gets itself over—you can get yourself a set of clubs, all at one time, scientifically standardized, with the No. 8 precisely in line with the rest. So you don't have to worry—about that, anyway.

But what about the ball? Reverting to the prewar days, and looking forward to the postwar, is the good old standard inch-and-ounce to be superseded by a projectile of greater driving range than of yore, and if so will that be a good thing (1) for the expert, (2) for the average golfer and the duffer, (3) for the thousands of golf courses already laid out?

"They are talking about a plastic cover," said Mr. Jones, "and some think it will increase the range of the ball. And some think the inside of the ball eventually may be some sort of plastic.

"I've got a fairly definite, if general, opinion about the ball. I do not think anything should be done to increase its range. It's like a dog chasing its tail—the ball gets longer, and the courses get longer, and that requires more acreage and upkeep, and results in layouts uncomfortably and unfairly long for the average golfer and the feminine golfer and the duffer—and, after all, they pay more than 90 per cent of the freight, in club golf and public-course golf."

Well, said I bashfully, what about two kinds of balls, a high-compression ball for the long-knockers, and a gentler type for the gals and the 90-shooters and the good old duffers; a ball that would travel farther from a light or erratic impact than the stubborn standard?

"Bunk," said Mr. Jones.

"The average golfer, not to mention the duffer, wants to play with the same kind of ball as the expert, and I don't blame him. It might even pay him to sacrifice a few yards in driving power for greater durability. But to my way of thinking, nobody wants to level off performance differences by using a faster ball than the other fellow can get."

When it came to the design of the golf course, Mr. Jones was more expansive, and he had a pet layout in mind—the Augusta National Golf Club, at Augusta, Georgia, home of the Masters' Tournament of prewar celebrity, the original design of the course by the late Dr. Alistair Mackenzie.

The yardage of the Augusta National, up hill and down dale, is from 6,500 to 7,000, depending on which set of tees are in play, and it is sufficiently tough to establish the record score for the

Continued on page 141

How to Be a Poker Wolf

Habits of the one who in poker games invariably runs off with the winnings

by **JOSEPH A. WING**

ARTICLE

If you want to win, the first thing to get out of your mind is that stud poker is a game of luck. Luck makes the winner only when everybody in the game is equally smart—or equally dumb. In a game of both lambs and wolves, the wolves will usually win a tidy percentage. So be a wolf.

There are many variations of stud and each requires special tactics. The advice given here concerns the standard game with no wild cards, skeets, tigers, four flushes or other fancy shenanigans.

The first requisite of the wolf is patience. If you are one of those who feels he must play every hand you will never reach wolfhood. Play only when the "edge is substantially in your favor." This means you fold on the first round unless you have an ace or a pair back to back. In a three-handed game you may shade this and stay in with a king. Never stay in with less than these minimum values, except for an occasional "sociable" hand you may play to keep your system from becoming too obvious.

If you follow this advice you will play about one hand in five. In a three-handed game, with the minimum requirements shaded, the average will be about one in three. You need not worry about others copying your methods. Most people are incapable of staying out of a pot. Even when you go on winning week after week the average lamb will not adopt your system. He will curse you for being a cagey sharper, but at the same time he will go on playing his regular game. He simply hasn't patience to wait until he gets good cards.

Well, suppose the lambs get wise to you and fold every time you stay. Despite the fact that you almost always have the best two cards when you go in, the odds are against your winning the pot if several other players string along. Since you will lose more hands than you win, no one will become unduly terrified just because your money is in the pot. Of course, you must remember that although the odds are against your winning any one particular hand, when four or five lambs string along, such play is not unprofitable for you. For example, if you go in on a pair of deuces back to back and four suckers stay with you to the death, the odds are approximately two to one that one of the lambs will have the luck to draw better pasteboards than yours. But on the one hand in three that your deuces do not get beaten you collect from four players, four to one on your investment.

A wolf doesn't chase good money after bad. He folds as soon as he knows he is beaten. Often you will go into a pot with a low pair. On the next deal somebody has a pair higher than yours. *Fold.* Occasionally you may kick yourself when the later deals show that you would have made your three-of-a-kind or two pairs. But oftener you can congratulate yourself on getting out when the getting was good.

There is one type of bluff that usually works. All night you have been playing only when you had the cards. Then you go into a pot with an ace showing and one of the heavy losers buys a pair on the draw. If you raise him he will scowl at your ace. After lengthy deliberation he will curse and fold his cards. But don't let success go to your head. Once a night is emphatically the limit to which you must confine your bluffing.

Another habit of the wolf is never to let anyone see his hole card without paying for the privilege. When a lamb wins a bluff he loves to turn over his no-good hole card and crow. But the wolf cares nothing for the plaudits of his lambs; he is interested only in their wool. The less they know of his methods the better.

A wolf never tries to buy the fifth card to a flush unless there are at least six players in the pot and his five opponents combined show no more than two cards of the suit.

A wolf does not try to fill any kind of a straight, inside or open, unless the cards are high enough for him to have a good chance to win if he hits a pair.

A wolf always "bumps" the pot when he knows he has the best hand. It is foolish to lie low and try to entice all the lambs to play. The more lambs in the pot, the more likely that one of them may get lucky and buy a third deuce to beat your backed aces. There will be just as much money in the pot if you double the betting level with a raise that will drive half the lambs out.

The wolf does not try to make his money on one big hand. He prefers to grind his profits out of the moderate-sized hands, where in the long run his "edge" will tell. This is why the wolf is seldom the biggest winner at a stud session. Usually the one "big hand" is fought out among the lambs. So Lamb A goes home the big winner for the night. But next week Lamb A will lose all his winnings back in another "one big hand" to Lamb B. The wolf will win a moderate sum at both sessions. ###

EUREKA FINANCE CO.
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Any Man Can Run

If you're fifteen or fifty and sound organically, here's how to increase your endurance, your life expectancy

by CHARLES B. ROTH

• SPORTS •

THE noted sports writer, Grantland Rice, not so long ago posed a mystery in his daily column when he recounted the experience of an all-around athletic champion from an American college who went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. This boy was young, only twenty-two. And he was in fine condition.

One afternoon at Oxford he was asked to play lacrosse, a running game played with long-handled rackets that look a little like tennis rackets. In the game, one man opposes another, tries to keep him from getting the ball and carrying it in his racket. It is a hard game, combining the man-to-man struggle with running, dodging, twisting. It should be easy for a trained athlete of twenty-two, however. Opposing the American college star was a dignified English gentleman of fifty-four; an old man, by American standards.

That "old man" ran the feet off his younger opponent, tired him out, beat him badly, made him quit. Here was a man old enough to be the boy's father, old enough almost to be his grandfather, giving him a trimming in a young man's game. How could he do it? This was the mystery Grantland Rice submitted.

The answer to it is simple enough: the English are a nation of runners, and running is still the supreme conditioning exercise of mankind. The older athlete had conditioned his muscles, lungs and heart, to steady strain. He had run cross-country. He belonged to a Saturday afternoon running club which played "Hare and Hounds," a running game. The young American athlete, trained by American standards, had more spurting energy, more strength; but he couldn't carry on as the Englishman did. He didn't have the endurance which only running can build.

Now, endurance in living a life is of far more importance than mere strength. It is the supreme quality of body, whether a man is a business executive or an athlete. And endurance comes only from one source—the legs, used in running.

If any man wants to improve his physical condition, add to his health, increase his endurance and chances of living a longer, more satisfactory life, he should add running to his exercise regimen.

This sounds forbidding to Americans, to recommend running. Besides, it sounds dangerous. Isn't running hard on the heart? And isn't it a young man's game exclusively? The facts: running is not hard on the heart; anyone organically sound from fifteen to fifty can run to his heart's content, not with danger, not with discomfort, but with pleasure. Running is not a young man's game. To the contrary. The best distance runners are men who are twenty years past their athletic prime for other athletics—Clarence De Mar is still running at fifty-two, Arthur Newton, one of the greatest distance runners in history, is running at fifty-five, and a runner named Hart ran down two young horses at the age of sixty-two.

Arthur Newton didn't start running till he was past forty; he had been before that a quiet, gentle African farmer. He has broken every distance record in the world from fifty miles up, and is running as well today as he ever did. During one year he walked and ran nearly 10,000 miles. In fourteen years he kept track of his training distances—102,735 miles. His health flourished under such a schedule. He has no colds. No pains. No debilities of any kind. And in appearance he is youthful—straight, lithe, energetic.

The running I am talking about isn't competitive running at all. It is health running; running you do because it is fun to run and is healthful at the same time. You need never train except for running; need never follow a daily schedule. Running is the most natural form of activity there is.

The first advice I must give you is the only warning you ever need consider about running—don't overdo at the start.

When you start, take it easy, ever so easy, in the beginning. At first, don't even run. Jog. A jog is the next gentlest gait to a walk. Barely lift your feet as you cover the ground. Glide over it. Act lazy. Whenever you feel out of breath in the least, slow down to a walk, and walk until you have recovered. Then jog again. Continue in this way—jog until you feel "winded," walk until you feel rested, jog again, walk again.

If you haven't ever run before, I think you had better jog for a month or six weeks before you ever so much as think of stepping out at a run.

After you have jogged for awhile, you will notice the results of running in everything you do. You will feel better. Your appetite will improve. Better digestion will be yours. If you have been subject to colds and coughs, that tendency will disappear. And your physical development all over will increase—even to the arms.

There are three main styles of distance running.

The first is called the American style, because it is the style adopted by most American distance men. It is also called the English style, because English runners affect it. Both names are misnomers: it would be more correct to call it the toe style of running, because the runner lands on what are loosely called the toes. Of course, he doesn't actually land on the toes, which would be impossible. He lands on the front part of the sole.

Second comes the flatfoot style, used by Arthur Newton in making all his records. This is more of a shuffle than a stride, and Newton barely leaves the ground with his feet as he takes his short strides. It is the most economical of all styles and, hence, the one with which you can cover the greatest distance with the least amount of energy. But it is slow.

The third style is the Finnish style—there are no greater distance men than these Finns. Remember Nurmi? To a man the Finns run in this peculiar style. It is just the opposite of the American style. Finnish runners strike the ground with the heel first, the rest of the foot coming to the contact as the weight comes over it, the toes being the last to leave for the next stride.

Which style shall you adopt?

It depends upon your natural inclination and also upon the distance you want to run. For a great distance, a marathon distance, Newton's flat foot is your style—the most economical style of all. But for just padding along as you will for fun, I think the American style is best. It's fun, though, to try all three; each is a refreshing change from the other.

Bend the elbows as you run, clench the fists lightly and let the arms swing gently. No stiffness or strain anywhere. Stiffness, strain are fatal. Everything should be ease, naturalness.

There was one distance runner some years ago who contended that breath should be taken through the nostrils altogether; that the mouth should never be opened for breathing purposes. But that is wrong. There are times when you will want to take great gulps of air through the mouth, and if you feel that you want to breathe in this way, do it.

No matter how busy you are, no matter where you live, no matter what your occupation, you can run—if you want to.

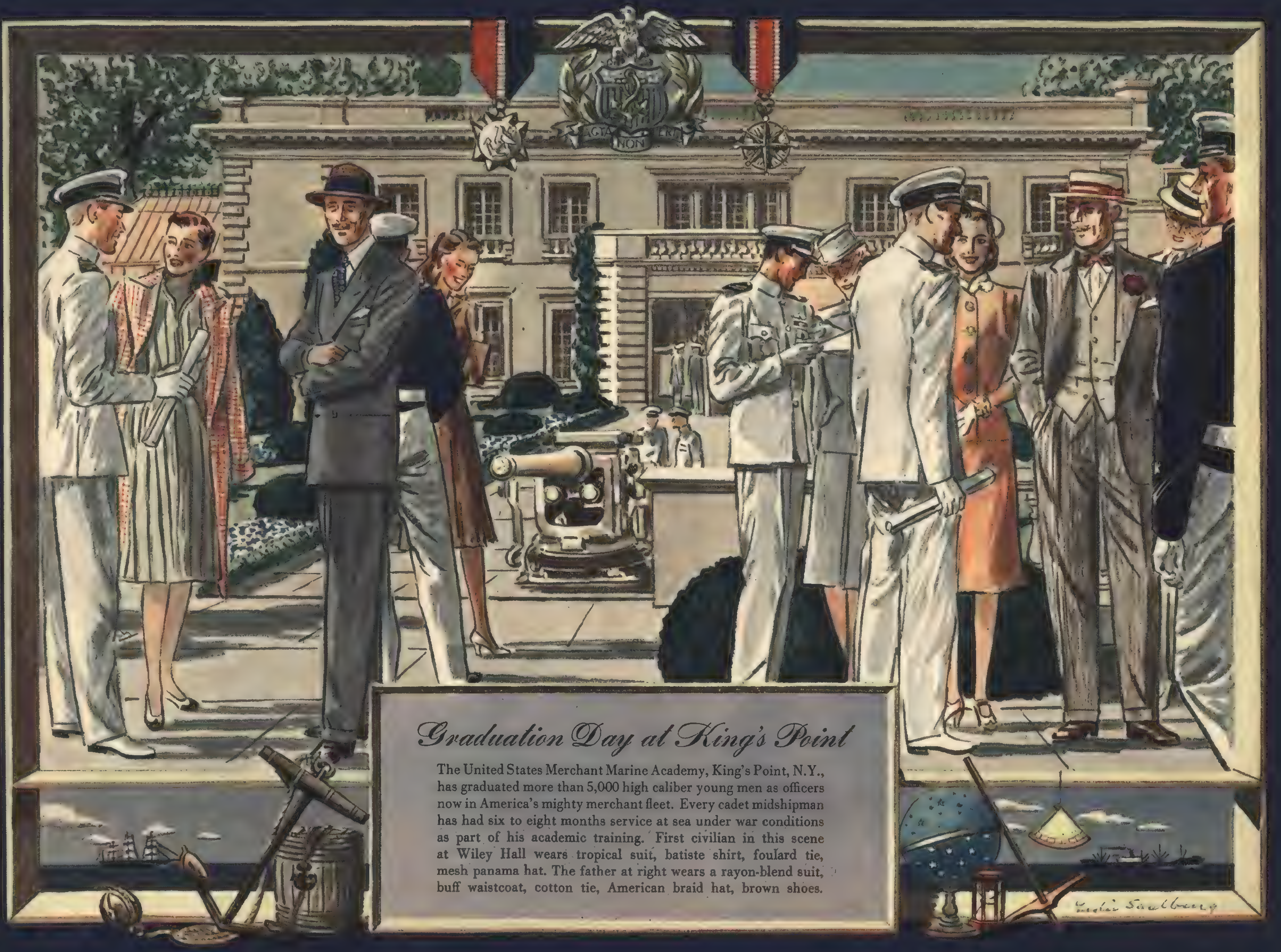
And if you try it just once—you will want to! #

Summer Athletics in Schools

CONCERNING physical fitness and the need for getting the nation's populace "in shape," attention is called to the new movement growing among educators in which athletic competition, physical education work and planned recreation would be carried out by the schools throughout the year instead of on a nine-month basis.

"We are being wasteful when we permit our schools and staffs to remain idle part of the year," declared H. V. Porter, executive secretary of the National Federation of State High School Athletic Associations and leader of the movement to make use of school equipment and trained staffs for increased physical fitness activity. A pioneer in improving athletic rules and equipment, Porter visions a vastly expanded program in which high school sports are continued throughout the summer. He also believes more complete use can be made of school equipment and staffs in co-operation with community physical fitness endeavors.

Porter conducted a poll of state high school athletic secretaries which reveals that seventy-nine per cent of the state leaders believe summer programs should be put into operation. In some states summer baseball leagues and other competitive interscholastic sports are being planned now.



Graduation Day at King's Point

The United States Merchant Marine Academy, King's Point, N.Y., has graduated more than 5,000 high caliber young men as officers now in America's mighty merchant fleet. Every cadet midshipman has had six to eight months service at sea under war conditions as part of his academic training. First civilian in this scene at Wiley Hall wears tropical suit, batiste shirt, foulard tie, mesh panama hat. The father at right wears a rayon-blend suit, buff waistcoat, cotton tie, American braid hat, brown shoes.

Decorations for Dads

KEEP IN MIND the head of the family on Father's Day, June 17, set aside expressly in honor of him. The best gift of all is a War Bond. After this are various articles suggested by the illustrations on these two pages. For Fathers in the Armed Forces, gifts are practical and essential items for personal use. For civilian Fathers it makes sense to check up on his needs and likes. If any articles of apparel are selected, consider his preferences of colors and designs. Since its inception in 1909, Father's Day has become an American tradition.

STRIPED *repp, printed rayon four-in-hand, made-up bow ties, Oxford shirt qualify.*

TIES *to satisfy varied tastes; large, medium and small figured rayons, striped repp.*

FOR *servicemen; ties, socks, toilet case, bags, letter set, lighter (overseas PXs).*

SOCKS *of clocked rib lisle, striped rayon blends, garters, shoes (ration coupon too)*

TARTAN *wool shirt, tie, cotton golf jacket with removable leather lining, clubs, bag.*

MOCCASIN *slippers with composition soles, cotton T shirt, checked rayon shirt, socks.*

A COCONUT *palm hat by means of a gift certificate, rayon and cotton handkerchief.*

BRACES *of neckwear figures and stripes, belts of various leathers, striped ribbon.*

STRIPED *webbing top beach sandals, cotton shirt, processed swim shorts, sun glasses.*

FIGURED *lighweight rayon robe, soft sole moccasin house slippers, rayon pajamas.*

AFTER SHAVE *lotions, talcum powder, cologne, shaving and bar soaps and blades.*

PEN AND PENCIL *sets, writing kit, wallet, cigarette box, matching trays, lighter.*

FOR LEISURE *hours: bowling, dart game, quoit set in wooden box, tennis racquet.*

RECORD ALBUM, *game set in book like case, game compendium, card and dice set.*

PIN SEAL HUMIDOR, *cigars, cigarettes, tobacco humidor, pipe caddy, tray, silver box.*

TWO-SUITER *case, case of textured material, leather brief case, cotton rain coat.*

STUD BOX, *wrist watches, silver key chain, zodiac bill and tie clip, cuff-link set.*

CURRENT *volume between book ends of sporting design, globe on base with atlas.*

OUTDOOR *chef's cap, apron and towels, adobe grill and sets of implements.*

BEER MUGS, *martini pitcher, large glasses, ice bowl, tongs, muddler, glasses on tray.*

WALLETS *and billfolds with specially styled compartments, tobacco pouch, bill clip.*

KODACHROMES BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

Leydenfrost

There's Rum Without Tears

Lowdown on how to pick the good rum from the throat varnish, and how to mix it into various thirst quenchers

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

"MAY I help you?" says the package store salesman to the anxious browser.

"Yes, I want a bottle of———."

"Sorry, sir. All out of *that* till next week. But I've got some good *rums*."

Browser shakes his head lugubriously. A couple of sterling pals are booked to drop in on him that evening and he's leery of offering them anything experimental. The fact that it is available, and the liquors he's accustomed to aren't, doesn't speak well for it in his estimation. What's the lowdown on rums anyhow, he'd like to know, just out of curiosity as a guy who keeps bumping into them when applying for his regular medicines, which have become maddeningly scarce?

The lowdown is that *good* rums, pale or dark, light-bodied or hefty, are as fine liquors as a thirster could ask for, but he's got to know *what* to ask for, because the market is booby-trapped with junk of one type and another, gay with brief-blooming brand names.

How did such lugs on the market get entrance papers? Why, my dear sir, they are *rums*. Barring outright poison, anything registering not less than 80 proof and made, never mind how, from sugar-cane juice, syrup, molasses, or other cane derivatives, can claim that title. Label doesn't have to state age, nor give the least hint of character. Americans ever since colonial days have been clamoring for rum, and this is it—of all kinds, all grades, from super to subbasement.

We who live under the blessings of excise, with Uncle Sam's gaugers checking on everything that goes into a kettle and every drop that comes out, and every detail of blending and aging, can hardly picture a setup devoid of these governmental controls. Yet that's what you encounter in Cuba. No bonded warehouses nor ado about age. No tying of doctor's hands with thou shalt nots. Scruples, discernible here and there, cluster conspicuously around the fine rums for which Cuba is famed; apart from these serene supremes, and they're mighty few, the industry consists of a medley of simmer-shanties that turn out rude *ron* for the local throat-varnish trade but don't play deaf to America's call, voiced by Rolltop & Cuspidor, Ltd., for scarcity specials, packaged to your taste.

Good rum is *clean* from preliminary whiff and trial sip right through to aftertaste. If, dandling it judicially on your tongue, you are surprised at its dryness and puzzled by resemblance to other liquors, kindly recollect your chemistry, which taught you that sugar is the source of all alcohols. Only difference in rum's case is that the makers have gone straight to the tropical Sugar Isles and copped the sweetest plant that grows, whose positives and negatives are really something for a guy in between to handle.

Heaviest-bodied, most opulent-pungent rums are those of Jamaica, an island where flavor fervor is carried to the point of wrangling over the elegance of the cane grown on the Snazzleigh Estate versus that of the slick sticks up yonder at Supadupa. Froth surges in the minted swizzle pitcher ladles deal out.

FISH HOUSE PUNCH

¼ cup sugar and splash of water to dissolve. When dissolved add:

Juice of 1 dozen lemons
1 bottle fine old Jamaica rum
½ bottle brandy
1 jigger peach brandy
1 quart water

Let stand 2 hours in bowl with berg of ice, stirring frequently. Hard part is keeping prowlers at bay.

For a one-man assignment the luscious logical is Planter's Punch (lime juice, sugar, good slug of rum, Angostura; shakered and strained into a tower of crushed ice) which work-shirkers counterfeit outrageously yet palatably with rum and sarsaparilla. But the favorite drink of the West Indian sugarocracy, the treat they crave after the day's grind of raising cane, is rum—neat or touched with bitters.

Such medium-bodied isles as Haiti, Trinidad and Barbados manage to be gullet-agreeable even though their outputs aren't large. To hobbyists they are distinct possibilities as rums to take up. As for Martinique, source of France's *Grog Américain*, we trust that the good old grooves have been slipped back into and that smoothness and schnozzle-swoonology are accumulating there for renewed acquaintance here.

Big winners in the modernity swigstakes are the light rums of the Cuba-Puerto Rico-Virgin Islands persuasion. Do they persuade! The "white," as canny counterbalancer of lime, has been sending Daiquiri partakers in droves; you just can't keep lethargic in the vicinity of such lift. Difficult even to remain morose. And now this blond sophisticate, restive at being pigeonholed as the Daiquiri magician, is hopping around into all sorts of drinks; any that he has overlooked, his side-kick, "golden" (not quite so dry), has calmly appropriated. The Collins was an early conquest, followed by the capitulation of the Old Fashioned, and then the Manhattan was fallen for, under the title of Latin Manhattan. Now the Martini is trembling on its stem, and the question of the hour—any hour from five o'clock till closing—is, "With soda or plain water, sir?"

Rooting into the reasons and causes, we find that the men behind the brands have been shrewd in their sizing-up of the present-day American palate and the tempo of existence in this land of ours. Even before the shortage, importations from Puerto Rico had risen from around 30,000 cases in 1934 to more than 1,500,000 in 1942, and the Virgin Islands weren't snoozing either. Today, operating under a quota and hampered by scarcity of cartons, these spot-marksmen will see us through the summer if we don't overdo or scare-buy. But next winter's Hot Buttered Rum is in jeopardy, and how are we going to safeguard it if people keep bejiggering us with concoction temptations? For instance:

COOL O' THE EVENING

Crush thoroughly 1 sprig mint in shaker. Add juice of ¼ lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 jigger white rum, cracked ice. Shake till heavy frost. Strain into cocktail stemmer. (No fresh mint? Then use coupla drops *white* crême de menthe.)

SUNSHINE COCKTAIL

Equal parts pineapple juice, dry vermouth, white rum. Dash of grenadine. Stir with cracked ice.

AIR MAIL

Juice of ½ lime, 1 teaspoon honey, 1 jigger gold rum, mixed together in shaker. Add cracked ice, shake; strain into highball glass and fill with dry champagne.

FLYING TIGRE COCTEL.

(Captain in the U.S. Marines, Amphibious Group 7, S.W.P.A., sends this one, gathered at Santiago de Cuba in 1942. Here's to you, Captain!) ½ Bacardi Oro, ¼ gin or maybe a little more, ¼ grenadine or maybe a little less, bitters, sugar; shake with fine ice and pour without straining into large cocktail glass.

And there's that drink that the song is about—"Something-or-other and cola." #

◀ THE C-97 DELIVERS THE GOODS

WINGING at high speed at high altitudes is the Army Air Forces' new super cargo and troop transport—the Boeing C-97. This giant airship is a transport counterpart of the B-29 Superfortress, and exceeds all existing Army Air Force transports in range, pay load and size. It can carry more than one hundred fully equipped troops for long distances at exceptionally high speed. A commercial version of the plane, to be known as the Boeing Stratocruiser, and capable of carrying up to one hundred persons in luxurious comfort for operating ranges up to 3,500 miles with ample fuel reserves already has been announced for postwar use.

A unique feature of the C-97 is a pair of great loading doors which open under the rear of the fuselage, with a drive-up ramp which is let down from within. The ramp is self-contained in the plane and is retracted into the airplane by an electrically powered cargo hoist so that no special equipment is necessary on the field to load or unload the transport. Two fully-loaded ton-and-one-half trucks can be driven up the ramp into the airplane with plenty of room left for other cargo, or two light tanks can be accommodated.

Details of the ship's performance, like those of the B-29, are restricted for military reasons. However, the C-97 is larger, faster and will carry a greater load farther than any other military land transport. It has a maximum speed of over three hundred fifty miles an hour. It has wings, tail surfaces and landing gear identical to those of the B-29, but the volume—10,000 cubic feet—is more than twice that of the B-29. Its usable cargo space is almost equal to that of two average railway boxcars. The plane is 110 feet 4 inches long, twelve feet longer than the B-29. Its wingspread of 141 feet 3 inches is the same as that of the Superfortress. Its design gross weight is 120,000 pounds. Recently the C-97 set a coast-to-coast nonstop flight record of six hours, three minutes and fifty seconds. Because of the airplane's size, its high performance and its sleek aerodynamic design, the C-97 rides over air bumps, occupants said. One occupant characterized the ride as providing "the smoothest transportation I have ever experienced."

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Appraising *Dark of the Moon* and hinting that it would be a far, far better world if actresses off the stage were muzzled

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

It should be the right of playwrights and producers to demand of the Actors' Equity Association that its contracts include a clause forbidding actors to give out interviews on the plays in which they are engaged to appear, and in particular before the plays open. An example of the detriment such interviews can do was to be had in the case of Tallulah Bankhead. Miss Bankhead, hired as the star of a play by Philip Barry called *Foolish Notion*, spread herself in the public prints in advance of the exhibit's New York première and ventilated herself in such wise that any person who read what she had to say subsequently approached the play with highly prejudiced misgivings.

"A Barry play is a joy to act because he writes so well," effervesced Miss B. "He has such humor and insight. Ideas, too. Why, this play is full of them! There's the idea that if you imagine a thing hard enough—a fear or a wish—you get it out of your system. You're free of it. Then there are those lines in the script about not knowing people, even though they're close to us. 'I'm beginning to believe that no one has more than a glimmer about anyone from one minute to the next . . . what they're thinking, what they're hiding . . . what actually goes on in them at all.' Do you see what I mean about the lines being beautifully written?"

The answer was No.

The answer, Tallulah, further was No about those great ideas. I for one, for instance, my dear, may imagine as hard as I can the wish that star actresses would refrain from such senseless interviews, but the wish somehow still refuses to get out of my system and I'm still not free of it. I can also imagine a whole lot of other things so hard that I damnigh exhaust myself, but nevertheless my wishes and even my fears stubbornly persist. What is more, that great idea about people not having more than a glimmer of others from one minute to the next, aside from its inordinate staleness, appeals to me as sentimental nonsense. The notion that the average person is mysteriously inscrutable is the conviction of persons with brains approximately as profound as those of a correspondence school psychoanalyst.

Miss Bankhead, now enthusiastic beyond all bounds, proceeded with her tributes to Barry and his play. What Barry has written in his second act, she bubbled, "are not dream sequences; I hate dreams in a play. They're what some of the characters imagine is going to happen! Then in the last act you see what really does happen." Here, Miss B. paused proudly, apparently convinced that Barry had devised something startlingly new in drama.

Miss B.'s readers may have been forgiven an impolite hiccup. The device has long been familiar through use by a variety of playwrights.

While it is true that subsequent attendance upon Mr. Barry's effort only re-emphasized the trepidations induced by his discursive star, it remains that the latter did him dirt by diminishing one's interest in his exhibit some time before its first curtain rose. What one encountered proved, however, that Miss Bankhead had been a first-rate critic of it, albeit in reverse. If a worse play by an established contributor to the American stage has been seen hereabout in years, I don't know it.

The play deals with an actress whose husband has been missing for five years and has been declared legally dead and who is about to marry her leading man when she learns that her long-absent spouse is not only alive and kicking, but about to show up any moment. In this juncture, the actress, her leading man, her father and her little adopted daughter are made by the author to imagine what the husband's return will be like, only to find, after their imaginings have been elaborately acted out on the stage, that they have guessed wrong.

These "imaginings," for all Barry's posturing to the contrary, are, moreover, really nothing but the old stage dream stuff under another label. The only difference is that, whereas in a dream the stage characters sometimes act as if they had been smoking opium, in this case they act as if they had swallowed Sonja Henie. Their imaginations seem to be largely in their feet. They scurry so ceaselessly around the stage, accompanying their activity with so much gabble, all of it excessively dull, that one is persuaded the trouble with their imagination is that their playwright has none.

In many a stage dream, the characters intermittently act as if they had forgotten their lines. In Barry's so-called imaginations they don't forget so much as a single one, which is an additional defect in this scheme.

Miss Bankhead and her supporting company battled bravely with the materials, like so many Pattons, but the enemy was too much for them. The reviewers mercifully raised the white flag on their behalf.

* * *

Howard Richardson's and William Berney's *Dark of the Moon* is a meritorious contribution to the American drama which was made to seem largely otherwise by a defective stage production. Though the authors, both still in their twenties, are new to playwriting, they have composed a treatment of the well-known Barbara Allen folk legend which, for all its occasional letdowns, manages a combination of eerie fantasy and earthy humor that is frequently impressive and that, in its better portions, achieves a degree of real eloquence.

The story, as those of you acquainted with the Carolina hillbilly ballad are aware, is of a witch-boy of the Great Smokies who craves the love of the human Barbara, who strikes a bargain with a Conjur Woman that in exchange for being himself made human, his beloved must remain faithful to him for a year else he return to his original state and she die, and who is betrayed by the superstitious and religious mountain folk, with the threatened consequences. What any such play obviously calls for is shrewd casting, adroit staging and expert direction. It received none of these. As a result, the inner worth of the script went unperceived by both the lay customers and a quota of the professional appraisers. Nor were they, considering the obfuscating botch the producers had made of it, overmuch to be blamed.

An amateur note, doubtless as in certain other past instances calculated to impress an audience with the exhibit's naturalness and

SEE
CRATERS OF THE MOON
RINGS OF SATURN
SPIRAL NEBULAE
APT. 21E
LEO GAREL

simplicity (both in quotation marks), was further allowed to hover over the stage, like a liqueur served in a paper cup. There were times, indeed, when that stage suggested the deposit of ten dollars in gold in a child's dime bank.

Matters were made worse by the producers' fear of License Commissioner Moss' possible censorship and their consequent excision from the play of the all-important scene wherein, during a revival meeting, Barbara is seduced by the village bully, thus reconverting her lover into a witch and guaranteeing her own death. The deletion robbed the play of its climactic moment and helped to kill the effect of what had gone before. The authors, furthermore, were persuaded to change a number of their original lines, to the damage of the scenes in which they figured. They also, sensitive to possible allegations of imitation, of their own volition altered the original ending of their script, depriving both their final curtain and the play of the latter's most tender and significant moment. As first written, the witch-boy upon being exorcised from humanity, glances casually at the dead Barbara lying on the mountain rock and, no longer recognizing her, gropes his way slowly upward wondering who she is. This they changed into the witch-boy's gazing fixedly at the girl with the line, "Barbara, if only you hadn't been human!" which made the conclusion of their play not a little silly. And, as a final production touch, the witches, properly designed by the authors as not of the Hallowe'en species but as the personable temptresses out of classic imagination, were disclosed as infinitely more suited to an Earl Carroll Hollywood floor show than to any such poetic fantasy as this.

An intrinsically often valuable play was thus, among a dozen other ways, sacrificed to poor theatrical governorship.

* * *

George Kelly, after an eight-year absence, returns to the theatre with *The Deep Mrs. Sykes*, a poorly contrived but nevertheless interesting play, and if you think that's a paradox, you're right. But paradox or not, it's true. For, while his play may have many faults as a play, his shrewd observation of strange facets of character and the adult intelligence he has brought to the treatment of his basic theme frequently illuminate what dramaturgically is gloom, and serve as a likely recompense.

"There are egotist women," his Mr. Sykes says, "and they say they're really much deadlier than the male, because their egotism usually passes for mere feminine jealousy." That is Kelly's theme. Developing it from a mere bunch of white lilacs sent anonymously to the attractive wife of a neighbor, he shows how the much-vaunted intuitions of women play havoc with their wrongly suspected husbands and with their own lives. Though the play he has fashioned from the theme takes an inordinately long time to get going and, even when it gets going, persuades an audience that it might much more wisely have been written in terms of high comedy rather than drama, his analyses of character and his pointed manner of putting them into words often capture the attention that the physical aspects of his play fail to. That a grown-up mind is presiding over the stage simultaneously with a defective dramatist is obvious, and for a grown-up mind in the theatre these days, whatever a medium's shortcomings, we may be duly thankful.

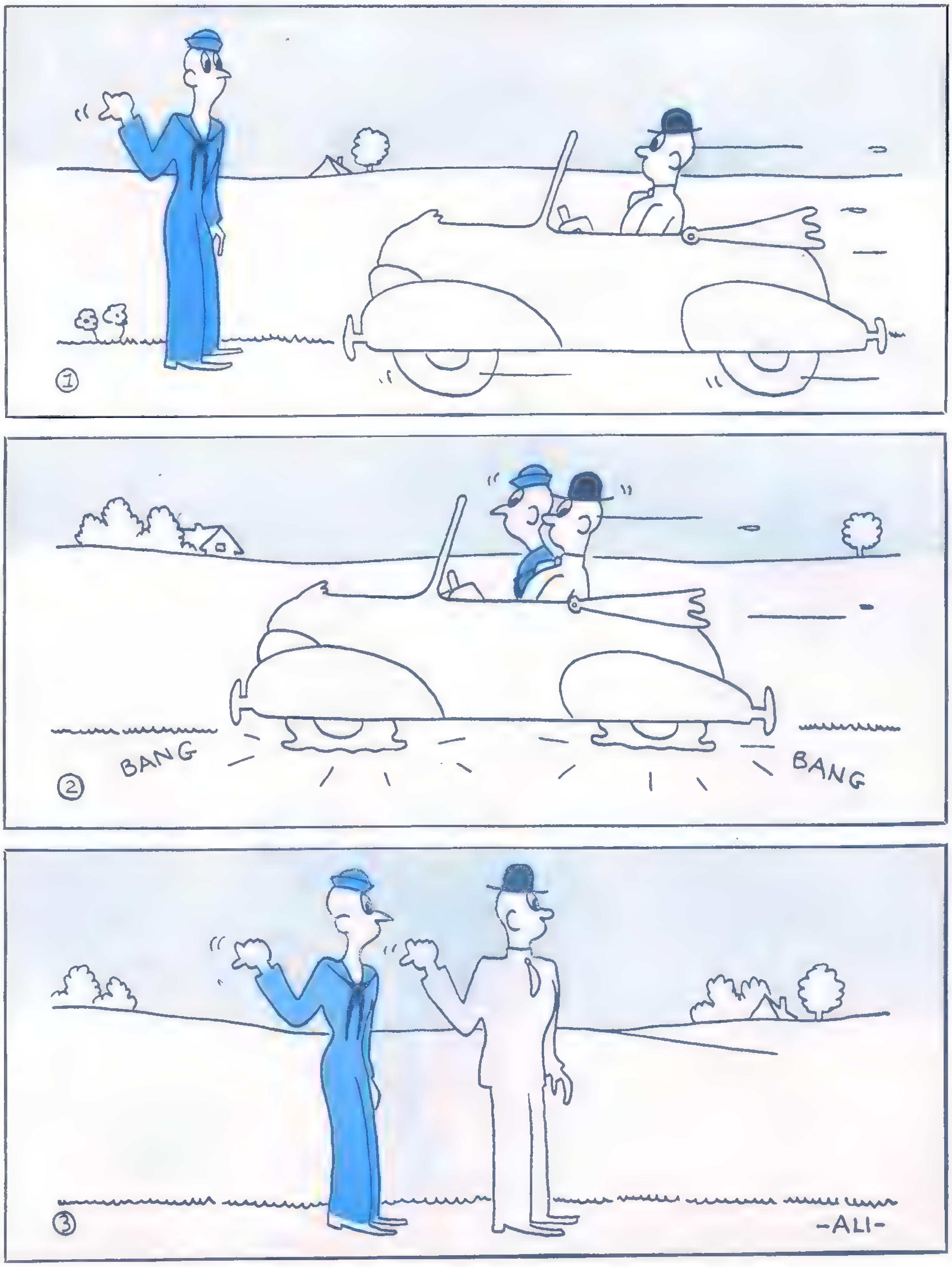
As the director of his own play, Kelly is guilty of staging it so ponderously that the aforesaid shortcomings are all the more noticeable. And among the other things he should do is to confide to his actors that the correct pronunciation of the flowers is not lilocks.

* * *

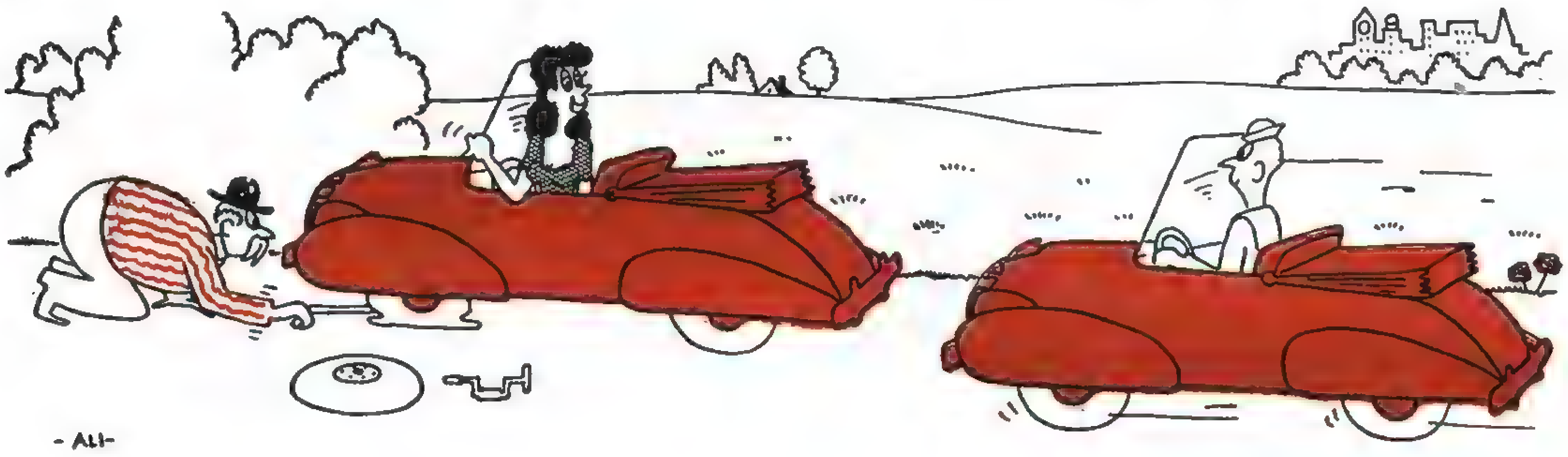
Plays dealing with sailors or their equivalents on leave seem to be taking their place with plays about race horses as a sure way for producers to lose their pants. Luther Davis' *Kiss Them for Me*, derived from Frederic Wakeman's novel, *Shore Leave*, was another in the line. Like those that preceded it, it presented the same old business of heavy boozing and girl chasing, interlarded with the same old digs at civilians, reminiscences of Guam and Guadalcanal, saucy slaps on women's bustles, casual self-depreciations of heroism and the like. An attempt to dye the whiskers with a significance only added to the general megrims, since the significance took the peculiar form of criticizing civilian share in the war effort in terms of a faithful, loyal and successful shipbuilder who didn't relish a flyer's passes at his fiancée, and the even more peculiar form of criticizing the Navy for necessary and valuable attention to detail simply because it prevented several flyers on leave from getting drunker than they were.

I had thought that the venerable final curtain on the heroine's "I'll be waiting" had mercifully disappeared for all time, but, sure enough, here it was again.

There was criticism of the changing of the play's original title, *The Lovely Leave*, to *Kiss Them for Me* on the ground that the latter, to those who hadn't yet seen the play, too greatly suggested mushiness. Any such criticism might have been answered by referring to such titles as D'Annunzio's *The Dream of a Spring Morning*, Björnson's *When the New Wine Blooms*, and Sudermann's *Joy of Living* and *Happiness in a Corner*. ⧻



Going the Rounds With Esquire



A G. I. stopping at the Hotel Thinwalls was asked to move from his large double room to the small single room next door to make room for a couple on their honeymoon. He grabbed most of his clothes in his arms, went next door, jumped in bed and went to sleep.

He was awakened by the honeymooners talking. "Whose little eyebrows are these?" went the question, down through whose little eyes, nose, lips, etc. Finally the soldier could take no more and angrily bellowed: "When you come to the house slippers, they're mine."

—*Bomb-Bay Messenger*

"Oh, she isn't our maid, she's the maid's maid"

The sergeant was giving advice to the private going on a date. "If your girl wants to eat, watch your manners: if she wants to talk, watch your grammar; if she wants to make love, send for me."

—*Howitzer*

•

Definition: A conservative: One who bets on the rabbit at the dog races.

—*Command Post*

•

Ask a New England farmer where a certain place is and he'll say, "Oh, down the road a piece." If you try to get something a little more definite he may possibly commit himself to "Well, about a mile," which turns out to be a good three miles, particularly if you're on foot. The other day, while talking to a Texan, we found this gay disregard for exact distances is carried to even greater extremes in the Lone Star State. Said he, "We don't figure in miles down there—we just say it's so many wagon greasings!"

—*Bomb-Bay Messenger*

•

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.

—*Army Times*

•

Two American fighter planes crashed over a Pacific isle and both pilots jumped and pulled their parachute cords. One opened quickly and floated that pilot gently to the earth. The other pilot fell rapidly through the clouds.

When the one who had parachuted to earth reached headquarters to report, there was the other pilot already in the C.O.'s office.

"What happened to you?" asked the boy with the parachute.

"I was lucky. We crashed together just above a gang of Seabees and when they saw my parachute didn't open they built a net for me to land in."

—*Philippine Crew Blasts*

•

A woman went to buy a drinking trough for her dog. The shopkeeper asked her if she would like one with the inscription, "For the Dog."

"It really isn't necessary," she replied without any hesitation. "My husband never drinks water and the dog can't read."

—*Skywriter*

Far from home the Coast Guardsman sat down in the small restaurant. He gave the waitress this order: "Bring me a burnt piece of toast, a burnt piece of bacon, two cold scrambled eggs, and a cup of cold, badly brewed coffee."

The waitress brought the food as ordered.

"Now," said the Coast Guardsman, "sit down on the other side of the table and nag me. I'm homesick as hell."

—*Jacksonville Guardsman*

•

It must be true that carrots aid the eyesight. When you stop to think about it did you ever see a rabbit wearing glasses?

—ASFTC *Amphibian*

•

"Does your blouse fit?" asked the supply sergeant.

"Perfectly," said the recruit.

"And your pants?"

"Grand."

"Cap?"

"Swell."

"Boots?"

"Fine."

"Hell, man, you're deformed—ask for a discharge."

—*Tailspin*

•

The Army camp papers are tossing this one around: A fellow was telling a friend about a movie he'd just seen. "The heroine came out from behind a bunch of ribbons," he recounted, "and the hero appeared alongside a pile of fruit. The villain sneaked in behind some straw and hit the hero on the head. He disappeared in some straw."..."What kind of movie was that?" asked the friend...."I know it sounds odd," shrugged the first G.I., "but that's the way it looked to me. The woman in front of me kept her hat on all during the movie!"

"Regardless of what she's waving at you with, she's still waving at you!"

"Is there a mechanic in the crowd?"

Early to bed,
And early to rise,
And you'll never see red
In the whites of your eyes.

—*Manchester Beacon*

•

"The time is coming," cried the soapbox orator, "when all of us will have big cars and chauffeurs."

A man in the audience piped up: "And will the chauffeurs have chauffeurs?"

—*Daily Dope Sheet*

•

"Do you go to school, honey?" the yeoman asked his sweetie's kid sister.

"Naw," snapped the child, "I'm sent."

—*Oily Rag*

•

The reason a dog has so many friends is that his tail wags instead of his tongue.

—*Camp Lejeune Globe*

•

Two sailors arrested for disturbing the peace pleaded not guilty.

"What about the officer's claim that he found you fighting?" asked the judge.

"A purely optical illusion," replied one of the accused. "No doubt he thought we were fighting."

"And if you weren't fighting," remarked the judge, "just what were you doing?"

"Trying to separate each other," was the prompt reply.

—*Terminal Topics*

•

Wife (to husband sneaking up the stairs): "Is that you, dear?"

Husband: "It had better be me."

—*The Ship's Log*

•

Lady (on telephone): "Is my husband there at the club?"

Porter: "No, m'am."

Lady: "But I haven't told you my name yet."

Porter: "That don't make any difference m'am, there ain't ever any woman's husband here at this club."

—*Bainbridge Mainsheet*

•

It's funny that a woman who can spot a blonde hair at ten paces can't see a pair of garage doors.

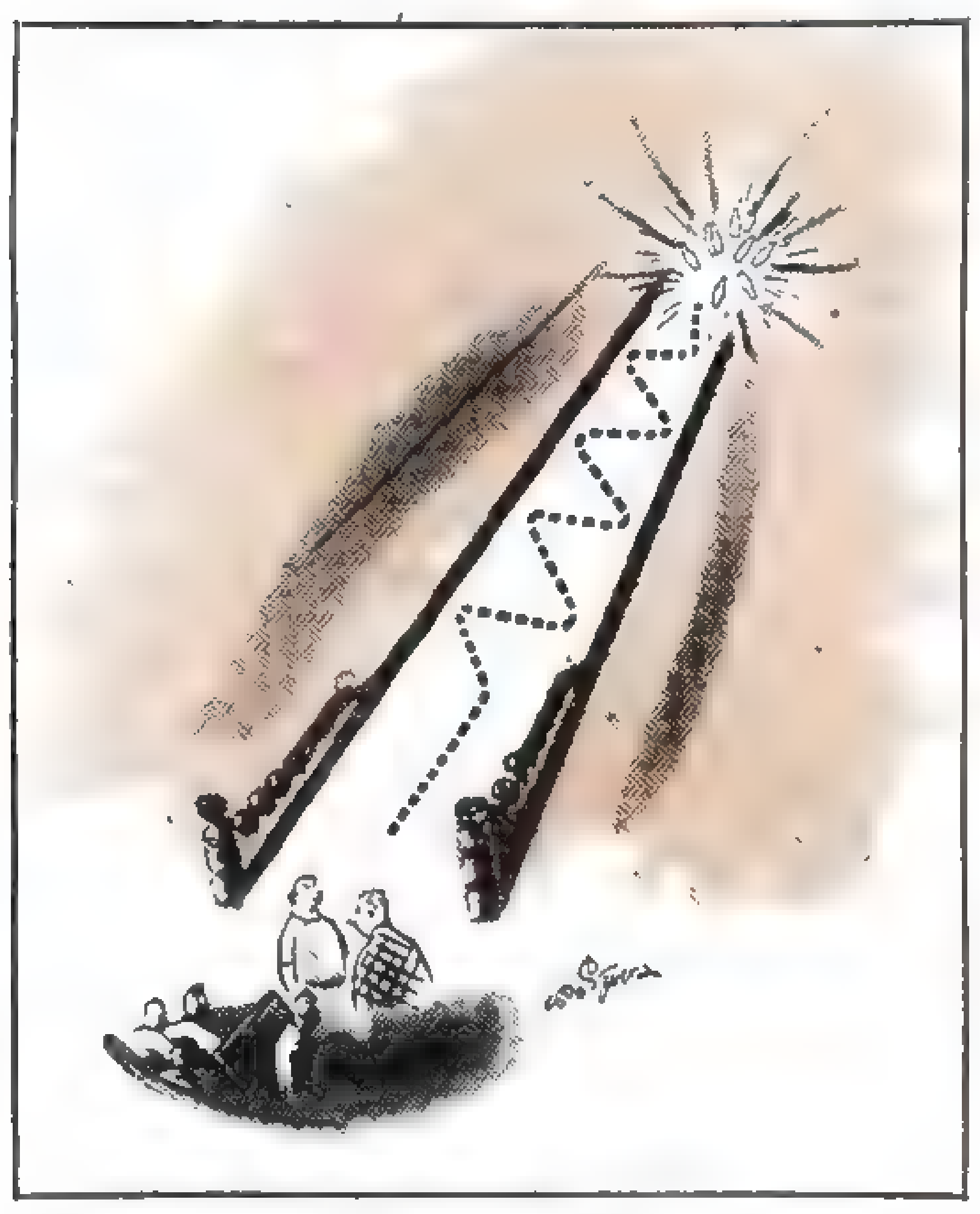
—*Camp Roberts Dispatch*

•

"Daddy, what is your birthstone?"

"A grindstone, son."

—*Bedside Examiner*



"Show-off"

An aging Kansas farmer who owned extensive acreage decided he had earned the right to comparative rest, so he sold most of his pasture land to a country club, according to F. H. Romig. He watched curiously while bunkers and sand hills were built, the creek was dammed to form a pond, and the course was made generally hazardous for the energetic sportsman who came from a neighboring city to play.

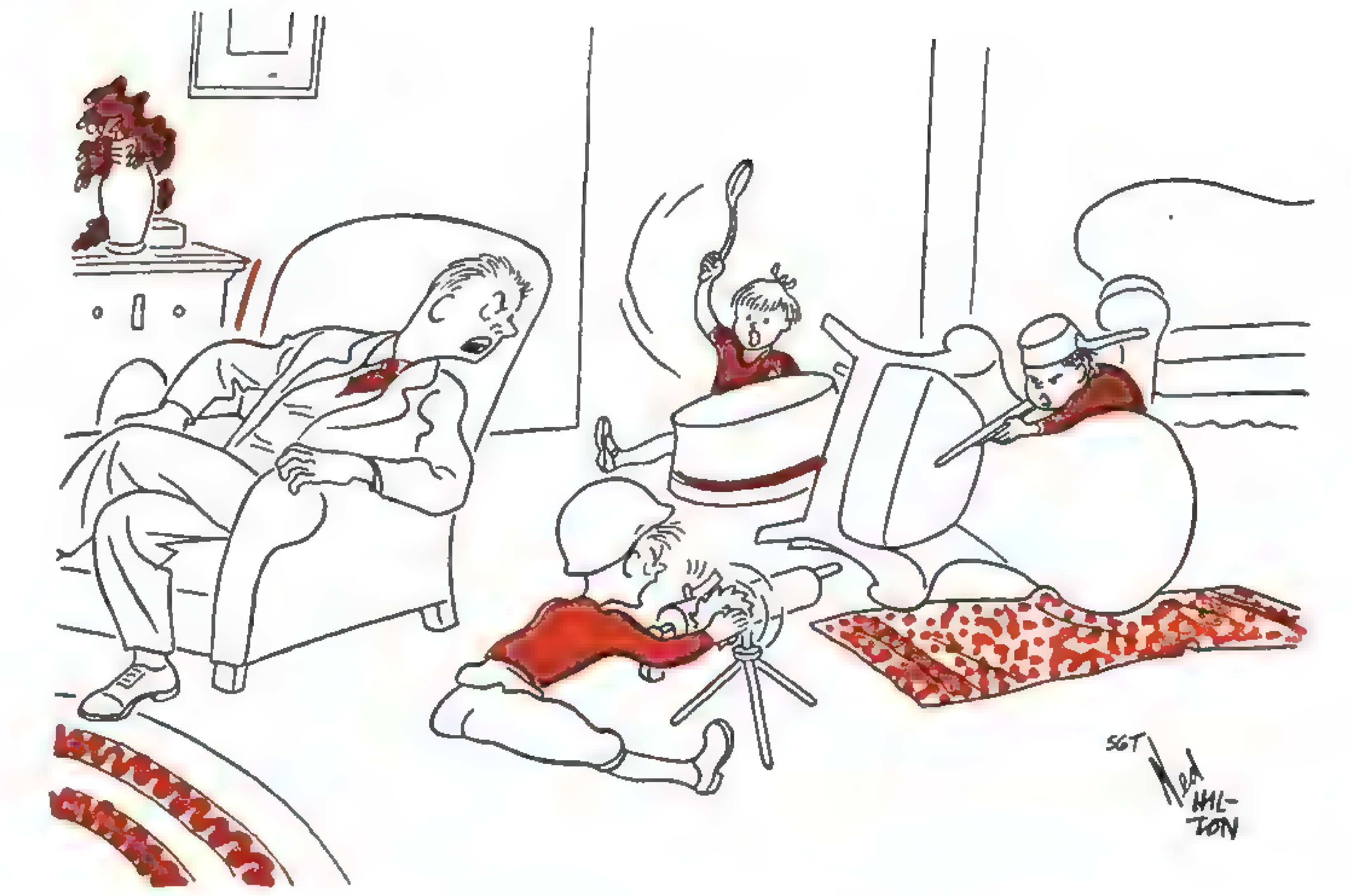
One humid July day, when the farmer reasoned it was too hot to work the horses, he sat on his screened porch, regaling himself with a cool glass of hard cider. Looking out over the new golf links, he was surprised to see a solitary figure, heroically making a practice round in the midday sun. With some reluctance he left his shaded porch and strolled out to watch the fellow and try to find out just what motivated all this toil and trouble.

He politely forebore to smile as he watched the green-visored golfer, his face grim and perspiring, his hands clenching and unclenching the club, his body teetering strangely from side to side in a preliminary swing. Finally, the sportsman addressed a ball no larger than a crab apple, hit it with a resounding crack and sent it spinning several yards away into a pile of sand. It had certainly looked like a hard thing to do, but judging from the player's groans, this was not the object of the game. The next shot was pretty to see; the ball soared gracefully up and to the right and landed in the midst of the farmer's pear orchard bordering the fairway. He knew from the way the fellow swore that this was not the target either.

The horny-handed son of toil sighed sympathetically and lay down in the shade of a tall bunker; he had a nice nap while he waited for the golfer to give up his search and drop another ball on the fairway.

Sometime later the ball was on the green: now the golfer, apparently sapped of his energy, and no wonder, hit the ball with such a languid stroke that it rolled only a few feet toward a small cup and dropped from sight.

The farmer finally broke the silence. "Gosh, Bud," he observed: "You sure *are* in a helluva fix now!"



"Stop that racket—I'm trying to listen to the war news"

•

Life is cruel to men . . . When they are born, their mothers get the compliments and flowers. When they are married, their brides get the presents and publicity. And when they die, their wives get the insurance and winters in Florida.

—*Banana River Peelings*

•

"What's the smallest book in the world?"

"Who's Who in Germany."

—*Oily Rag*

•

"Mama is there much difference in men?"

"Not much, daughter. Some of them just keep their hair longer than others."

—*The Breeze*

•

Judge: "Madam, you are charged with marrying three soldiers. What have you to say?"

Madam: "Well, Judge, I thought it would be more patriotic of me to give three husbands to the Army than just one."

—*Gremlin*

•

There had been a hot discussion about aggressiveness and finally one fellow said: "Oh, fighting is all right if you go about it intelligently."

"True," said the older man, "but you can't always find a smaller opponent."

—*Sourdough Sentinel*

•

The streamlined train roared out of the depot. Above the noise the station agent heard a yell and a crash. Rushing out on the platform he saw a sailor sprawled alongside the tracks and a little girl standing near by.

"What happened," asked the agent, "did he try to catch the train?"

"Oh, he did catch it," she replied, "but it got away from him."

—*The Range Finder*

•

A pedestrian is a man who has two cars, a wife and a son.

—*Banana River Peelings*

•

The cat drowsed on the hearth rug; the knitting needles were in their place by the old rocking chair; the grandfather clock struck 8:30.

Grandma: "Now where is that gigolo?"

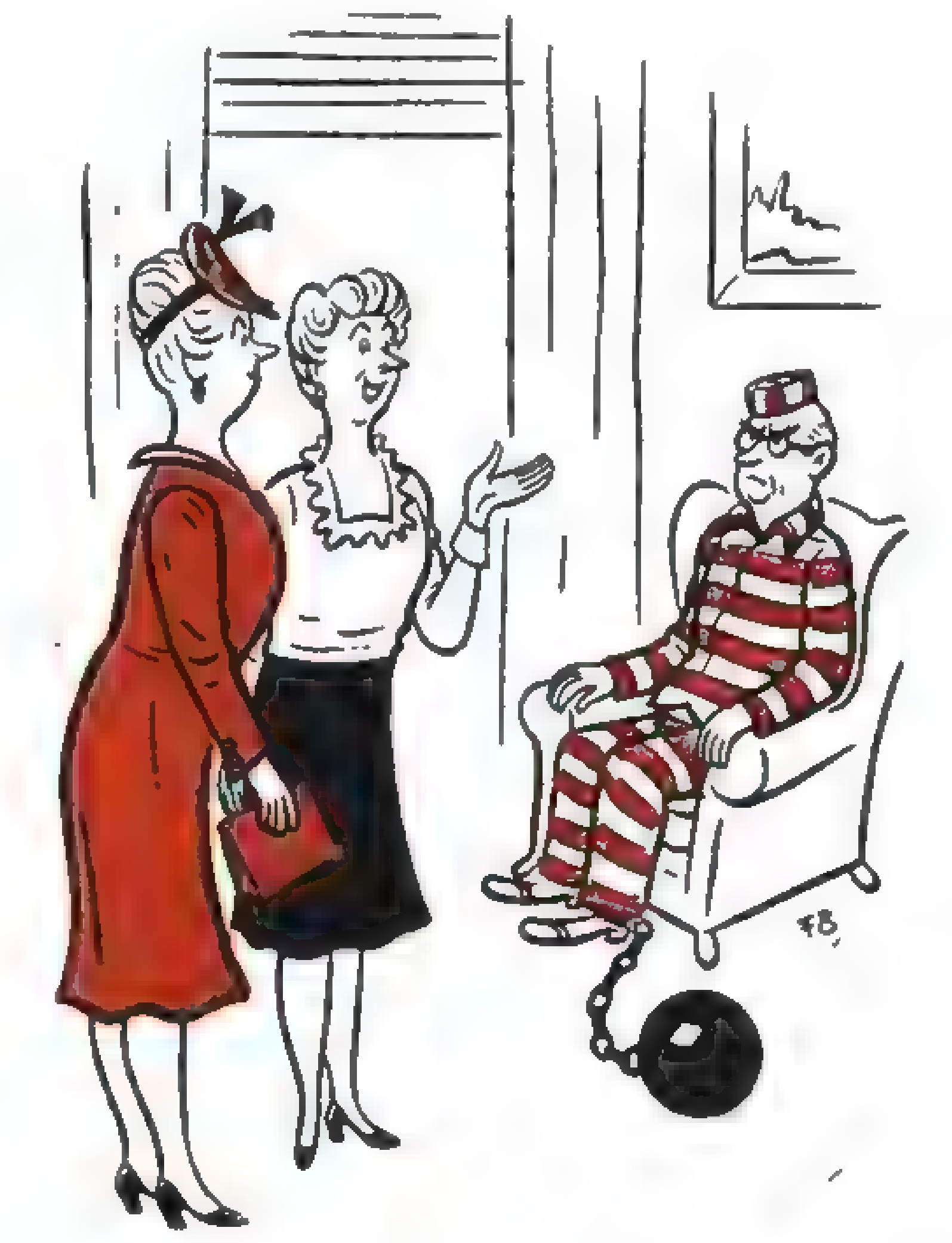
—*Wac News*

•

"Did that serviceman act unreasonable last night, daughter?"

"Not when you consider he came all the way from the South Pacific to see me."

—*Bull Horn*



"He always gets dramatic when I don't let him go out with the boys!"

And then there was the sarge who commented: "Dames? I treat 'em like War Bonds. I get a new one every month."

—*Marine Corps Chevron*

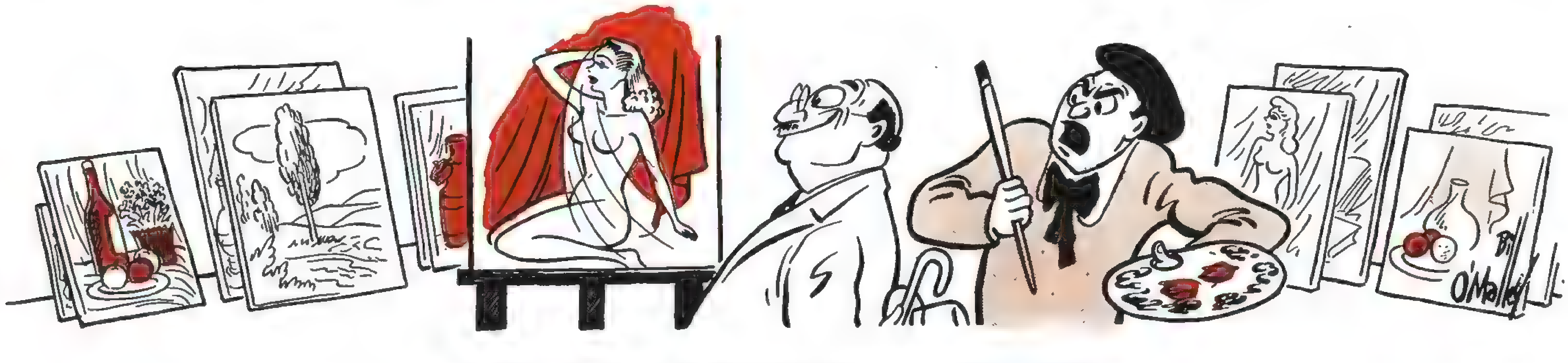
•

A doctor had an urgent call from a man to the effect that his small son had swallowed a fountain pen.

"All right," replied the doctor, "I'll come at once. What are you doing in the meantime?"

Came the answer: "I'm using a pencil."

—*The Communiqué*



"Sir—you are thinking of the woman I love"

They Made Me a Cinderella

Continued from page 87

for example, I put in the rule that the men should get up and eat breakfast in the dining room and be out of there by 10 o'clock—not so much of an imposition, as anyone in industry or any other endeavor will tell you. I myself, working in the winter, get up at 7 and am ready to make my appointments for the day with men in industry at 9.

But immediately there was insubordination on the Browns. We had a veteran who had ability, but who had been on a second-division club so long that he had lost all of his incentive to try to win. I knew how this was from the many years I had played on clubs that were simply going round and round the circuit and coming out nowhere. We had a good many men with that "second-division complex." They simply played ball for the money there was in it. When I first joined them and said: "I believe this club can *win*," these men looked at me with that innocent-sophisticated expression that said: "Who do you think you're kiddin', bub?"

The very first day of the 10 o'clock breakfast rule, this particular player had breakfast in his room with his roommate at noon as usual. I called him.

"Jeez," he cried, "you're tryin' to run my private life; you're invadin' my personal rights."

"No, I'm not trying to run your private life," I told him. "I'm trying to win ball games. That's my job. And you can't do it when you're not in condition."

He gave me back that big ironic baby-face with all the wisdom of the ages in it: "Quit kiddin'." I then went on to tell him there was a hundred dollar fine from now on if he failed to obey the rules. It was only gradually and by hard work that we managed to get together a club with ability, condition and will to win, and, in my book, winning games is what pays off at the gate in baseball. Two big stars, Ruth and Feller, drew fans through the turnstiles; but they were the *only* ones. Win games, send 'em home happy and they'll come back for more.

Most of the men who won the first American League pennant for St. Louis came to us from other big-league clubs, some poorly recommended. At our Toledo farm husky young Vernon Stephens wasn't making much of an impression. The reports said that he put his foot in the bucket, couldn't hit a curve and couldn't go to either side. I took a look at him; saw him fan twice on curves, but hit two others out of the park. We needed that kind of power. In spring training he fanned a good many times, but I told him just to "keep swinging." He led the league in driving in runs last year with 109. In the field we merely told him that a man who stands with his toes pointed out is always back on his heels and can't get a jump on the ball. "Turn your toes so your feet are parallel and balance your weight on the balls of your feet," he was advised. He has become one of the best fielders in the business.

What I look for in a hitter is not stance or form. *This* is what I look for. Every hitter has what is to him a "natural stroke." There isn't much that can be done about changing this "natural stroke" that every man has as a consequence of his particular make-up of bones, muscles and dimensions. What I want in a hitter is that this "natural stroke" be a "base-hit stroke." In other words, when this type of hitter with a "base-hit stroke" meets a ball right, it's going to be a base hit, or mighty like one. When the "natural stroke" raises ordinary flies or beats the ball into the dirt, it's sometimes hopeless to try to do anything with it. So if I have players with a "base-hit stroke," I'm not going to meddle with their stance or form.

"Good evening! I have reason to believe your little boy is interested in archery"

I like to be strong down the middle; namely, catcher, pitcher, second base, shortstop and center field. When we started to rebuild in 1942, after we had climbed from seventh to a tie for sixth from June on in 1941, we had a chance to get Don Gutteridge from the Cards. I was advised: "Don't take him, he's got bad hands." But I had seen him play and felt that his trouble was not bad hands, but the fact that he wasn't accurate with his overhand throws from short and third where he had been playing. We put him in second where he could throw side arm, and he became a leader and a spark plug for our team.

I am often asked why we had such considerable success with men turned loose by other clubs. My reasoning on this is this: I figure that there are smart baseball minds in every big-league organization. These players were brought up to the big league because some smart baseball man saw something of value in that particular player. Our approach, then, as soon as we got one of these men, was to try to find out what was the particular forte for which this player was brought up to the big leagues and then try to fit that special strength into our picture.

A manager has to deal ceaselessly and everlastingly not only with the physical and mechanical form of his players, which varies daily, but also with their mental attitude, which is equally capricious. It was just a lack of assertiveness, an unwillingness or organic reluctance to make himself *boss* of a ball game out there on the hill, that held back Denny Galehouse from becoming a great pitcher with all of the stuff of a Burleigh Grimes. We had two pitchers who became winners for us after failing elsewhere by simply developing a move to first. Without that, when a man got on, they were unable to work on the hitter to the best of their ability because they were concentrating on the runner, with the result that they would fail to get the man at bat and possibly get into a jam and lose a ball game right there. One of the greatest pitchers in baseball never found himself until he developed a move to first, indicating how important a little bit of playing equipment like that can be.

We were not always successful in our rehabilitation program. We had a pitcher who could have done us a lot of good if he had developed a curve. We showed him how to throw a curve. He worked at it just two days and then dropped it. We dropped him, too. We had a catcher, a fine player, who had fallen into the habit of calling for a certain pitch in the clutch. The other clubs knew about this. The wolves howled when we let these men go.

Nelson Potter came to us with a weak knee. When we gave his knee plenty of rest he got control and became a fine pitcher. Each man presented a different problem. We would let him alone unless he was doing something radically wrong. In working with players on their form it is necessary to go slow, beginning with the worst fault. If you go at them with too many things at once, they become confused. But they have to be willing to work, and they *have* to show improvement.

Last spring the wolves and the baseball writers were riding the life out of our young catchers, Myron Hayworth and Frank Mancuso. The answer to those wolf calls was given in the World Series when Hayworth caught better ball than Walker Cooper.

The satisfaction for me has been in working out a situation. You do not grow particularly close to your players, admirable and heroic as they may be; you guard against friendships. The team is just material to you. You have a problem to solve with this material. You apply your ideas and your theories, and you work at it every waking moment. But you have to have a lot of luck and breaks to get that jack pot.

Our team in 1944 wasn't much different in personnel from the '43 team that finished sixth. The main differences in personnel were catchers Hayworth and Mancuso, who started slowly in the spring but soon gained confidence in themselves. Also Nelson Potter won 19 games, and Jack Kramer 17 in 1944. In 1943 we were three games in front when we ran into a series with the Yanks. The first day there was a trick decision that went against us, and we dropped the whole series, went into a tailspin and wound up sixth.

Now in 1944 we were going along about the same way we did in the spring of '43 when we ran into a doubleheader in Cleveland. The turning point was this doubleheader in Cleveland on July 16th, both games going 12 innings. In the first game Little Don Gutteridge scored the deciding run, 8 to 7 on a short pop fly to center by George McQuinn with one out, and in the second game Gutteridge led off in the 12th with a 350-foot triple and scored the winning run, 2 to 1 on Milton Byrne's fly. These two games gave us a two-game lead in the race and put us on our feet—until September. These two games, I have always felt, were the ones that made the ball club suddenly mesh and get confidence, and begin to believe in itself so that it "took off," as we say in baseball. Those peculiar and mysterious crystallizations that sometimes hit ball clubs are almost inexplicable. You are always looking for them, working toward them; and sometimes they come and sometimes they don't.

We went along all right then on the momentum of this crystallization of our team until September. There are various reasons for our slump then. For one thing, we had a team made up largely of veterans, none of whom had ever been on a pennant winner, and quite young players. I think some of them tired from the pressure, the mental strain, you might call it "pennantitis." This has happened before in baseball, but nearly always a team that slumps in September blows its pennant.

I felt that our team gave up just once. It was a question then of simply reassuring them. You don't *sell* ballplayers anything; they're grown up, they're matured. You can't put across a bill of goods on them. They know what it's all about. But I actually *believed* in my own heart that this club could win that pennant—even in that darkest hour when I felt in my heart that *they*, themselves, had given up.

The funny angle about it is that the very next day we went out and dropped a tough 2 to 1 ball game! But they were back on their feet, just the same; they had regained their assurance and that peculiar sense of clicking that sometimes hits a ball club and makes it irresistible . . . and sometimes doesn't.

I have been asked to name the one game, the one play, that really won the pennant. It can't be done. *Every game* we won, won the pennant as it turned out; every game we lost almost cost us the pennant; and that's the way it should be. We had to have luck, the breaks to bring anything out of the long accumulation of events that resulted in the pennant—and all of it would have been wasted if Dutch Leonard hadn't beaten Detroit that last day. That's just how close it was.

A lot of things, a million things happened, that brought us through. On September 29 we won a doubleheader from the Yanks, 4 to 1 and 1 to 0, eliminating them. Our closest call of the entire season came in that second game when in the eighth inning Snuffy Stirnweiss and Russ Derry singled and Johnny Lindell, with two out, smashed a tremendous drive to deep center which Mike Kreevich just managed to snag with a nerve-tingling effort. I believe we all kind of felt we were "in" after that one.

No, you can't say that one game—even the last one that Chet Laabs won with two homers—did it. You can't say *that* one won the pennant any more than the two that Steve Sundra won for us before he joined the Army. You can't say that any one thing did it, because it was the culmination of a long chain of events that went way back—back to that statement somebody made about me . . . as far as *I* am concerned clear back to 1926 when I became a regular when under other circumstances I might have been sent back to the minors and so out of baseball. To say that one game or one play won it would eliminate everything else: Don Barnes' courageous decisions, Bill DeWitt's judgment, my own good breaks when Tris Speaker gave me a chance, and so on to infinity. I wouldn't even have gone to St. Louis to talk except for the importunations of Alva Bradley. It was a chain of events, a sequence of circumstances. I can't make anything else out of it. And it was as amazing to me as to anyone else. It is most amazing to me, in *this* sense: that on one day in June, 1941, I was an old coach getting ready to bow out of baseball; and on the next I was on the road to becoming a baseball Cinderella

I always try to penetrate and discover basic things. When I read a book I ask myself: "What was the idea back of this? What was he trying to get at? What was he trying to put across?"

Out of all this picture, this chain of events, I can figure out only one thing that is basic—insofar as *I* am concerned. To try to give you this idea, I am going to quote from a leader in another sport. Aristotle didn't write this, nor Gilbert K. Chesterton, nor even Grantland Rice. It was written by Lou Little, the Columbia football coach, in speaking about a lineman on his team. I think it is a good desk motto. "Only be sure you do your job," Lou wrote. "The recognition will come. Get the work done. Others will give you credit when it is deserved."

All I can say is that it worked out in my case; I believe it is right. If I had not worked and studied and hustled I wouldn't have been ready when this opportunity dropped out of a clear sky on me. I wouldn't have gotten results that were apparently unnoticed, yet won the good words of someone interested and trusted in baseball. None of the picture would have been possible without that background; at least that's the way it looks to me. We didn't win the pennant on Laabs' homers; we won it on a million other pitches clear back to 1926 and beyond—every pitch in itself *meaning* something, suggesting something, that helped win the first American League pennant for St. Louis in 1944.

I have been asked about that last game of the season; what happened right afterwards; what I was thinking about at that great moment. I tell you the truth; it wasn't any different to me from any other game. When the score came in from Detroit, I had every pitcher in the ball park warming up. I wasn't going to lose *that* game if I could help it. But after the final out we went on up to the clubhouse as usual. I remember that on the way up I was thinking about what to do in the first game of the World Series. I always start thinking about next day right after a game, and I did it this time, too, from force of habit, from reflex. I didn't seem to realize that a pennant was won: that this was a moment that would be remembered and referred back to as long as there *is* baseball; I didn't get *any* of that. It never came into my mind at all. I think this is normal, and generally true. Historic moments are seldom if ever recognized by those in them at the time.

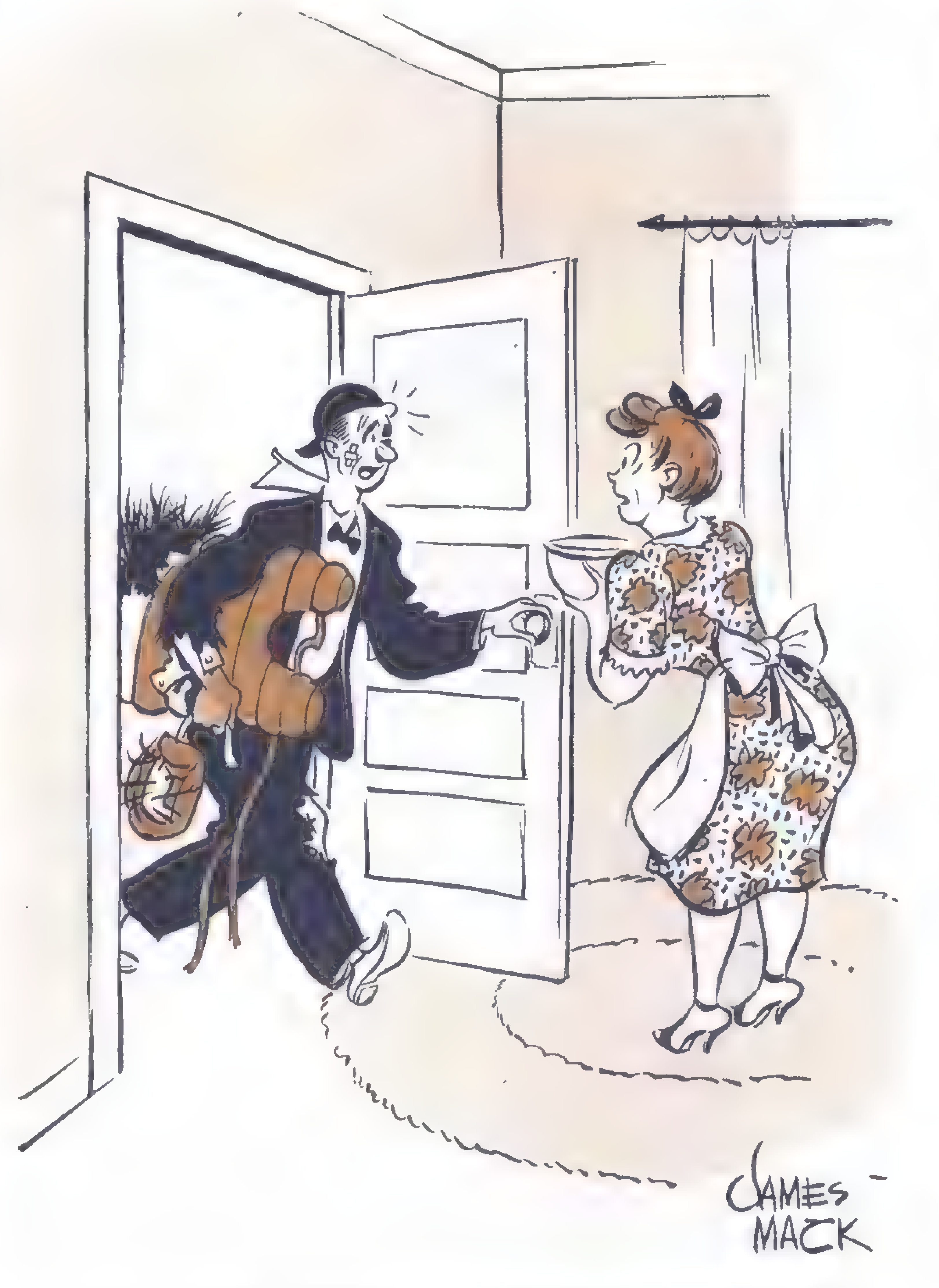
There was hilarity in the club house, of course; but that is routine, too, after a good victory. Handshaking, yelling, singing, laughter, confusion, excitement. But that was an old story, too; I've seen a lot of it in baseball, and it really didn't penetrate me at all.

Then I went on home as usual, thinking about what to do in that first game with the Cardinals. Then it happened! I opened the door and heard my wife screaming hysterically:

We won!
WE WON!
WE WON!

Then my knees buckled from under me. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before. I was limp for half an hour.

Then I got the impact; then I realized how much it meant; then I could shudder at how close it all was—a thousand times that a single ball could have beaten us; that last week when we were a game and a half behind, in an impossible situation; all the little things that had to happen *just so* to make it possible. I suddenly in that instant got all the impact of the combination of things that had to be put together, mesh and click to bring about this moment—which, as I have said, I wouldn't have missed for a million dollars. That is what winning a pennant means to a manager—at any rate a *first* pennant like that one. No wonder you aren't so sure of yourself; you wonder how it all happened, how it *could* have happened to you, so involuntarily, when you had been thrust into it by other hands, when you had not been reaching for it from away back yourself.



"Gad, they fouled a lot of balls this afternoon!"

That, at any rate, is the way it struck me.

That night we went over to a little party of one of the officials of the Browns. It was gay and delightful; but the big moment for me came as I stepped in the door and suddenly heard my wife screaming: "We won. We won. We won."

For you who are outside of baseball, it may be a little difficult for you to understand just how this is. There is a tremendous emotional tenseness in this game—mostly controlled, of course. But because it *is* controlled it builds up to these uncontrollable climaxes.

Don Barnes is a solid businessman. For ten minutes after that last game with the Yanks he sat in his box with tears rolling down his cheeks. People who don't understand baseball, won't understand how it can bring emotion.

I remember after the first game of the World Series when Denny Galehouse was so wonderful. After the game I saw his wife just sort of bubbling and simmering.

"It was *great,* wasn't it?" I said to her. "Why don't you just let it go."

"Boohoo," she suddenly broke.

There *is* emotion like that in baseball; that's one of the reasons it is a great game, and an American game. Americans are emotional; all good people are, no matter how much they control it. *We* control it in baseball, too—except now and then in a great climax, like St. Louis' first American League flag.

I might not have believed myself that so strong an emotion could overwhelm me—if my knees hadn't buckled that evening when I came home and heard that wild, hysterical and triumphant: "We won. We won. We won."

I'll bet Cinderella's knees buckled, too, somewhere along her gilded way.

That fellow probably left it out because it was too emotional for a fairy tale.

I think I'd better read that story again. I know a lot more about fairy stories now than I used to. ⌗

A Horse Named Stringbean

Continued from page 67

up for the water cure, with long, white beards, black cotton coats, and black cheesecloth skull caps talk Yiddish to each other and sun themselves in the public park. New York gamblers stroll nonchalantly along Broadway, wearing rainbow-colored slacks and pastel polo shirts open at the neck so you can see the hair on their chests. Stableboys shuffle by in threadbare overalls, and worn-out sneakers. It is an insubstantial, feverish sort of pageantry, cast against the background of the race track, the bottling works, the kosher restaurants and the melancholy old hotels with their Victorian inner courts, their rococco architecture and their amazing 1880 porches with arches extending five stories up to the very roofs. Shades of Dick Canfield and Pittsburgh Phil.

It is a town where you expect the unusual—sharp contrasts, strange sights. But the strangest ever was a small figure of a man in the blazing sun, peddling a card of tips at the entrance to the race track and wearing a heavy tweed suit, a winter overcoat and a battered felt hat. The temperature was soaring toward the 100° mark, and I gazed in wonder.

'Who's that?" I turned to a Pinkerton cop beside me.

"Who, *him?*" he said jerking a derisive thumb at the bundle of clothes. "We call him Stringbean. He's nuts."

A premonition of remembrance struck me.

I walked over for a close look. It was Alfy.

He greeted me in his queer, off-tune voice.

"Do you wear that rig to attract business?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"I wear it because I'm shivering."

"What do you mean?"

He began to cough—a racking, tortured cough from the base of his chest, and I understood.

"You ought to be at Saranac, Alfy, not at Saratoga."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A man must eat," he said. "This is my bread and butter."

He handed me a red card, printed in black on heavy stock. It advertised a winning horse for every race on the afternoon's program and was folded across the middle to conceal the selections. Only the heading at the top was visible, "25¢—ALPHABETS—25¢," and the claim of infallibility. I returned it to him.

"I've saved almost a hundred dollars—for tomorrow," he said significantly.

"For tomorrow?" I didn't understand.

"Tomorrow Stringbean goes in the Rochester Stakes."

My mouth dropped open. The Rochester is one of the crack races of the summer season. A mile and an eighth in length, it is a stiff test for the best of them, and it had drawn a field of the top-flight horses in the country. The entries included such speed demons as Runner Up and Orion, Micrometer, Kim, Star Gazer, War Anger and Never Caught—every one of them a consistent stake winner—and above them all the great Kingsley, unbeaten in his last fourteen starts and considered invincible on a fast track. Stringbean had no more right in that field than a Shetland pony.

"You're not going to bet on him, Alfy," I said. "It's insane."

"That hundred dollars is all I've got in the world. The doctors here tell me that if I don't get to Arizona soon, this . . ."—he tapped his chest—" . . . will kill me. I'm going to bet every last penny of my roll tomorrow on Stringbean to win."

"Alfy," I pleaded. "Buy some phony sweepstake tickets or try to break a crooked crap game. You'll do better than throwing your cash after Stringbean."

"He's had tough luck. He'll win tomorrow," said Alfy. His eyes shone like those of an Old Testament prophet.

In the evening I bought a racing form and went over the past performance charts to determine my bets for the next day. If the track remained fast — and the weather report promised a sunny day—Kingsley was a gift at any price. None of the others in the field touched him in class, and Stringbean's record looked as unlikely as peace in the Pacific. In nine starts he hadn't been in the money once. Never before had he run a greater distance than a mile, and twice I had seen him quit dead away in six furlong sprints. The only thing in his favor was the low weight of 98 pounds, which he had drawn. All the other horses had name jockeys like Arcaro and Meade riding, while Stringbean had an unknown apprentice up. Only two things were certain about the race. Kingsley would win, and Stringbean run last.

HOOK AND LADDER
Curzon

The day was clear, the track fast, and I put a hundred dollars on Kingsley at one to ten, because ten per cent is a good rate of interest on a gilt-edge investment. Stringbean opened at a hundred to one, and then went up to two hundred to one.

When the horses entered the track a wave of applause swept the crowd as Kingsley cantered past the grandstand. He was a beautiful horse, a full-chested bay, a hand taller than any of the others and perfectly proportioned. Stringbean looked like a stable pony—small, with sleepy eyes that appeared to have tears rolling out of them, and a drooping head. His jockey shifted in the saddle.

The horses circled the track to the starting gate at the far side of the infield, and everybody watched the starters trying to force them into the stalls. The scene was one of perfect confusion—horses in front and behind, horses facing the wrong way, horses rearing with little blobs of color on their backs, which were the jockeys. Stringbean was the only one standing still. He was in the number one post position, and the green silks and white cap of his jockey never moved. It seemed ages before any order was achieved, and just at the moment when no one was expecting it, the flag went up, the bell rang, and the field dashed away from the starting gate, a wild mass of galloping horses with frenzied jockeys on their backs, shouting and whipping to gain a favorable position along the rail before the first turn.

Kingsley raced into the lead within a hundred yards of the start. The rest of the field was bunched close together at his heels, and behind them tagged Stringbean. His jockey, had failed to get him off with the others, and he already trailed three lengths behind at the first furlong pole.

Kingsley was running in top form. At the half-mile mark he had drawn out six lengths in front, and the crowd was cheering like mad.

And I cried "Kingsley! Kingsley!" along with the others. Then I stopped, and suddenly knew that deep inside me I didn't really want Kingsley to win. I didn't care a tinker's curse about my bet. I didn't give a damn for the money. I was praying for Stringbean, a hopeless sort of prayer, but a fervent one with all my heart behind it.

The horses came around the turn into the homestretch, and it was Kingsley more than ever. I looked for Stringbean. This was where he usually quit, at the head of the stretch, but he wasn't quitting today. He was still running last, but his jockey had swung him wide entering the homestretch to circle the field, and he was fighting his way up toward the others stride by stride.

"Stringbean!" I yelled. "Stringbean, you!" And the horse kept coming. At the seven-furlong pole he had pulled up even with the rest of the field, and still he came.

My crazy mouth couldn't keep still, and I chattered on, "Stringbean! Stringbean! Stringbean!" without stopping.

The horse slowly opened daylight between himself and the others. They stormed past the mile post. Stringbean was only two lengths off Kingsley and still gaining.

Kingsley's jockey glanced back over his shoulder, and began to whip his horse savagely. For a hundred feet the distance between the two remained unchanged. Then some insane urge seemed to possess Stringbean, and he closed the gap in a dozen strides of his pounding hoofs.

For half a furlong they battled it out neck and neck. The roar of the crowd rose from the stands throaty and wordless, a wild shriek of excitement as they watched the struggle before them.

Then it happened. Inch by inch Stringbean began to give ground. Kingsley slowly forged ahead again, shaking off the challenge. For a split second the crowd was still, and in the hush I thought I recognized a shrill, piping voice imploring, "Stringbean! Stringbean!" And I felt sick at heart.

Stringbean dropped almost a length off Kingsley with the wire dead ahead. His jockey, the Armitage kid, was up on his neck, whispering, pleading, coaxing. And I realized that the boy on Stringbean's back was a great jockey. For a split second Stringbean seemed to hold even. He bent double with new effort, and it looked as if he might have picked up a little ground. For a second I dared to hope.

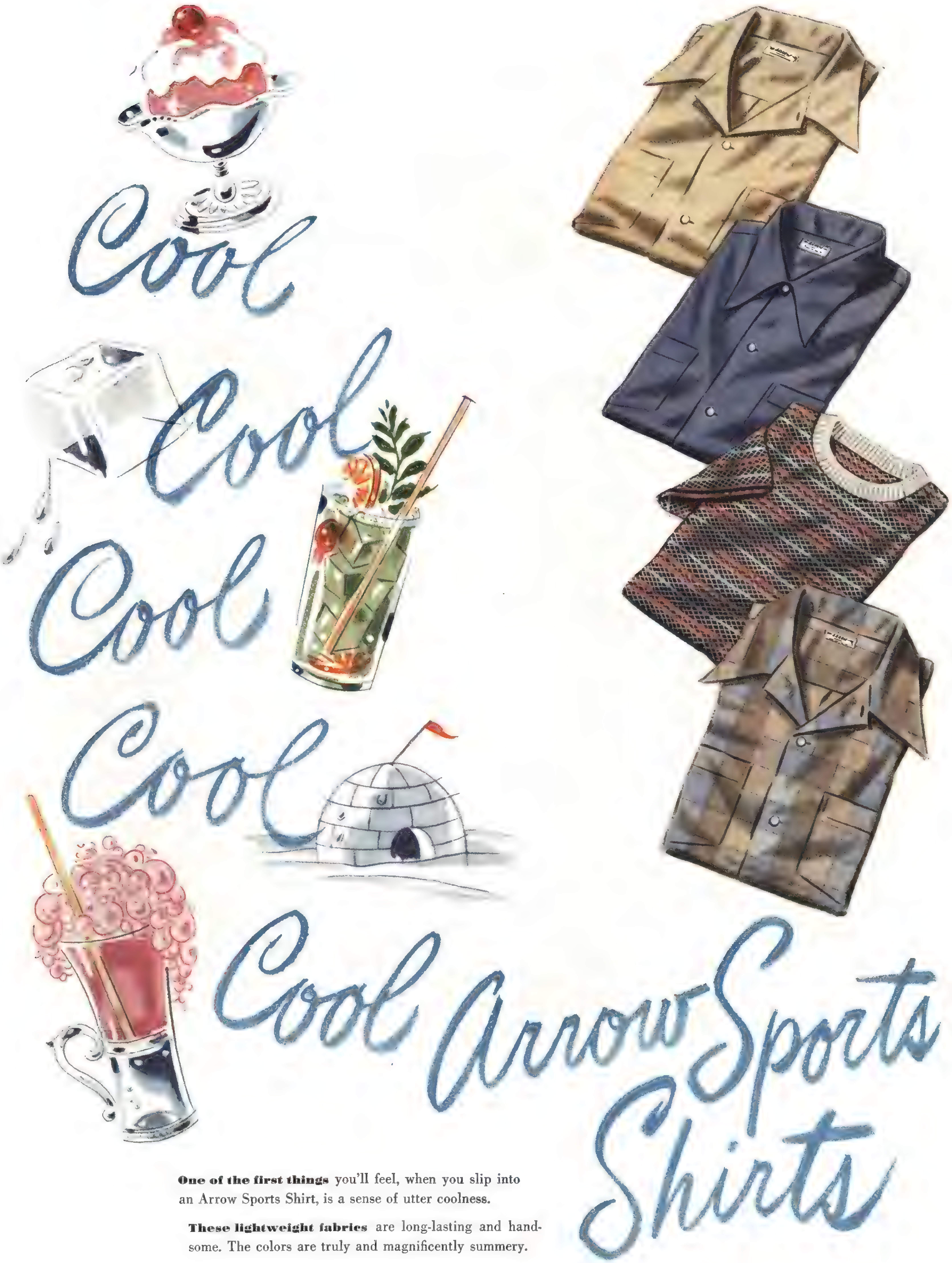
And then he was coming again! Stringbean was coming again! His wind was gone. His legs were sore. He was half lame from his earlier effort, half dead with exhaustion. But he was coming again—on guts alone. And I danced up and down on the top of my seat.

He caught Kingsley fifty yards from the finish. They ran together for ten strides, and then all at once it was over. Kingsley shuffled back. He'd been outgamed. Stringbean went under the wire a length and a half to the good.

The crowd cheered the horse when Armitage brought him back from the runoff, cheered him again when the officials slipped the flower blanket over his withers. And I cheered, too; for Stringbean, who had won when the chips were down, and for Alfy, who had kept his faith and earned his reward.

So dreams do come true after all, right does triumph in the end, and the fairy prince always rescues the beautiful princess in the nick of time. It's a great big, wonderful world, where great, big, wonderful things happen.

And as for me—well, I swore off horses for the thirty-fourth time. #



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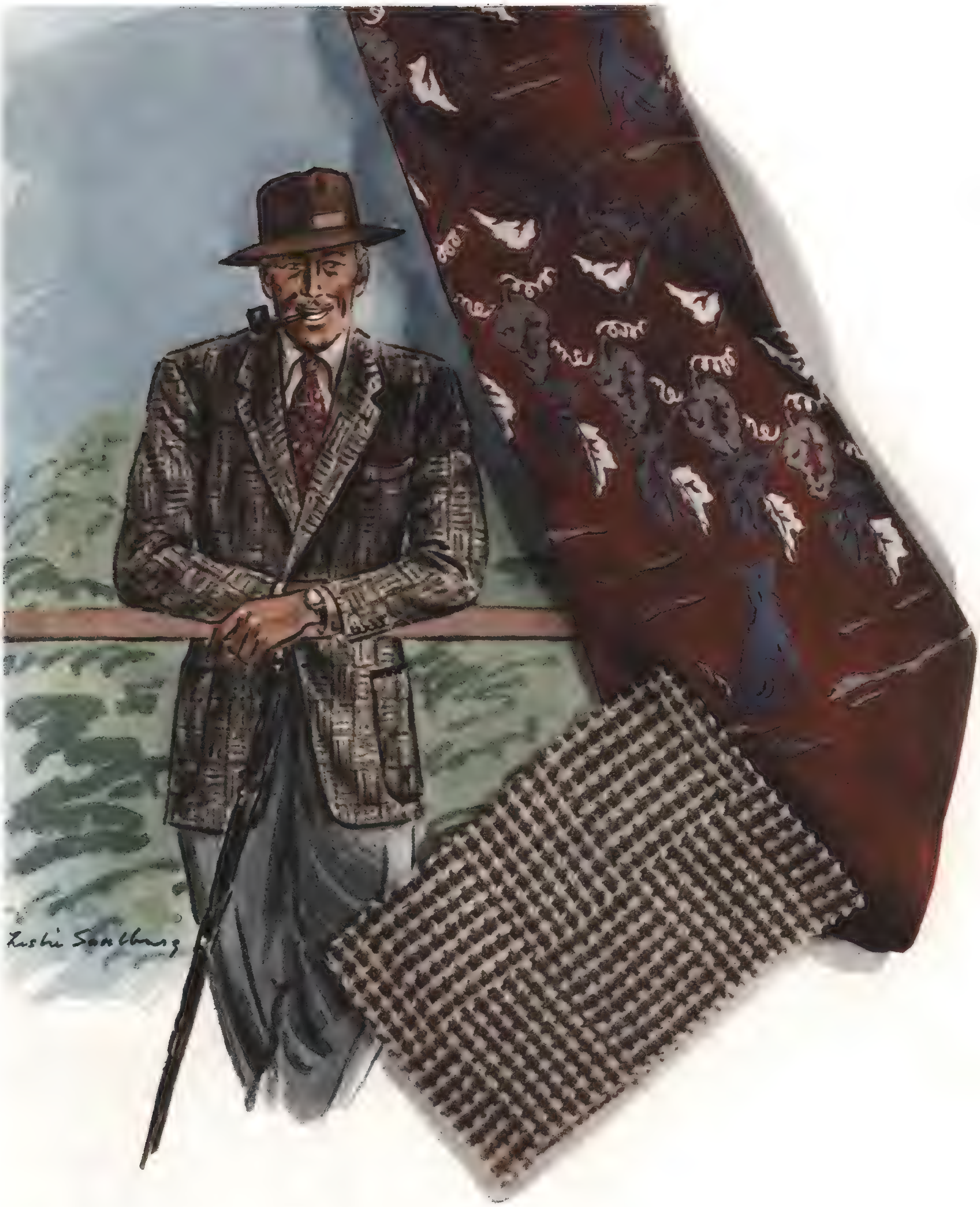

the old testament tie

The faithful retrievers in our research department have suggested two possible sources for the motif of the printed foulard tie, shown in actual size at the right. It might derive from the lyrical Song of Solomon, dramatized in our time by Lillian Hellman, about "The foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines." Then again, there is the familiar Aesop fable of the fox who feigned disinterest in the grapes he could not reach, and pronounced them sour. Equally interesting, though it points no moral, is the tweed fabric of the jacket, which achieves a plaid effect through variations of weave, and is lighter in weight and smoother in finish than the tweeds of former years. A swatch of this material also appears at the right. The grey slacks are designed for summer in a flannel a few ounces lighter to the yard than usual, and the same advantage is true of the thin felt hat and Oxford shirt.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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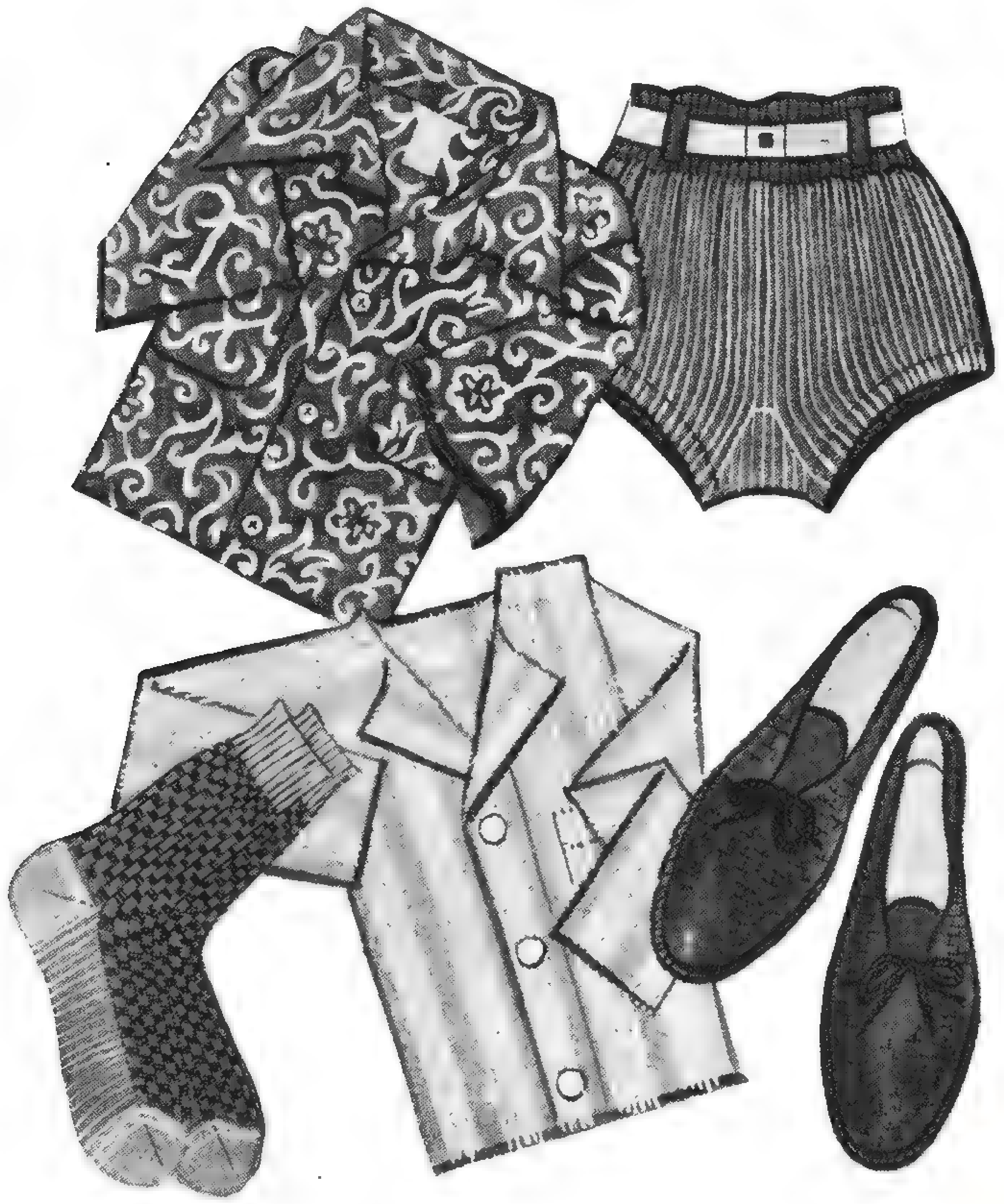
F-Day Minus Seven

Suggestions enabling you to line up the perfect gift for father for June Seventeenth

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
WEARABLES



You probably will be reading this magazine roughly on F-Day minus seven. That's one way of alerting you to the gift problems for Father's Day, June 17. So you have a full week to consider what you would like to present to Dad. A War Bond heads the list of course, so you really don't need that much time to come to a satisfactory conclusion. If, however, you would like to give him an additional gift, say some article of apparel that he really needs, it's well in these days of limited stock and short-tempers not to wait until the last minute.

In selecting gifts for Father on his big day, it makes sense to choose an article of apparel with his personal preferences and needs in mind. He might be able to make good use of a pair of swimming shorts. If he is keen about colorful and gay looking beach wear, pick out a pair of printed cotton or rayon shorts. If his taste is on the conservative side, then a pair of plain knitted wool shorts with a self-weave effect would fill the bill, and would offer the obvious advantage of drying quickly.

Unrationed footwear qualifies as a welcome gift. In natural tan or blue fabric tops with a composition or rope sole, such footwear would pinch-hit for all-leather shoes for which ration coupons are required. These lightweight fabric shoes are agreeably cool, and by using them as alternates the period of service for leather shoes is lengthened.

That American civilians have become highly conscious of sport shirts is one of the apparel developments of wartime. No matter how many sport shirts a man has, he always seems to be able to use another; you might consider, for example, the solid color American linen sport shirt which comes in blue, yellow, tan and even maroon. Striking in design are native prints in rayon that show large patterns in dark blue, brown or yellow on white background.

An alternate gift is a pair of lightweight slacks in rayon blend fabric. These come in tan, blue and brown and compose with other articles in the picture a casual outfit for week-end or off-duty wear. Reminder: You'll have to make a note of his waist measure in order to get the right size.

Anklets in plaid cotton or wool are marked with gay colors. Plain ribbed wool or cotton socks also appeal to many fathers.

Pajamas are among the hard-to-get items in these days of rationing, but if you take the trouble to shop early you may be lucky enough to find suits in solid color or striped rayon or cotton. ⧻

Trophy Material
Skinner's
TACKLE TWILL*

There is no substitute for genuine Tackle Twill, made only by William Skinner & Sons. Today, most of it is overseas, doing service with the Armed Forces. But it will be back when the war is won, to win trophies again in sportswear. William Skinner & Sons, New York 3, N. Y. Established 1848.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Skinner's
TACKLE TWILL*
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS SKINNER'S SATIN

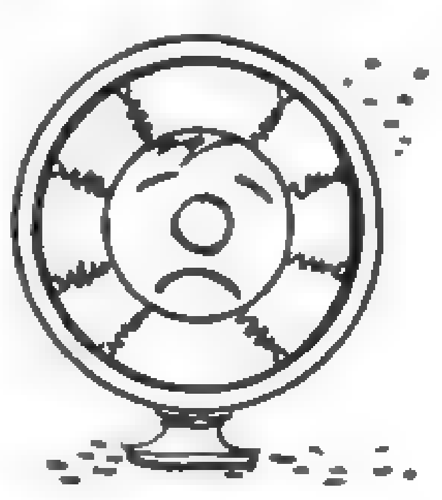
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

A BAS GALLICO

I am a radio announcer.

I am sick of people who carefully set down on paper (for rates) a lot of words about how the world would be better off without me. I am sick of the men who having carefully and quietly accumulated quite a bit of the coin of the realm (moola to Mr. Gallico) and having arrived at that pinnacle of independence, can sit down and blow off steam about this and that and the other pet hate of theirs, not caring whether or not it is published and paid for—but knowing that it will be, because they've acquired a certain status in their chosen profession.



I have not yet acquired that status. I am still making a living. Or trying to.

Says Mr. Gallico, "'Stingyou Products brings you news,' how dare they presume?" How dare they presume, indeed! It just so happens that "Stingyou Products" have paid for the privilege. Paid for the time. Paid for the talent—and they in their search for talent have attempted to find the best available so that you may have the news presented in the most interesting manner. They have also paid for a number of other things along the line, which entitle them to three minutes out of every fifteen they buy to acquaint you with their product.

Will Rogers once said he was unable to sympathize with any listener who was too lazy to turn the dial and you may take my word for it, American listeners are rapidly becoming the best little dial spinners in the world. They listen to one program, or set of programs, only because they want to—because that particular program happens to be their choice, out of thousands available all day long—or out of at least ten which are available at the particular time they're listening.

Mr. Gallico of course knows something of the B.B.C. having been abroad a number of times. Here is the ideal setup for Mr. Gallico. NO COMMERCIALS. The B.B.C. is subsidized by the government—radio set owners pay a yearly tax—and no one is permitted to stink up the air with plugs for Stingyou Products. But there's a rub—a big one—which Mr. Gallico would be the first to call you to arms about. You don't get a choice of programs. You take exactly what the government wants you to hear—nothing less—nothing more. Sure, the commercial sponsor gets off some pretty bad stuff in spots—but he's the guy who's shelling out the do-re-mi—which has made radio what it is today. Mr. Gallico has one more thing to be thankful for—which radio, I'm willing to admit, has still to learn. The sponsor who shouts loudest about his products, and makes the most ballyhoo about them, is the sponsor who will eventually wind up behind the well-known eight ball. Stack up one of those shouted commercials against the kind that people like Henry Ford, Coca-Cola, Owens-Illinois Glass Company and the Prudential put on—and you've got your own answer. But don't blame it on the announcer.

Radio audiences have a distinct advantage over movie-goers. The commercial might be called by some people their "price of admission" for hearing a fine program. But they don't have to pay that "price of admission" until they've decided that that's the program of their choice—the program they want to hear. I have been sold, many, many times, by the tremendous publicity campaigns emanating from our cinema city—and as a result—*after* paying my good cash to enter the theatre, have been forced to sit through a nauseating evening of so-called entertainment. The kind of entertainment which too often has found me walking back up the aisle after it got too bad for me. In the movies, you pay your money first—then get to seeing whether or not the picture lives up to its notices, which are always, according to Hollywood, sensational. At home, beside your radio, you listen to commercials only on the programs which you know from experience you want to hear—and realize that if it weren't for those sponsors paying the freight you wouldn't get to hear the program in the first place.

When the newspapers stop taking advertising—when the radio stops accepting sponsors—it will be a sad day for this country of ours. For without them there would never again appear on this earth such talents as those of Quentin Reynolds, Lowell Thomas, Bill Corum, Frank Gervasi, Bob Considine, and that other fellow whose New York column I so thoroughly enjoyed—Paul Gallico.

Chicago, Ill. Bob Carter

BURNING THROUGH THE RYE

I've been reading your magazine for some time (ever since I was old enough to appreciate the art [?] work, in fact), but this is the first time I've ever taken exception to any of your reading material. I've just finished reading Paul Gallico's article, *This Man's World* in the March, 1945, issue, and I'm mad!

I've enjoyed a lot of Gallico's work, but when he starts condemning that time-tried institution, good old Scotch whisky, he's way over his head. I'll bet he's one of these guys that had to be forced to eat his spinach when he was a kid!

Damn it all anyway, I've spent almost all of my time since this blooming war started out of the States, thinking about returning to civilization where a man can get a shot of that "foul" stuff that he hates so much. And I might remark that if they shut off the supply of Scotch in the States, I'll stay out among these coral rocks and reefs when this thing is all over.

And I'm not alone in my way of thinking (and drinking) either. I've got a lot of shipmates who would join me in swapping all the canned beer we get for just a couple of shots of that "awful tasting" Scotch that Gallico so freely condemns.

He states that Scotch is not a mixer. What kind of a drinker is he, anyway? Since when do men (I repeat, men) mix decent liquor? The only possible use for mixer that I've ever found is to cover the taste of second grade liquor so that fellows like him and the women can take it!

As a closing thought—any time that this addlebrained individual gets a couple of bottles of that "medicinal tasting" stuff that he has no use for, refer him to the address below, and tell him to ship it to us. Somehow or other, we'll manage to "force" it down.

In return, the next time I get a bottle of that diluted footwash he prefers, that goes under the name of rye, I'll return the favor.

Ever an Esky fan,
R. L. Morgan
Pacific Area RM2C

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

—from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

Fortunate fellow! Here's Father's Day . . . and here's Hickok with all these wonderful things men like!

Sculptured Cameo-effect Tie Bar—choice of designs or initials, $2 . . . Sterling Tie Chain with Collar Bar, Hickok Grip, $6 the set

Hickok Belt—leather on LiveFLEX, $7.50 . . . Hickok Pigskin Belt, of selected hide, with sterling initial Buckle, $5.50 . . . Laced Pigskin Belt with tongue buckle, $3.50

Gifts by

HICKOK

Bing Crosby
soon to be seen in the
Paramount Production
"Road to Utopia"

To Dad
from your sons
Gary
Phillip
Dennis
Lindsay

Bing Crosby

America's most famous Name "Dad"
receives
Courtley
FOR FATHER'S DAY
the "Academy Award Winner" among Men's Toiletries

Richly colored porcelain flagons of Shaving Soap,
After-Shave Lotion, Men's Powder and Cologne
in the clean, virile "Courtley" Fragrance
singly or in sets, $1.00 to $7.50

COURTLEY, LTD.—LOS ANGELES
630 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

The Valley of the Shadow

Continued from page 33

remembered his child's wide, wondering eyes as he had heard about these things.

"Tell me about Balder and the mistletoe, papa."

"Well, Balder was the god of brightness and wisdom, and Loki hated him . . ."

And at once he saw his son as a little cosmos, perfect like a bean sprout, a microcosm in the fertile earth of life, ready to flower and to grow toward completion and to produce; a little living plant, compounded of wondering, thinking eyes and of hands that tried already to fashion things and of other qualities; and it struck him as a savage brute act of destruction that such a beginning should be blighted by the mildew which is called death; and he wondered, with a dreadful constriction of his vitals, what larger purpose lay in such ruin.

The little girls skidded close to his heels and squealed their terror at being caught, and the smoke hung eternal over Harlem.

He looked down again at his knotty hands.

Lord God, he said to himself and to Another, praying, he wasn't an accident. We wanted him. We had thought he was part of Thy will. He would have been brought up in the knowledge of Christ and would have served Thee as best he could. He would . . .

"Tell me about Thor and the sea serpent, daddy."

And the way Timmie had grasped his thumb in his whole little hand.

Mr. Walton stumbled back to the stone seat and sat down; plunged his face into his hands. He could not understand what had broken down in him.

Almighty God, he said silently, with an immediate human passion, as if, for the first time, he were appealing to his God as to a friend, Almighty God, it is simply this, that we love him. Don't take him away from us.

That was the word that had been fighting in him during these days: love. We love him. Helen and I, we love him deeply.

And in this moment it seemed to him that he had achieved a unique vision: it was as if the rocks of his scholasticism had been cleft asunder, to lay open a pulsing living heart, and as if this were a singular discovery: that God was a friend, a puissant comrade, who could in His human kindness save the life of his child.

His faith could not encompass this miracle, that he should now believe that his son would live.

A quiet joy took possession of him. He looked up, smiling a silly smile.

This is the way the ladies ride. That was their favorite game: the boy trotting on his father's knees, already half frightened by the jouncing that was to follow. Their eyes met in a bright understanding.

This is the way the gentlemen *ride.* An easy canter now, becoming gradually more lively. Now it was going to happen.

This is the way the HUNTERS *ride.* And he tumbled the boy as high as he could, again and again, whoopsy-daisy, *this is the way the* HUNTERS *ride*—until they were pitched to the floor and lay laughing, laughing in each other's arms. Then Timmie tried to pull off daddy's mustache.

Mr. Walton, still smiling, stood up. Goodness, how could a baby like that die?

A little girl, looking behind her, skated full tilt into him. He caught her before she fell. Her grimy face looked up at him.

"Well, little girl, that was quite a bump, wasn't it?"

He wanted to be friends with this little girl.

"Are you playing tag?"

The other two stood apart, waiting for Sheila.

"Yes."

"Have you ever played leapfrog?"

"Yes."

"I mean, on skates."

"No."

"That's lots of fun, on skates.—What's your name, child?"

"Sheila."

"Hey, Sheila, come on!"

"That's a very pretty name—Sheila. I have a little boy about your age. His name is Timmie."

"Hey, Sheila, stop flirtin' with that man!"

"I gotta go, mister," Sheila said. She darted away: the three little girls clattered off down the sidewalk in the gathering dusk. Mr. Walton watched them benignantly. It did not occur to him that he had driven them away. In none does the flame of life leap so inextinguishably, he thought, as in small children.

Mr. Walton took out his watch. Eight-thirty.

Evening.

"Come back in the evening. If your boy is still alive, then he will stay alive. If he is dead, I am afraid he will stay dead."

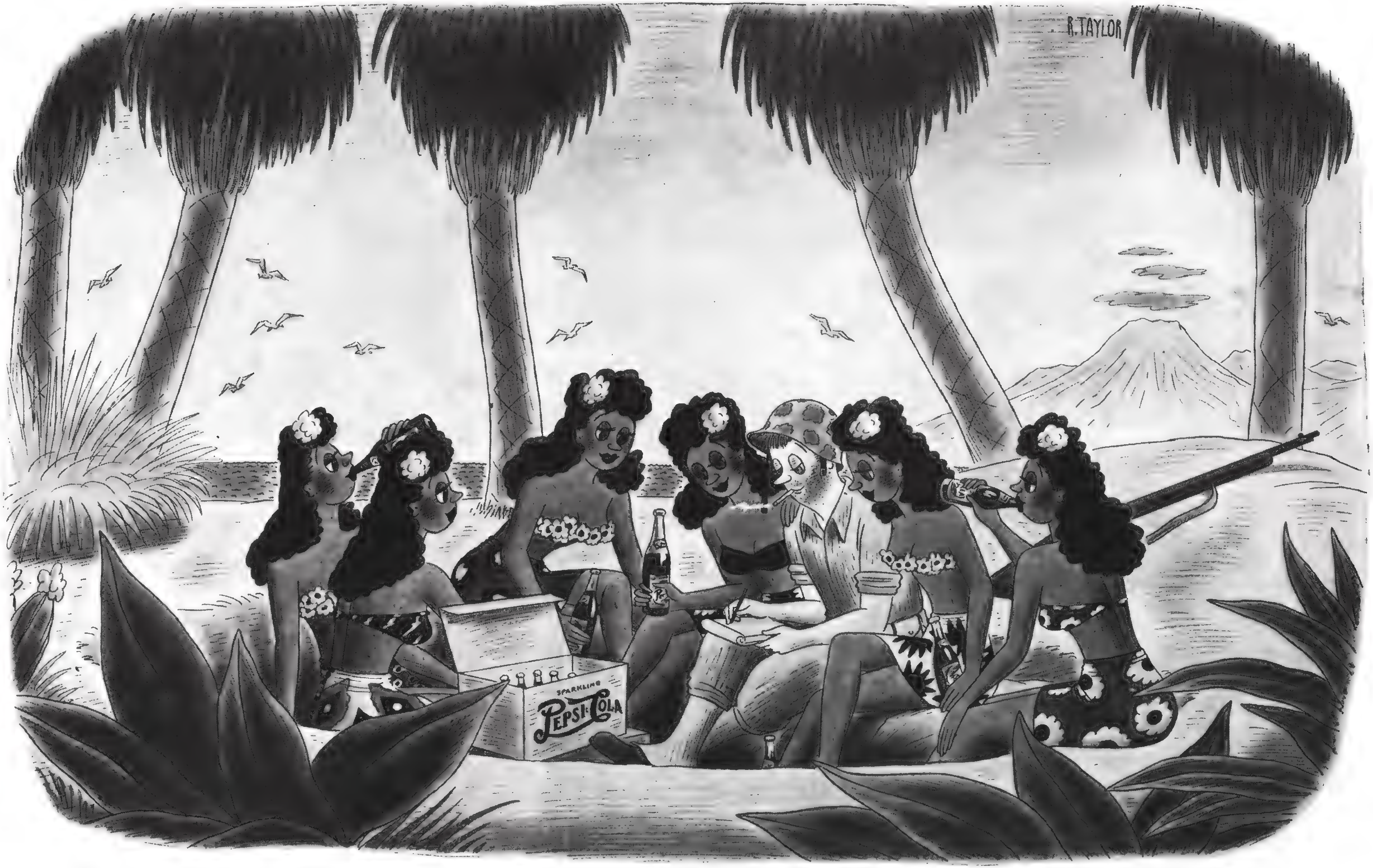
In the gathering twilight, which had already obscured the ugliness of Harlem and had rendered the distant bridge invisible, Mr. Walton realized that he had reached an hour of decision. A quarter mile from him, in a square building, in a white room, his son was either dead or alive, a corpse or a living organism; his little boy: alive, or perhaps quite dead.

And as he started his journey back to the hospital he was confronted again in his spirit with a reality which seemed to have very little to do with God: that spinal meningitis is fatal seventy times out of a hundred; that a temperature of 108° is a clinical phenomenon; that it would need a most especial miracle to save the life of his son and that this miracle, quite simply, would not come to pass.

He thought he could hear the

Continued on page 114

ADVERTISEMENT


R. TAYLOR
SPARKLING
PEPSI-COLA

"Dear Mom: Since you sent me that case of Pepsi-Cola, I have met some of the most interesting people."

ARISTOCRATS

OF STYLE AND DISTINCTION

You'll enjoy the luxury of fine leather in a brilliantly styled Paris Belt. Here is superlative craftsmanship and clever design, combined to give you a belt of style and distinction. Paris Belts come to you in the newest and smartest fall colors—so reasonably priced you can't afford to be without one. See the latest styles today. Available at fine stores everywhere—$1 to $7.

Also wear Paris Free-Swing Suspenders and famous Paris Garters. You can always trust Paris—a dependable trademark that has stood the test of time. . . . .

A. STEIN & COMPANY • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

The Valley of the Shadow

Continued from pages 33-112

doctors in the hospital restaurant.

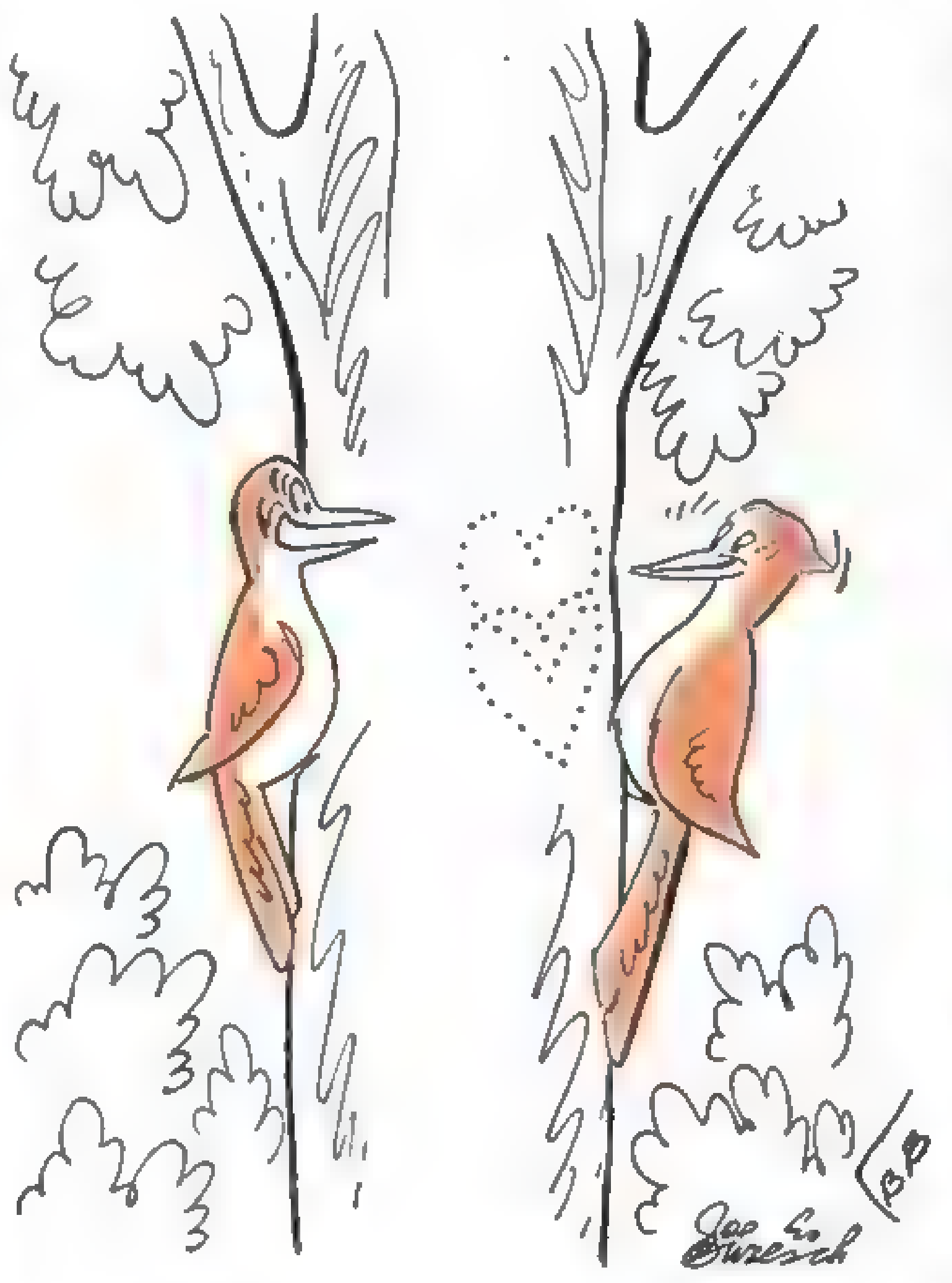
"Yeah, the kid in 608 kicked off about seven, seven-thirty. Kept hollering 'Lady' and then went into a coma. Little devil had a temp of 108° for about twelve hours—never saw anything like it."

"With 108° I'd holler 'Lady' myself. The bread, please, doc."

Such would have been the pattern of the passing of his son.

As he walked down Amsterdam Avenue Mr. Walton devoted himself soberly to the task of composing his mind to the humility he would need in this hour.

Black night fell over the desert as if the whole world had fallen into a well. He had never seen anything so black. He was only a short distance from the big eyes when this happened, a block or two; and now they glowed in the darkness. They were as big as the two round gas tanks you saw from the ferry, higher than all the houses; their gaze stretched out straight ahead of them, high over his head, so strong he could see it, two luminous cables across the sky. It was like walking up to the pier of a ghostly bridge.


"Oh, Red, your're so romantic"

He hurried toward them.

Suddenly it was much cooler, with a presentiment of rain; and somehow he felt about him things he knew. Wasn't that Mrs. Borden's dog barking?

He bumped into a big man.

"Where are ye goin' at all, little boy?"

Brass buttons on a blue uniform, a large head bent over him, an enormous big mustache, twinkling eyes. It was nice Sergeant Mulvaney, the Irish policeman. He saw with surprise that he was on a street, and all around him were houses he knew.

"Were you lost on the desert too, Sergeant Mulvaney?"

The policeman laughed the way they do in the funnies: a white balloon issued from his mouth and in it were the words "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"Sure and I've been on me beat the whole day," he said. "And now where d'ye think ye're goin', me little man?"

"To the eyes."

"Sure and I think ye're makin' a mistake now," Sergeant Mulvaney said. "Now where ye really want to go is down *there.*"

He looked again: this wasn't Sergeant Mulvaney at all, it was his papa pretending to be Sergeant Mulvaney, with a funny false mustache and a funny accent and using "you." That was very funny.

"Thee's my daddy," he shouted, "and I'm going to pull off thy mustache." He made a grab for it.

But his daddy wanted to keep on being Sergeant Mulvaney.

"No, me laddy, 'tis Sergeant Mulvaney, the policeman, and what I say is the law. And what I say is, ye should turn off here and go down this here street till ye reach your own house, which is right at the end of this here street."

"But the eyes?"

"Never ye mind the eyes—they'll wait for ye till ye're old enough to go visitin' around alone. Now please to take this here tricycle o' mine and race off home, because it's goin' to rain and they're waitin' supper for ye."

There was a tricycle.

Then he knew what this was: this was a dream, the kind you have just before you wake up, so you can fix it to come out the way you want it.

"This is *my* tricycle," he said. "Santa brought it last Christmas."

"Maybe it is and maybe it isn't," his daddy said with his funny accent. "Now off with ye—and if I can still see ye when I've counted ten—sure and I'll shoot me revolver at ye. One!"

His daddy was playing a dream-game. He jumped on his tricycle.

"Two!"

"Thee doesn't have a revolver!"

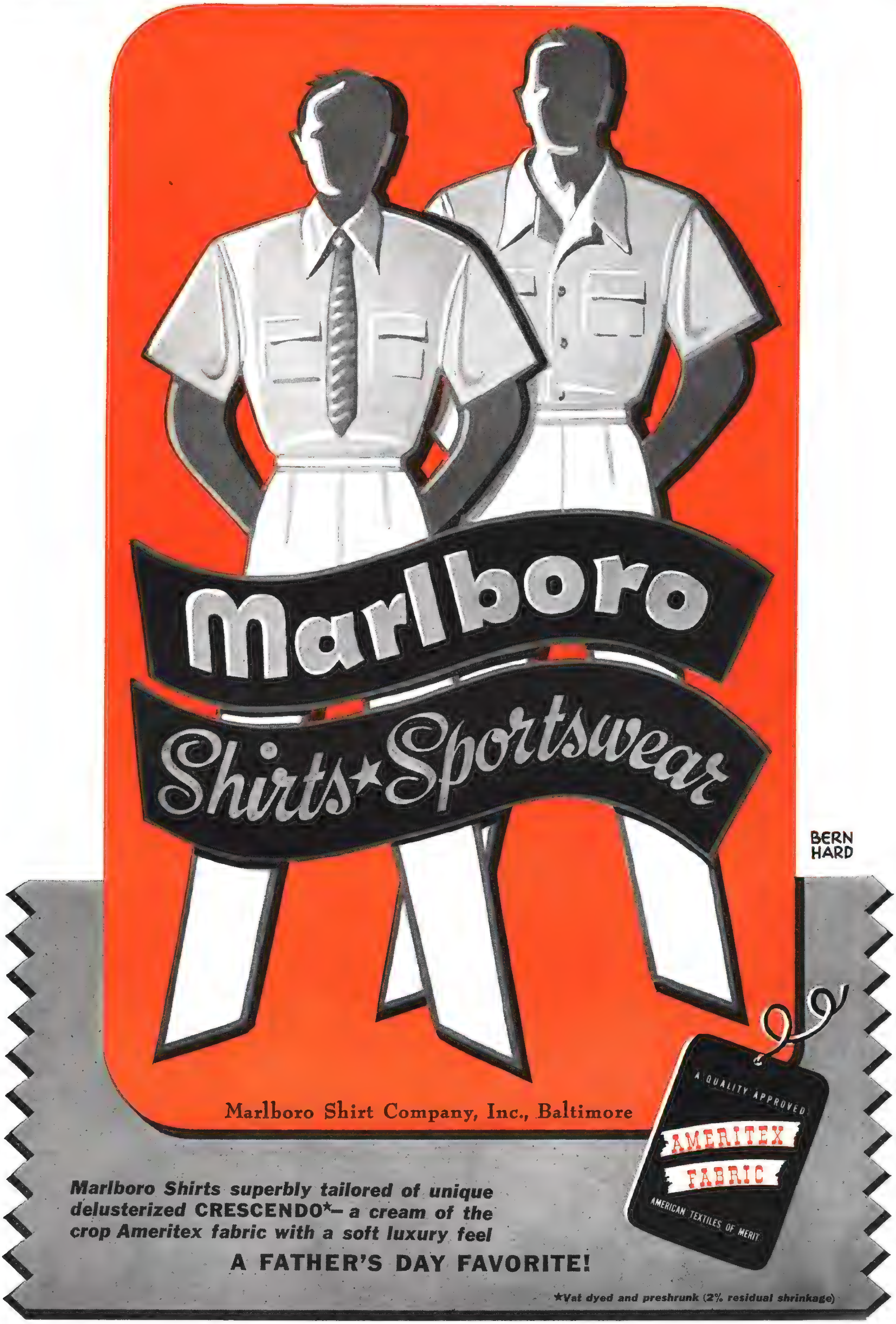
"Three!"

Boy, he'd better hurry! He pedaled furiously down the sidewalk. There was Mrs. Borden's dog, all right, and the big apartment house with its awning to the curb, and there, sure enough, was his house.

"Four!"

And then there was an orange sheet of lightning behind him, and a crack of thunder, and the blatter of fat drops of rain on him; and he forgot the game with his daddy and frowned with all his might, trying to swing the dream around to the way he wanted it to end, quickly, before it was too late, trying to arrange it so that he would be running up the steps of his house and would see the lights in the windows and his mama and papa sitting at the dining table, waiting for him, and could tell them all about the terrible desert and the lady and the eyes.

So that when he woke up he would be home. ⌗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A QUALITY APPROVED
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Marlboro Shirts superbly tailored of unique delusterized CRESCENDO★— a cream of the crop Ameritex fabric with a soft luxury feel

A FATHER'S DAY FAVORITE!

★*Vat dyed and preshrunk (2% residual shrinkage)*

We've put something NEW into pajamas!

In these Weldons of Telo-Mars, the new wonder fabric, we give you Pajamas of extraordinary extras!

Longer wear. With the extra threads in Telo-Mars you actually have a fabric of super-strength—will give you more wear!

Weather-conditioned. The extraordinary Telozorbant finish absorbs moisture 3 times as fast—dries 3 times as fast! Cool and comfortable for summer sleeping!

Sanforized. The size remains the same—won't shrink, crawl or bind! Shrinkage less than 1% by th Government's Approved Test

Luxurious-Looking. Its fineness of yarn, closeness of weave give you an exceptionally luxurious-looking as well as serviceable fabric.

Add Weldon Custom-type quality tailoring and you have super-sleeping pajamas! **About $4.**

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1270 BROADWAY, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

*Reg. App. For

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

Not Yet

The Song of Songs (Decca—Orson Welles)	Except for comic recitations, the unsupported voice seems to baffle the record makers. Here is the prime radio voice of our time, capable of everything—and doing nearly everything in this reading. He whispers, he "rises to heights," he is almost chatty—and it doesn't come off. The orchestration of one voice seems to give variety only to escape monotony. On the other hand, Welles escapes the curse of "refined" clerical utterance.

Classic

Two Arias (Columbia—Lily Pons)	The *Bell Song* and the *Mad Scene*—you might guess that these would be the choices. The record is about to be issued; I list it here for the hundreds of thousands of soldiers at various points who have heard Miss Pons and who will testify to the quality of her voice—and for their families at home who can do likewise.

Ex-Classic

Song of Norway—Grieg (Columbia—Irra Petina) (Decca—Kitty Carlisle)	This is Grieg's music—some of his most popular, some of his best—not mutually exclusive terms in the case of Grieg. It has been transformed into lyric-operetta, and the words aren't always wonderful. The Columbia album has the star of the production, supported by an orchestra and by Robert Weede (quite a voice in itself); the Decca has other members of the original cast with Kitty Carlisle for the lead. If you pay your money, you ought to take your choice.

Classic-Style

Music of George Gershwin (Columbia—Including *Embraceable You, The Man I Love, 'SWonderful, Maybe, Soon,* etc.—Kostelanetz) *After Dark* (Columbia—Including *Temptation, That Old Black Magic, Besame Mucho, Dancing in the Dark,* etc.—Morton Gould)	You might call this "concert-radio style." Neither Kostelanetz nor Gould play hot, or attempt to fool a swing audience; their tradition is sonority and shimmer. Kostelanetz brought his style to a high pitch in his (vanished, alas!) radio programs of the past four years; Gould is newer to the networks, a stylistic counterpart, with fresh ideas of his own. The Gershwin album has a fine choice of rhythm songs, sentiment and a little comedy. *After Dark* is not really in one mood; it ranges from *Speak Low* to *I Get a Kick Out of You* (from which Gould gets a nice comic kick).

Hot Shots—Various

Remember—Berlin (Victor—E. Hawkins)	The top of the trumpets blowing hot on a sentimental melody; full of tricks and excitement.
Bell Bottom Trousers (Majestic—L. Prima)	This "traditional" song recently excited the attention of some prudish folk. It's apparently in the clear—as it has been for maybe a century, in one form or another.
I Can Cook Too—Bernstein (Decca—Nancy Walker) *Lucky to be Me*—Bernstein (Decca—Mary Martin)	Nancy Walker is the bright hot spot of *On the Town,* and gets the comedy songs, too. For the smoother emotions, Mary Martin steps in. Bernstein has proved he can do anything from symphony, through ballet, to musical comedy. The last is not his best field, if you are a musical comedy enthusiast—but these songs are alive and refreshing.
Every Time We Say Good-by (Musicraft—Maxine Sullivan)	A song particularly suited to Sullivan's style; with Teddy Wilson's piano and a small group of good voices in support.

Cooling Off

All of My Life (Columbia—Harry James) (Hit—The 3 Suns) *He's Home for a Little While* (Majestic—Jerry Wald) *My Dreams are Getting Better* (Hit—L. Prima) *Let's Take the Long Way Home* (Columbia—Calloway)	These songs seem to be recorded by everybody. Maybe sung by everybody, too. Even the magic name of Berlin doesn't persuade me of the goodness of *All of My Life;* some of the others (plus "returning soldier songs") are in for the ride, bits of sentiment for the moment. Nothing special about any of the recordings, either—nothing you wouldn't expect.

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One Family—One Tradition
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BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.

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IT'S WHISPER LIGHT

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

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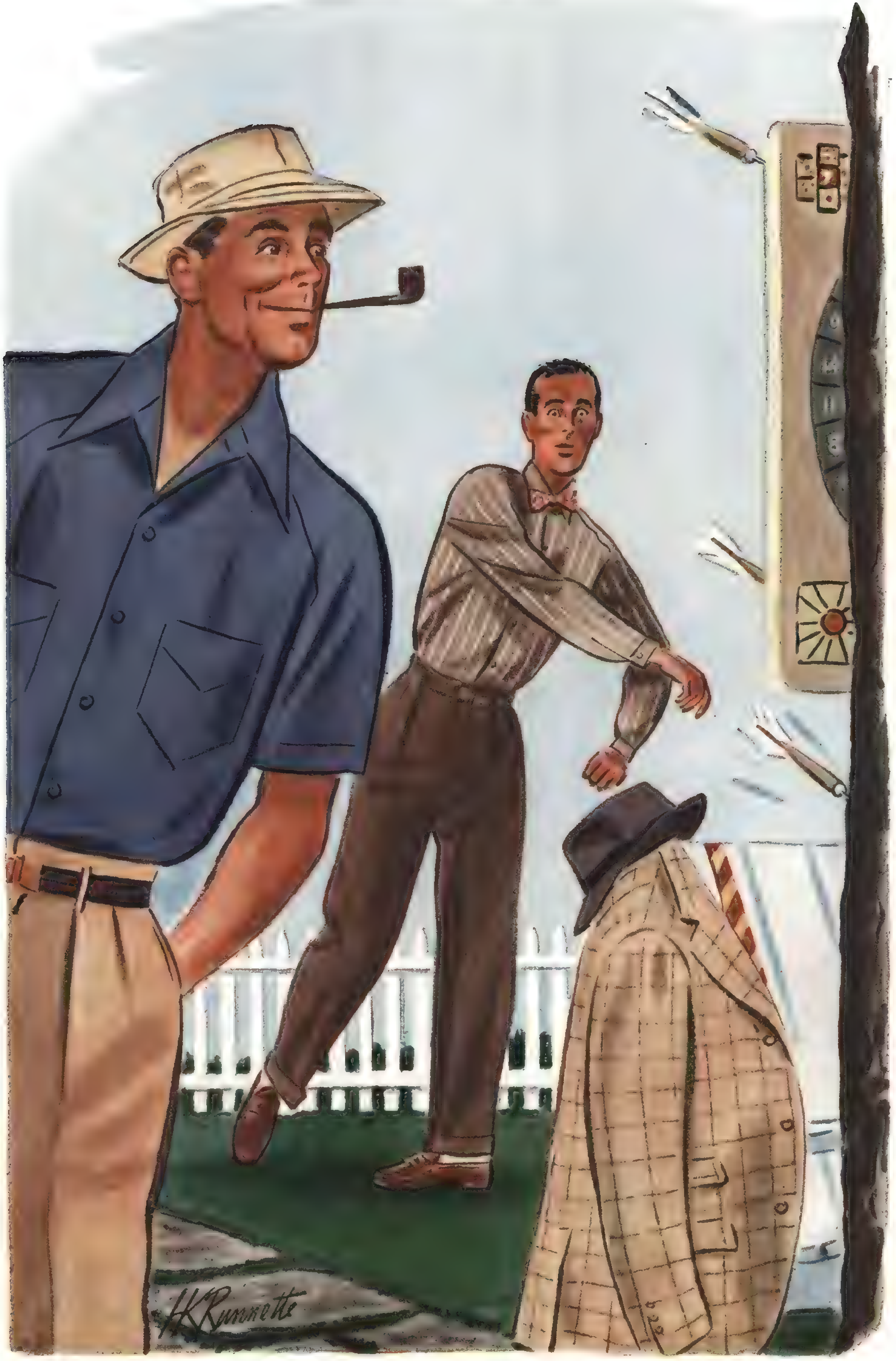

the old college try

We have it straight from our Games Editor that anyone can make his own darts, if he cares to, with a few dowel rods, turkey feathers and a pinch of glue. As the young man in brown has proved, hitting the bull's eye is something else again which, like playing Rachmaninoff's Fourth Piano Concerto, requires a little practice. The shirt he is wearing is chalk-striped rayon; the slacks are brown gabardine; a cordovan belt, cotton anklets, moccasin slippers, felt hat and lightweight tweed jacket complete the outfit. Natty Bumpo, who confidently awaits his turn, wears a blue rayon shirt, notable for its raglan shoulders; with short sleeves and a convertible collar that may be worn with a tie (like the striped rep tie on the chair) it is admirably suited to sports. The rest of his clothing includes rayon gabardine slacks, a striped ribbon belt and a comfortable rayon cloth hat.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Cool, cool Sport Shirts by

VAN HEUSEN

BIGGEST NEWS in sport shirts this season (or any season!) is the smart new styling Van Heusen has put into them . . .

STYLING that comes from skilled shirtmaker tailoring . . . that makes Van Heusen *Sport* Shirts as distinctive for casual wear as famous *Van Heusen Shirts* are for dress-up and business . . .

STYLING you'll recognize in important details—in the cut of a collar, the smooth line of a pocket-flap, the drape of a cuff—as well as in perfect fit and trim appearance.

THE FABRICS are smart too: open-weaves that say welcome to every cooling breeze, cool Oxfords, light gabardines, mixtures . . . in solid colors, two-tones and neat patterns. . . . . . **$2 to $10.**

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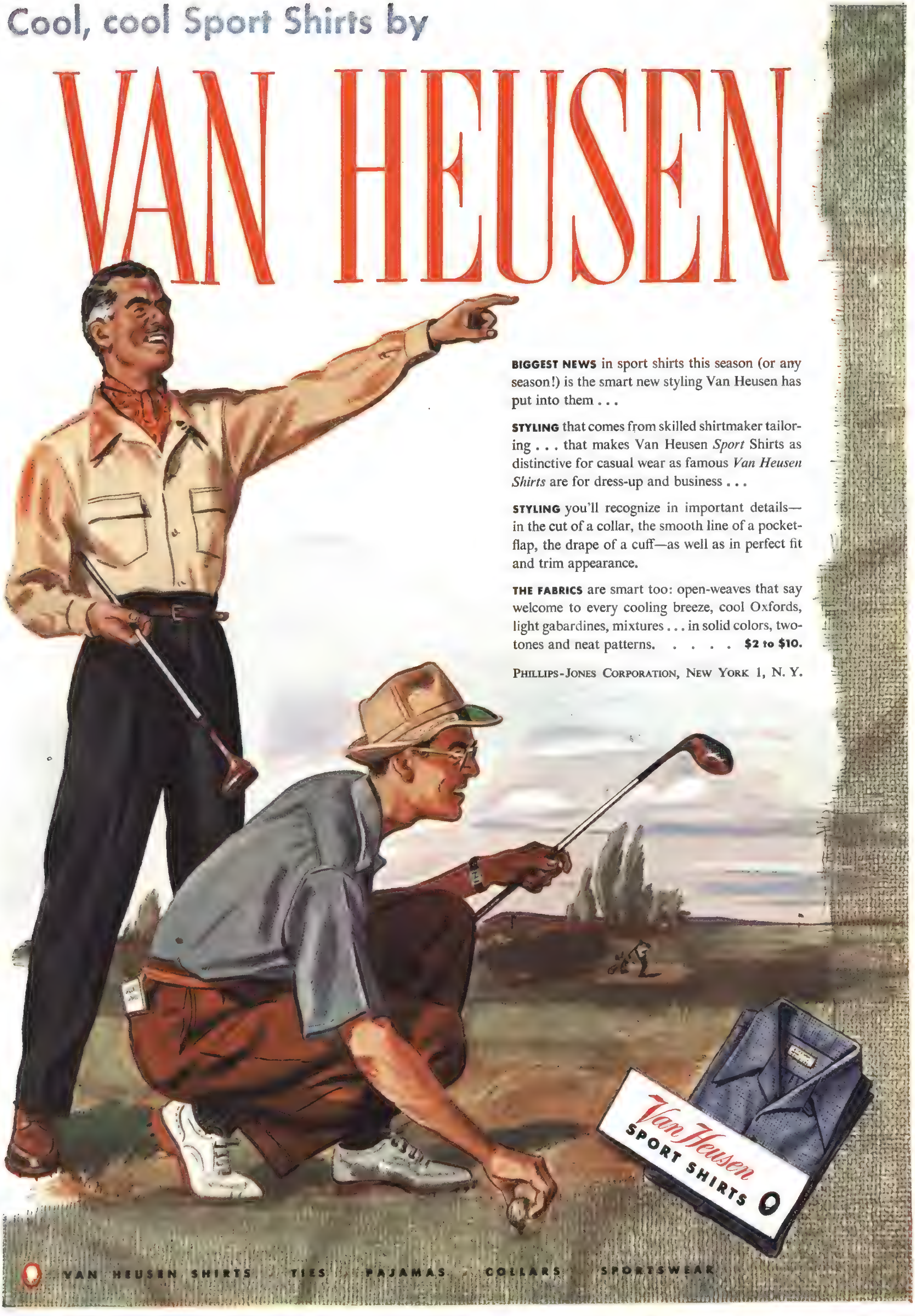
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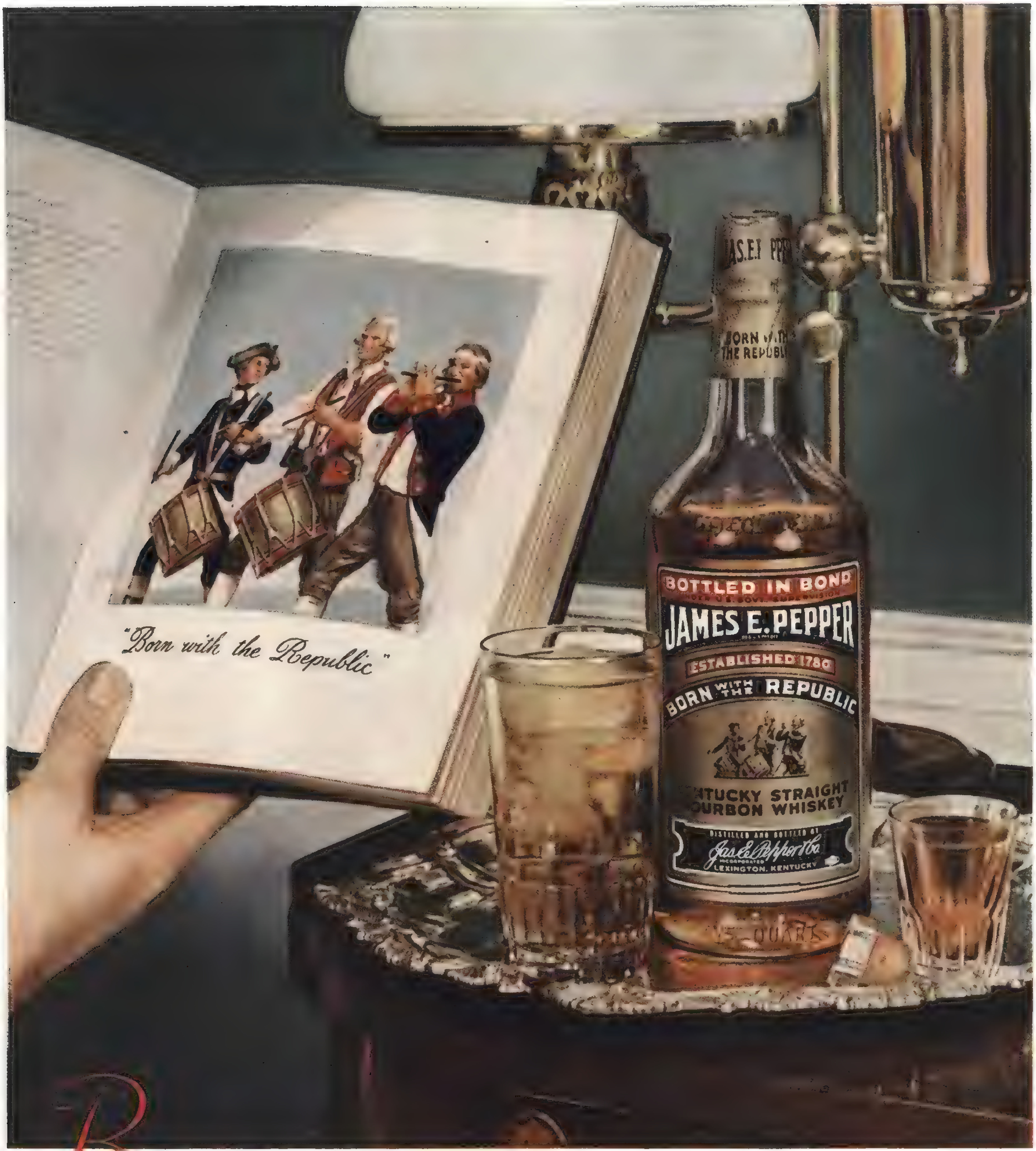
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BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC
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ESTABLISHED 1780
BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

JAMES E. PEPPER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Bottled-in-Bond

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

LOOK FOR THE LABEL WITH THE MARCHING THREE
BACK THE 7th WAR LOAN

THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD, 100 PROOF. JAMES E. PEPPER & CO., LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Why You Are Different

Continued from page 43

most tell that he is a sergeant in the Army without looking at his uniform or stripes, because of his I-know-where-I-stand attitude. Of course, all people who have this type of self-satisfaction are not sergeants in the Army, but they would make good ones. There are many people of this type with this attitude in a greater or lesser degree.

This person is young. We know this because the unmarried *and* inexperienced usually see a legitimate connection with the girl in furs and the boss. In an older person this attitude denotes inexperience, though in the elderly it is a balanced reaction.

This person has very definite leadership ability. He is positive, aggressive, and has the ability to rationalize his own behavior to a wholesome point. His worries are considerably less than the average. He is frank, and you could always count on him to say just about what he believes with little or no effort at "covering up." He, too, will meet with success in life, a success most of us would envy because it will coincide with our ideas of success. (Editor's Note: here we have a revealing glimpse into the authors' subconscious.)

And now to switch over to the feminine side of the ledger. Here is the story of a girl in her thirties:

> "It is a business office with stenographer. The other girl (in furs) is imposing on her. She is amazed. The boss and secretary are looking on; do not think much about it. The stenog would like to work, but the other wouldn't. She's very ordinary looking. She would not work. *I do not like that type!* An old style typewriter, may have trouble writing with it. Office not so well . . . yes, it is reasonably well furnished."

In answer to the two questions the girl said:

1. "Girl is real impatient at the other girl disturbing her. Girl in furs is telling her about some date planned."
2. "She is not hearing what she is talking about. The stenog is worried about her work."

INTERPRETATION: Here is a person who is a chronic worrier about her work, her happiness, everything. In fact, she rather likes to worry. She may have a strong touch of the suffering heroine who wants things to go poorly so she can feed this desire to be the *underdog*. At any rate this is the type of person who says, "I have never been happy. Life has always dealt me a 'low blow.' The happiness I am going to have is just ahead. It is in the future."

She is devoted to her work and, generally speaking, is very conscientious. Through work she derives her principal pleasures in life. It is her retreat from the competitive social world. She is the first to come and the last to leave and will work long hours, yet she never reaches the head of a department because of her stifled personality. She never seems to realize that an office needs more than a mere robot, that it also needs a human being. She is uninteresting at parties because she wants to talk just shop.

But the main point in her personality is her frustration, mostly sexual. To show a mild dislike of the girl in furs is one thing, but to state emphatically, "*I do not like that type!*" reveals something very significant. The fact that she "protests too much" shows that she herself has an inner desire to dress in furs, and be popular with men, to be the life of the party, the talk of the town. In this case you can draw a conclusion exactly opposite to the girl's emphatic statement. Also it is wise to look for frustration when a person hates something intensely.

This girl will never meet with success according to her own standards and, in all probability, not by ours either.

Now let us move from other people to you, to interpret what you have said or what your friends have said. We'll provide the tools, or at least some of them, and you will do the work, the sizing-up or analysis. It is a simple matter of seeing how much you can deduce from your friends' story analysis. These notes will help you to see why *you* are different and to recognize those qualities which are basic to you.

It will be helpful to think of the interpretation in two parts. The purpose of the first part is to establish a few key traits of the individual, and that of the second part is to predict how a person with certain basic traits would react to some life situations.

Part I

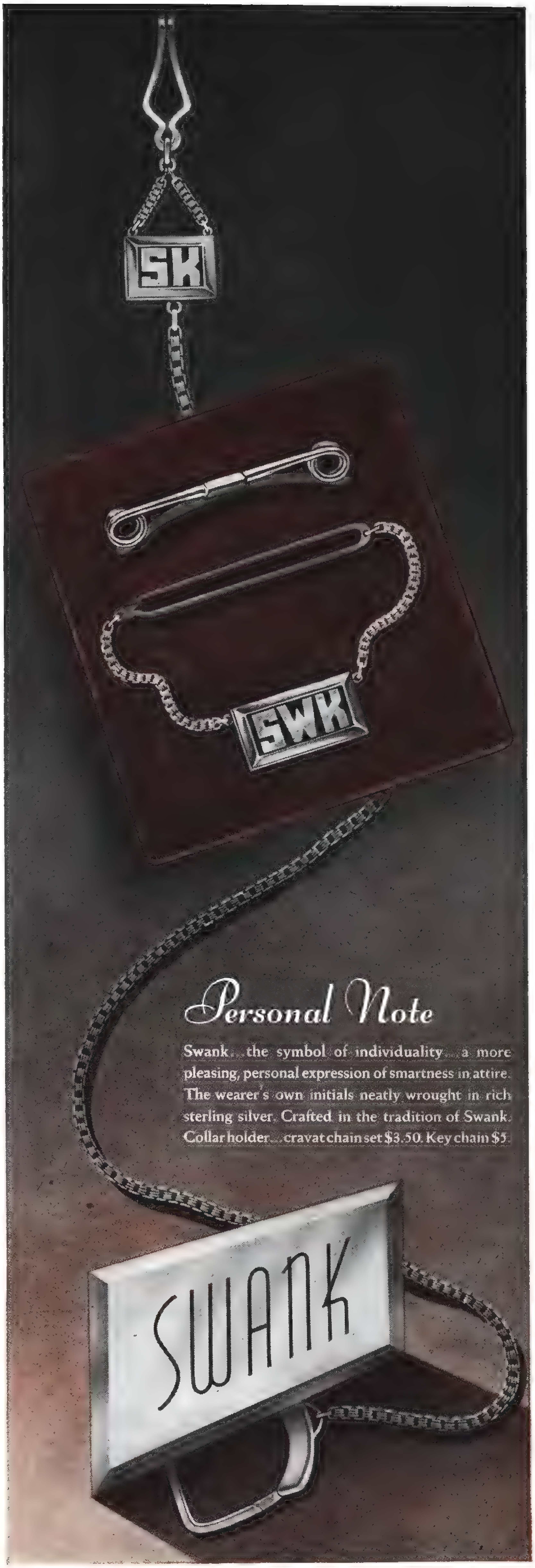
We can establish these basic or key traits by the following seven items:

1. The way he or she tells the story.
2. The length of the story.
3. The detail in the story.
4. The center of interest.
5. The attitudes toward the characters and situations.
6. Key words that seem to have special connotative meaning over and above their use in the story.
7. The things that were not said, but that were obviously in the mind of the individual giving the story.

Here are some short examples of these principles of interpretation:

1. The way a person tells the story gives an insight into the way he solves many of his problems. If he pauses briefly a few times, that is average or, we might say, normal, inasmuch as most people do pause a little. We can then say that he suffers the mild instabilities that befall most of us. If, on the other hand, he rushes through the story with no blocks, no pauses, we can think of him as sure of himself, authoritative and commanding; and usually with a predominance of extrovertive tendencies. This is only true up to a point, however, for once a person

Continued on page 122



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Why You Are Different

Continued from pages 43-121

is too sure, too authoritative, he becomes a know-it-all, bossy person who is likely to be unpopular. Extremes in any direction should be noted carefully for they most often denote opposites. This outwardly too-sure person is likely to be highly insecure inwardly. He is compensating for his insecurity by an outward emphasis on the opposite.

2. A long drawn out story denotes a person who has need of compensations for his ego. He is apt to be unstable, else he would have no need for the "build-ups."

3. Detail in the story denotes a close observer, often a person of scientific bent. Too-picayune observations, however, might denote a person who would fall into paragraph two above. Again an extreme which shows the opposite ...i.e. a person who is actually not too meticulous and is overcompensating for his own inner failings.

4. The center of interest possibly tells the most about a person. Was the center of interest in the morals of the girl in furs, the smug look on the stenographer's face, the furnishings of the office, in both girls perhaps, in the two dim figures in the background, or in the unfinished work begun? It may have been on unseen things, things that are not in the picture, such as the date the girl in furs may have had last night. The sky is the limit as to how it will be expressed, but by studying carefully you will have no trouble jotting down what the center of interest was. Remember the sailor's center of interest was on the *job*, the work as it measured success. The sergeant, on the other hand, was interested in the violent conversation that was being fostered by the girl in furs. Therefore the sailor was preoccupied with finding a place in life, getting and keeping a job. The sergeant reveals a stern severity of character that is only traceable now in his everyday life. He has already decided what he will be and do. The girl's interest was in two places, one in her dislike of the girl in furs and the other in the unfinished work. She was interested in satisfying her inner desire by outwardly rejecting the girl in furs. She was also interested in getting that work done. She identifies herself with her job.

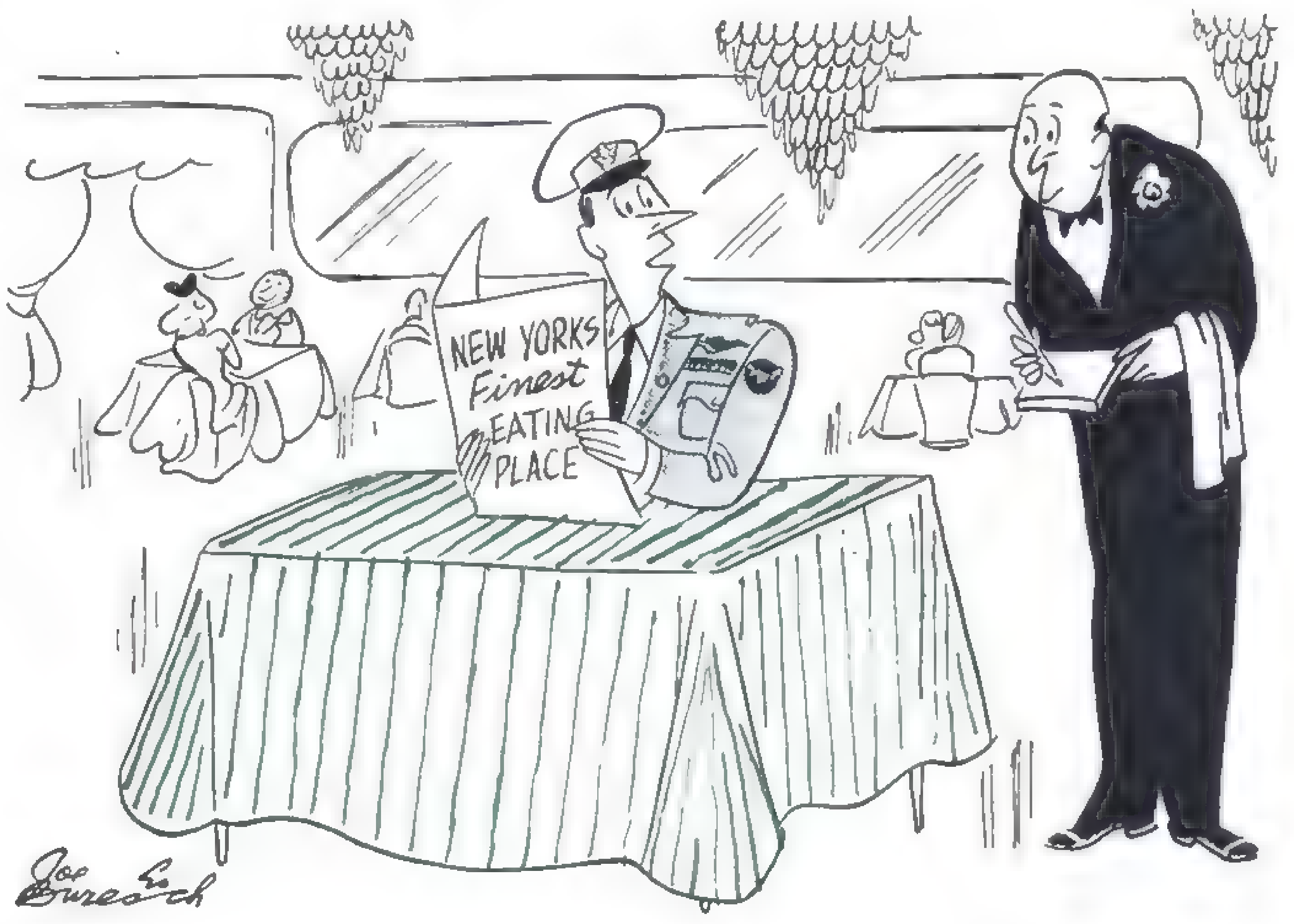
5. The attitudes taken by these three guinea pigs towards the characters and situations suggested by the picture constitute a key to their emotional make-up. Note carefully whether the person is sympathetic, paternal, severe, critical, not interested, or expresses any combination of these or other attitudes.

6. Certain "key words" have a connotative meaning. A really neurotic individual might find the conversation between the two girls "lurid" or "exotic," while the average person finds the little secretary in "awe" or "amazed" at what she is hearing. Look for the hidden meanings in the words and phrases where the person hesitates or gropes for a certain word to express himself. The word "gal" in place of "girl" shows experience rather than naïvete in a certain degree. Through the use of words we hide things from the world. In a test like this, however, through words we unconciously open ourselves to others. Words are the camouflage of our personalities.

7. We can make positive statements about a person by what he leaves unsaid, but what is obviously in his mind. When a person sticks closely to the picture without bringing in anything that isn't there, it denotes a lack of fantasy life in the individual, a lack of daydreams. Be careful here, however, to watch for an overemphasis which will denote the opposite. If through overreticence one character is completely ignored, one can see through this feeble camouflage a strong, suppressed desire to speak about her. From what a person says, you will find it easy to construct what was not said.

From the combination of these seven items a person shows certain qualities; from these qual-

Continued on page 124



". . . and please rush it—I have to be in France in a few hours"

There'll be none *Finer* . . .

To the millions who now own and enjoy Motorola Radios in their home or car, we make this promise. Soon after Victory releases us from our obligations to the armed services, we will deliver the *new* Motorola Radios. They will be fine musical instruments. They will deliver rich, round, concert quality tone and clean, crisp reproduction of the spoken word. They will add grace and distinction to the loveliest home.

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Why You Are Different

Continued from pages 43-121-122

ities, in turn, certain conclusions may be drawn on how the person reacts to life situations.

Included in PART I are fifteen typically revealing statements taken from different stories with their connotative meaning. In your own story or the stories of your friends you will not find the same wording as in these statements, but you will find the same general thoughts expressed. Put a check mark by all the statements that fit your case and read their meanings. Here are the statements:

1. "to take it all in because she had no alternative..."	Acquiescing sort of person who lacks backbone and the courage of his convictions. If married, would be the marvelous henpecked type.
2. "to bawl the secretary out for possible connection with her husband..."	A jealous type of person. He finds sinister motives in the actions of those he likes. He is not happy. He takes life a little too seriously.
3. "to my mind... I think... to me it is... my reaction..."	This retort denotes egocentricism, preoccupation with himself. Poor conversationalist, for he wants to talk only about himself and you can't get a word in about *yourself*.
4. "if she played her cards right..."	The inference is: I know how to manage. I am clever at giving advice. This type often turns to politics.
5. "she came over to show off..."	A careful person in his dress, very conscious of his looks.
6. "she wants to help her..."	Friendly, sympathetic type who may have suffered anxieties in the past.
7. "she wanted to talk back..."	Suppressed desires finding no suitable outlet. This type is over-sensitive.
8. "the boss's wife... the boss's secretary... the assistant's girl friend..."	Here the person explains all females in terms of the male. He is the less virile type of man and can be at ease with both men and women. The extreme of this type is the sissy.
9. "the girl in furs is immoral..."	Very virile men seem to be impulsive in judging the questionable female in the picture.
10. "nice and juicy gossip..."	The gossipy person is an insecure individual who feels the need of excelling in relation to his hearers if only as a newsmonger. This is an insecurity symbol.
11. "it is a lengthy conversation..."	This is an insecurity symbol. The type of person who is haunted by fears, who has to whistle to keep up his courage.
12. "sometimes the price they pay is high..."	Watch out for the moralizer here, the I-am-holier-than-thou attitude. A little bit on the neurotic side.
13. "she is not much interested..."	Here is an inadvertent confession: "I am good because I have never been tempted to be otherwise." This kind of virtue is negative.
14. "she really won't try to help herself..."	The weak executive type. They get a degree of executive responsibility but never advance beyond the fault-finding, criticising stage. They are usually out of their element and know of nothing to offer in a constructive way.
15. "the girl has been shopping..."	This person found something that is not shown or even implied in the picture. Here is a person with imagination and creative ability.

Part II

Let us now piece together the facts we have gleaned. First we have established certain basic traits; we have seven ideas as to what the person being tested is like. Also we have twenty indicative statements.

The actual drawing of the "personality sketch" or "fortune" is attained by combining all the facts on hand. An easy and enjoyable way to do it is to write it in article form.

Let your imagination add flavor and seasoning to this potpourri of facts. For example, if you find a person who is kind, thoughtful and affectionate, then you may *assume* he is the type who kisses babies and remembers to send birthday greetings even to his most distant relatives.

Even with this imposing array of knowledge, you could hardly call yourself a professional psychologist. But we are sure you will have fun applying this t and will amaze your friends wi some of your findings. ⁂

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But with the coming of peace you will find the Wilson mark on many new advancements in sports equipment—perfected by our creative staff during the past three years of war.

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Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

This Man's World

Continued from page 46

that has come to him, but there is not an ounce of self-importance about him. He loves nothing better than a rousing sports argument, and flies into magnificent vehemences in supporting his points, yet always mellowed with respect for the other fellow's point of view.

If plans now maturing go through he will be in Europe with Information Please, entertaining troops when this is published. He will then be back on his old stamping grounds, because he was in France during the first World War as a sergeant in the American Army.

Life has been good to Kieran, but throughout life too, Kieran has been consistent in giving his. Over a period of twenty-five years he has poured forth the best of himself without stint; his life is a record of simplicity, honesty and decency and love of work.

Perhaps this is only as it should be and not to be considered remarkable, though when I think how rare this is, I am prepared to argue the point, but Kieran has taken that final hurdle which has been a fatal obstacle for so many. He has succeeded in absorbing national fame without a single pause on his decent and useful journey through life. If you care, as I do, about what constitutes an example of a good man and a fine American, you need look no further than your own John Kieran.

Utopia:

THE postwar technological world as sketched in advance by the scientists is in the main somewhat alarming to me since I belong to a generation that has only partially accustomed itself to imperfect gadgets whose functioning appears to be bound up with midnight telephone calls to unwilling service men to come over and get the damned things going again.

At this stage of life, I am content with what I have and ask for but little more in the line of creature comforts, transportation, plastics, inventions, et cetera, but there is one promise of postwar living held out by the scientists which fills me with rapture and longing for its fruition—that bug killer.

I mean that stuff you spray on your walls and waft around your garden and the bugs start dropping dead for miles around. If the boys will really come through with that one, I'm in. I'll never ask for another thing, so help me.

For this is again the summer of my discontent down on the farm when again I am assailed inside the house and out by things that crawl, scuttle, fly, buzz, zoom, bite and sting. From the common, affectionate single-engined housefly to dive-bombing wasps and hornets and big four-engined beetles, and C-57 moths that come barging into the house, life in the country is a constant hell of bugs; big bugs, little bugs, free-wheeling bugs, indestructible bugs, bugs with feelers fore and aft, green bugs that squash and green bugs that are unsquashable, armor-plated bugs, bugs with six, sixty and six hundred legs, bugs that drop from the ceiling and bugs that bore from within, bugs that carry flashlights, bugs that park on the foot of the bed and eye you reproachfully.

Not to mention spiders. If I thought that I was actually going to be able to spend my declining years in a world where never again would I encounter a large, black hairy spider crouched in the middle of the tub upon entering my bathroom in the morning, fixing me with an evil stare and daring me to make the next move, I would settle for all the rest and forever pay homage to science and the technologists.

I might as well admit it, spiders fill me with pure terror. I realize that they are God's creatures and diligent, that their webs are works of art and that they live beautiful home lives and are good to their children, but to me they are filled with poison and a baleful malevolence that chills me to the marrow. They know it too and like to chase me. To them it's sport.

Further I am harassed by the superstition that it is bad luck to kill a spider. Once during a flight stopover in Trinidad I was cornered in my hotel room by a black spider about the circumference of a tennis ball with eight large hairy legs and an equal number of eyes.

It was an epic battle during which I fled screaming up the walls and across the ceiling, swung from the chandelier à la Douglas Fairbanks, beating at it with a shoe, with the beast snapping at my heels and charging me like a lion. Eventually I killed it, but wrecked the room in the process. A Senegambian maid, hearing the sounds of battle from out in the hall, came to investigate and when panting and triumphant I showed her my kill, she rolled her eyes lugubriously and said, "Oh suh, you shouldn' hab kill dat po' lil

Continued on page 128

Try this "mountain magic" in your favorite rum drink!

The delightful "magic" that Ron Merito works in the making of rum drinks, is simply one of those happy "naturals" occurring once in a blue moon.

In Puerto Rico, there's a certain mountain valley, thousands of feet above the sea, where Nature herself has set the stage for producing the perfect rum. There soil and sun, pure water and tropic weather—in combination unique and ideal—"go partners" with a little mountain distillery to give you—matchless Ron Merito!

Try this versatile "mountain rum" in a daiquiri, cuba libre, highball, rum collins. Try it in sours, manhattans, old-fashioneds. You'll find, to your vast enjoyment, that Ron Merito imparts to each a distinctive flavor that is memorably delicious.

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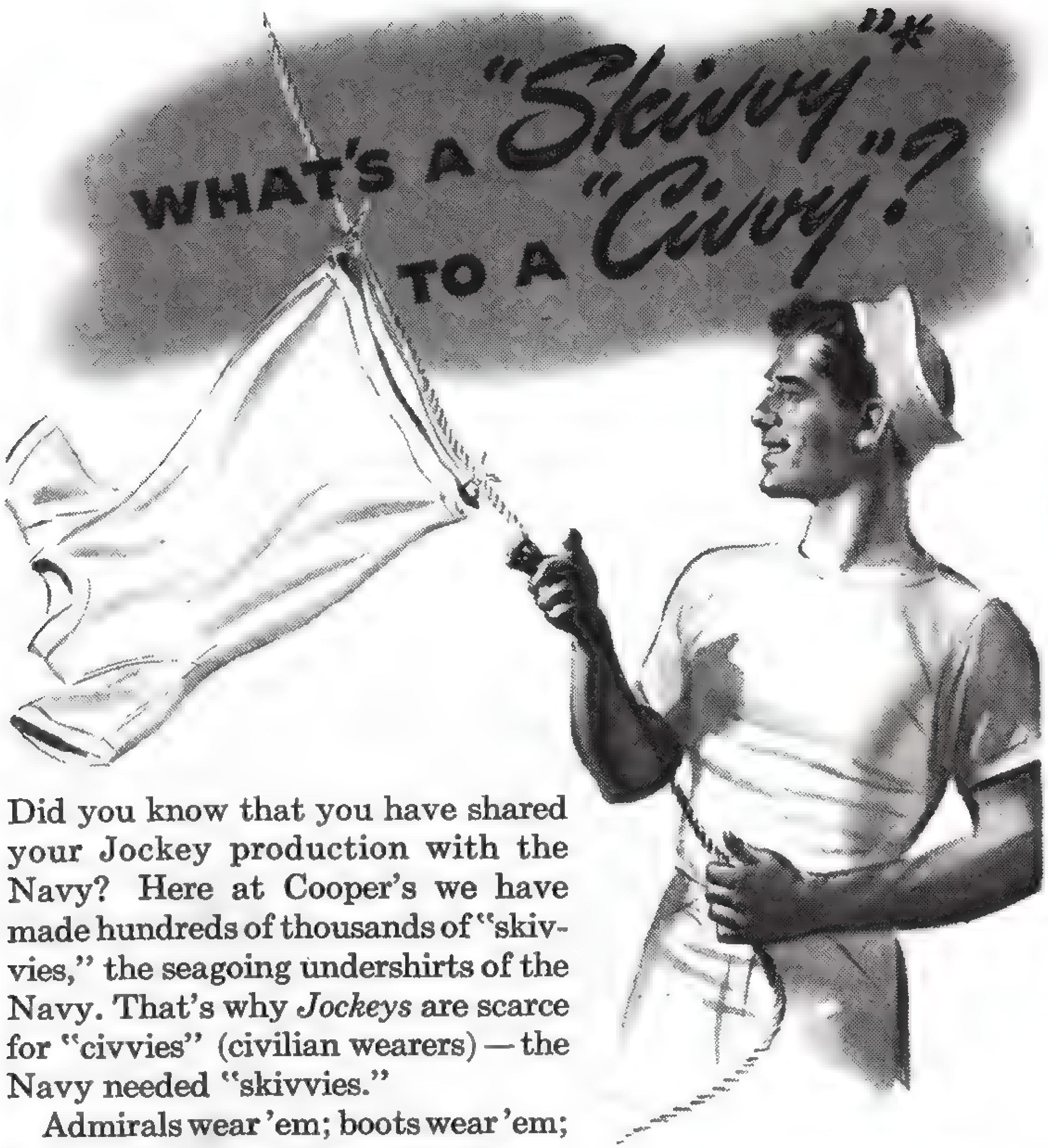

WHAT'S A "Skivvy"* TO A "Civvy"?

Did you know that you have shared your Jockey production with the Navy? Here at Cooper's we have made hundreds of thousands of "skivvies," the seagoing undershirts of the Navy. That's why *Jockeys* are scarce for "civvies" (civilian wearers) — the Navy needed "skivvies."

Admirals wear 'em; boots wear 'em; and so do all the ratings in between. They're worn with blues, whites, grays and flyer's greens—or all alone when hitting the sack. Like *Jockey*, they're so easy to wash that the afterdeck of smaller craft may look like wash day in Brooklyn, with "skivvies" flapping on the line. You'll see 'em from Suez to Panama, from Archangel to Aukland, afloat and ashore . . . millions of 'em.

"Skivvies" are made with sleeves that reach about to a sailor's vaccination. That's so they won't flap about . . . so they can't be used for pockets . . . so they won't slow down the elbow action in chipping paint or passing the ammunition. Also for protection from sun and chill.

"Skivvies" are knitted. That's so a sailor's body can breathe . . . so his air conditioning system can work . . . so they can keep him cool when the heat's on, or warm when there's ice in the rigging. (Knit underwear works the same way for civilians.)

"Skivvies" can be lashed down with two short pieces of line called "stops" which fit into four eyelets in the tail. "Stops" can be used for practice in tying knots . . . and they're hurricane insurance where clothespins wouldn't work.

*"*Skivvy*" *is Navy slang for undershirt*

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Jockey
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
UNDERWEAR

Jockey Short

This Man's World

Continued from pages 46-126

spider. Dat's de mos' bad luck in de whole worl' kill a spider."

Inasmuch as I was then almost ready to embark in a long overwater flight in an airplane in which I did not have, to say the least, too much confidence, the episode just made my day. And when over Puerto Rico our landing gear stuck and wouldn't come down, I knew it was still that damned spider out to get me.

At this point, I would like to make it known that I do not wish to hear from window-screen salesmen. Our farm is equipped with the best fine-mesh copper screens that money can buy, and they fit tightly. But that doesn't keep the entire entomological world from getting in. As far as I can determine, all the screens accomplish is to keep them from getting out once they are in.

They have their own means of effecting entrance and staying there. When I work, the bugs fly around my desk lamp, fall down my neck and add odd punctuation to my copy. When I go up to go to bed, the boys are waiting for me on my pillow. When I want to go to sleep they start talking to one another by Morse or International Code. They crawl out of my shoes in the morning and run swimming races in the soup at lunch time. They build nests and nurse their young in my typewriter and gang up on me when I try to sit outdoors of an evening and relax.

If the scientists are really serious about that stuff knocking off everything that creeps, crawls or flies, or even keeping it in a state of reasonable coma, Utopia is just around the corner as far as I am concerned.

The Outstretched Neck:

You may have heard, as I have, considerable criticism of the press in recent months on the ground that it has fostered the new breed of columnist to the point where some newspapers have as many as seven or eight of them on the pay roll, of one kind or another, and that public opinion largely is being molded by these columnists, many of whom are either propagandists, nitwits or both.

This is supposed to be a radical departure from the fine old journalistic standards of dignity and frowning anonymity, going back to the days of my youth when there were no by-lines, when opinion and editorial comment were unsigned.

Contemplating the journalistic scene and the current squawks from my own worm's-eye view as the uninhibited and free-wheeling head of this particular department, I am forced to the mature conclusion of—nuts, and also so what?

What evidence is there that the gentlemen who wrote the editorials and the comment under the sheltering cloak of anonymity back in the good old days when the press was supposed to have substance and dignity, did not harbor in their midst as high a percentage of lamebrains as may now be found cavorting beneath their signatures in newspapers the country over?

The unsigned leader and the mystic, all-embracing "We view with alarm," of my day, it seems to me lent much more importance and cataclysmic forebodings of doom with consequent impact upon public opinion than the signed and individually expressed cerebrations of the columnists of today.

The modern editorialist not only sticks his name up at the head of his piece, but in many instances his photograph as well so that one can get a good look at his neck and note just how far it is stuck out.

I am an insatiable reader of newspapers and newspaper columns, and admit to being freely influenced by the little half column reproductions that adorn the think-pieces of many of the famous columnists. And I find in them a leavening and leveling effect, because having read some outrageous piece of flummery, poor thinking, or sheer, gross stupidity, my eye wanders to the reproduction of the kisser of the genius and I say to myself, "Take it easy, Gallico, any guy with a puss like that couldn't possibly know what he was talking about," and I proceed my merry way, unpropagandized.

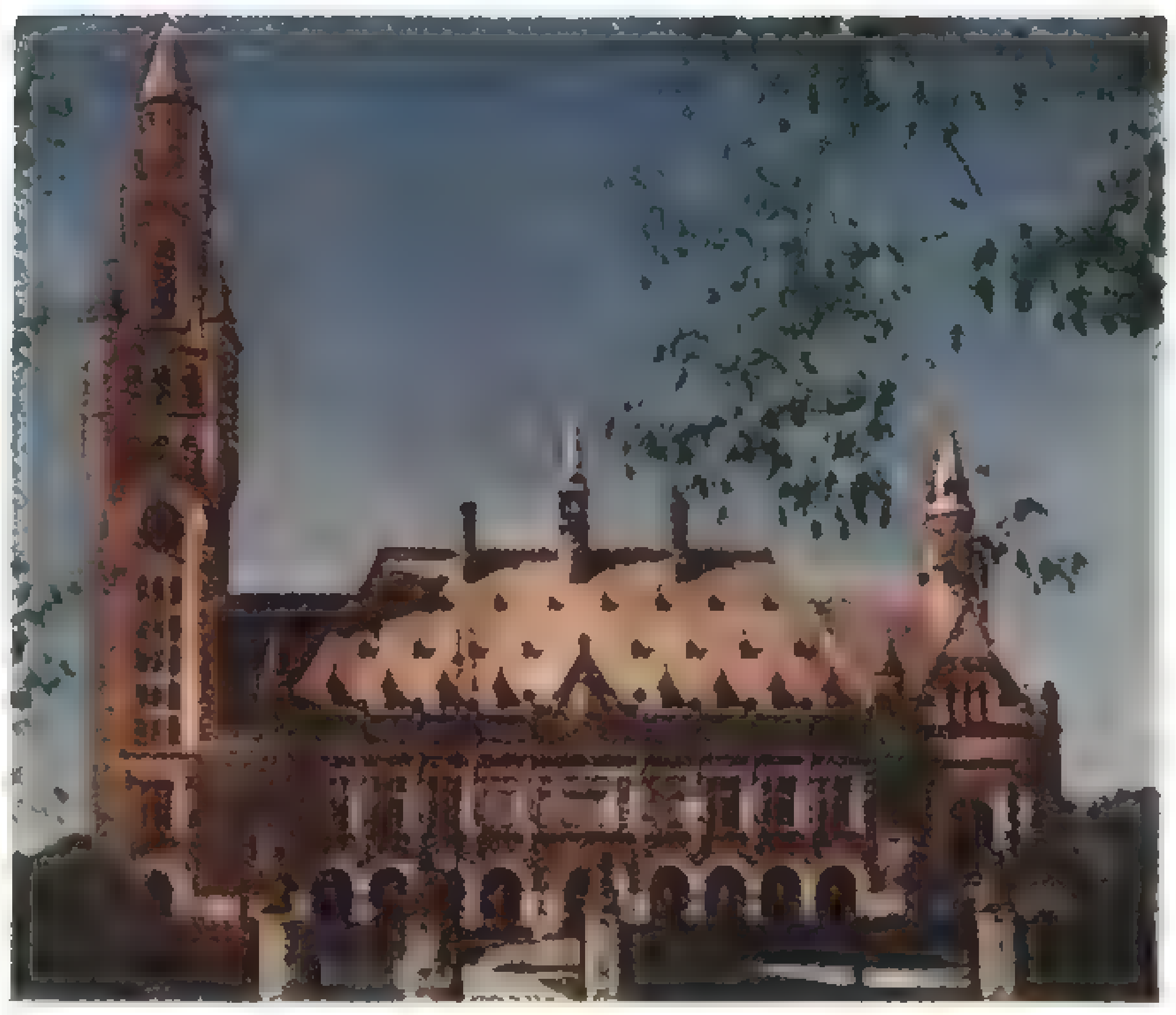
There are as many excellent minds as well as dumb-bunnies or pure, out-and-out vicious characters amongst the newspaper columnists of today, but the point I wish to make is that I feel the press is rendering a distinct service by this method of presenting opinion, for one and all of them sign their names to their effusions, and there they are, stuck with them. The added weight of the editorial organization does not stand behind the columnists to lend its force to their crackpotteries.

They are all on their own and they must stand or fall by their own written words and how they stack up with action and events in the changing world. A newspaper may change its policy and its anonymous staff of editorial writers, but the columnist remains forever shackled to his by-lined statements and opinions. You can always quote him back to him and he cannot duck. If he is brilliant, the credit redounds to him and the newspaper which employs him. And if he is more than usually stupid and biased and ignorant, his name can very quickly become a joke and a byword.

We the people aren't as dumb as many newspapers are inclined to think we are. We catch on quick. ###

Chips are down for world peace!

1867 **THE STRUGGLE** for peace is long, stakes are high. In Geneva, Switzerland, shown above, the International League for Peace and Freedom was founded 78 years ago. At this time Corby's Whiskey had been well known in Canada for more than nine years.



1899 **THE HAGUE** Conference, in Holland, included 26 nations. A World Court was created, rules for international behavior were drawn up, but there was no force behind them. Hague "Peace Palace" above was built in Corby's 45th year of Canadian fame.

1919 **THE PALACE** at Versailles where allied nations made an effort to prevent a second World War through the League of Nations. Again there was no force to help preserve peace. Aggressors planned a new war. This was in Corby's 61st year as a respected Canadian name.

BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY

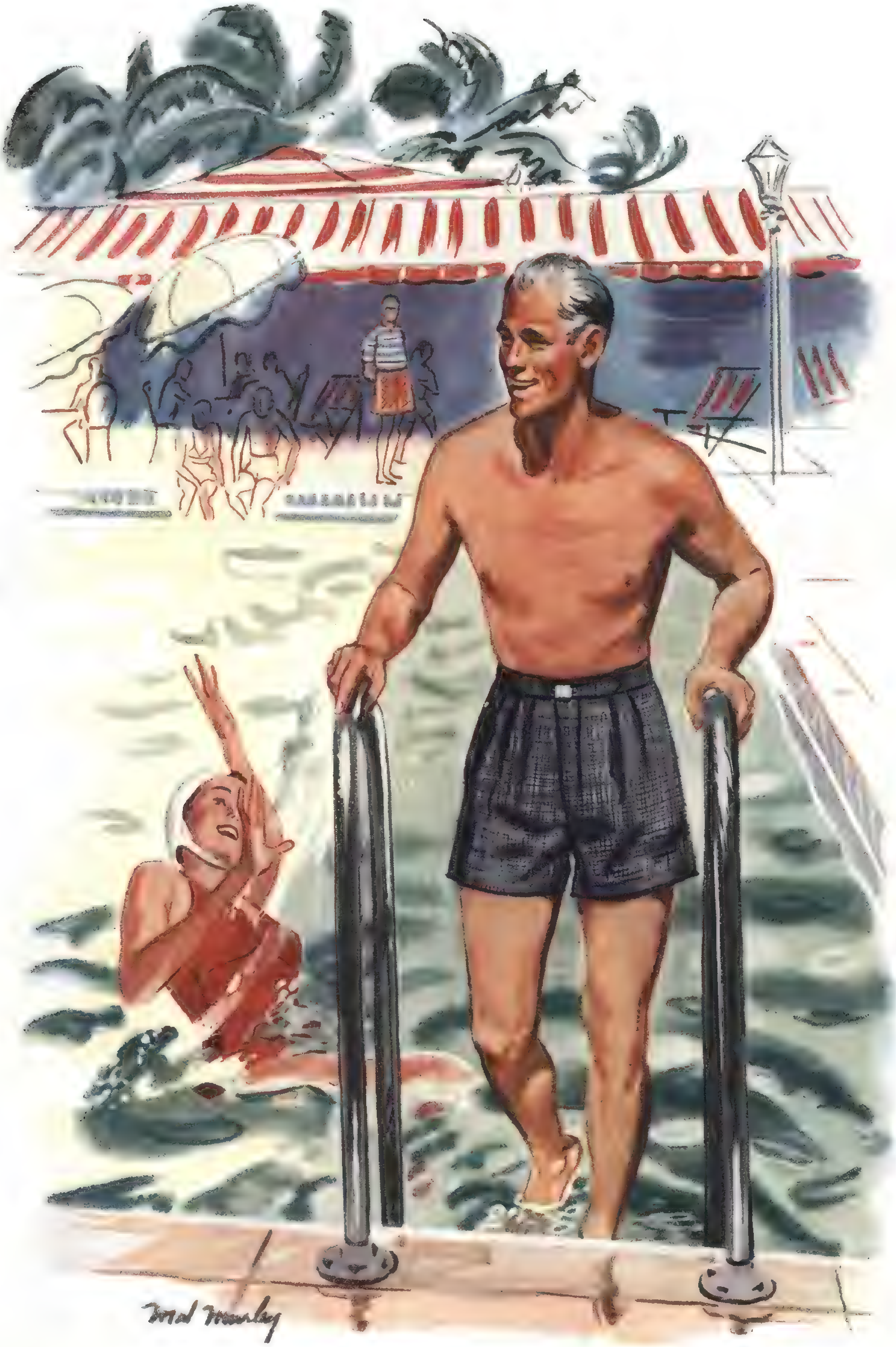
1945 **THE CHIPS** are down; the Big Three at Teheran and Yalta, the United Nations at San Francisco, have the power for a showdown on peace. Victories are piling up. You may have opportunities to toast success with Corby's, the light, sociable blend. Watch for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in your bar or store.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

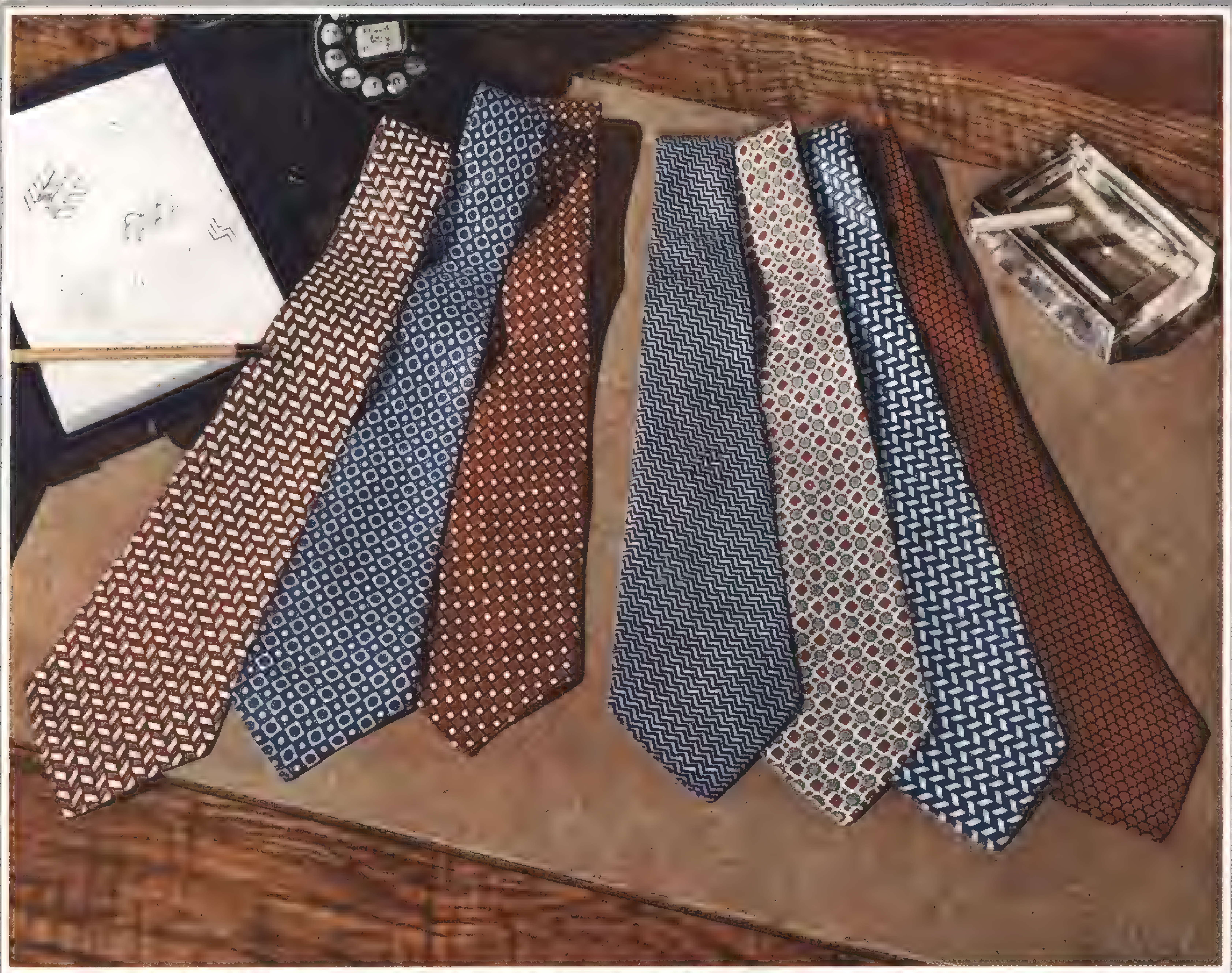
PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof — 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits — Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois



oh, the old swimmin' hole

If James Whitcomb Riley, the eternally nostalgic Hoosier poet, could walk abroad in 1945, he would be hard put to find enough quaint, misspelled words to express his surprise. If he were to see one of our marble-tiled, scientifically tested swimming pools, with the bulrushes and cattails of yore displaced by striped lounge chairs and umbrellas, and grown men and women as carefree as all get-out, he would surely need a good stiff drink. How it would sadden Mr. Riley to note the new fashions in swimming—to realize the hard-splashing dog stroke has given way to the faster trudgen and crawl. As for bathing suits, consider the sun-tanned fellow in the picture. His swim shorts are of pin-checked rayon and worsted blend fabric. Pleats on each side provide extra freedom in swimming. Across the pool is a man whose processed cotton shorts are topped by a cross-striped, knitted pullover.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



Doodle Prints in Doeskin Foulard

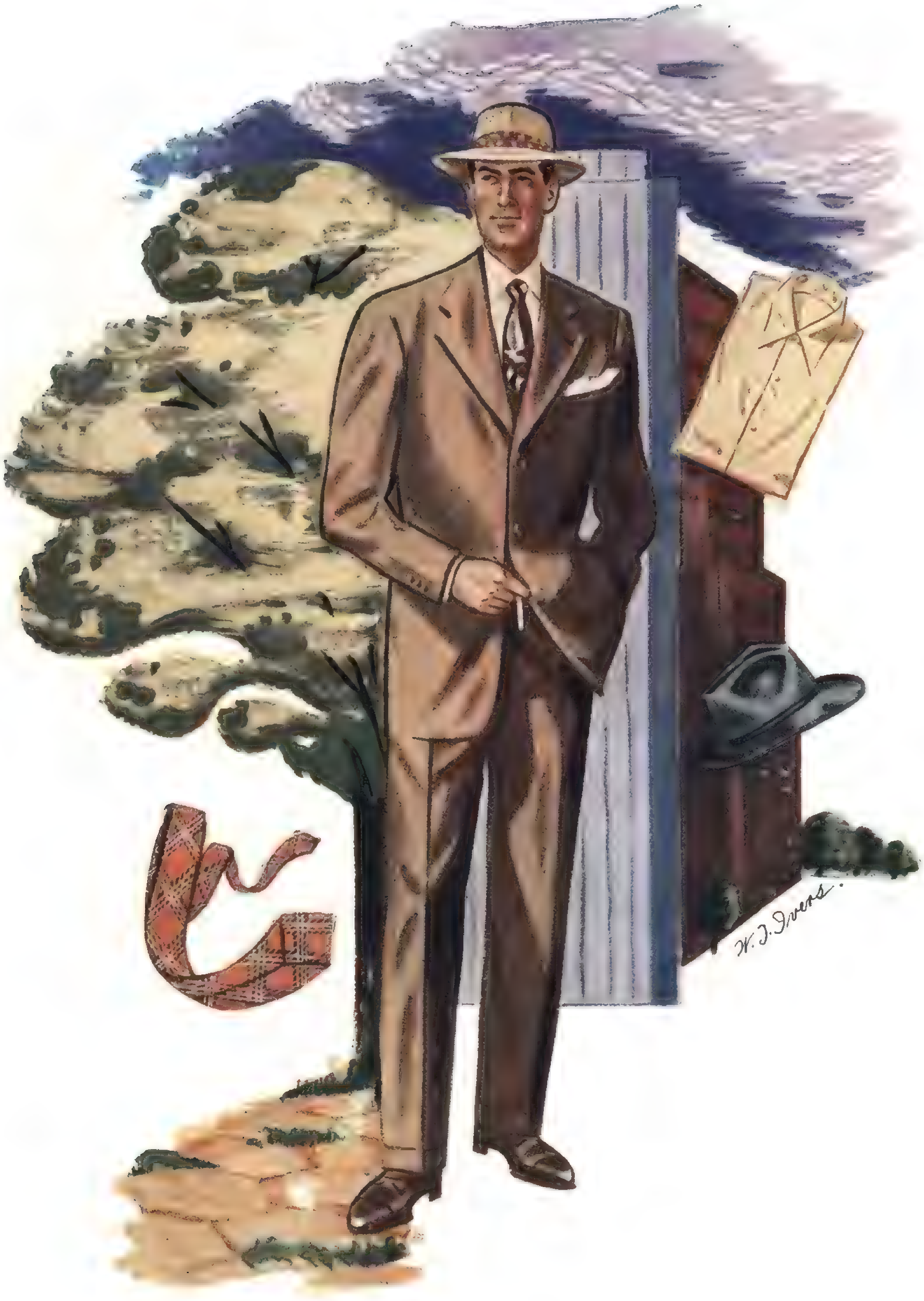
Doeskin Foulard by McCurrach

1.50

The tiny geometric "hatchings" of everyday "doodle" drawings make a series of fashionable tie patterns when colored by McCurrach in the famous luxurious Doeskin Foulard. Shown are but a few of the many colorings available. Ask to see the McCurrach label at better stores everywhere. Write for booklet, "Necktie Notes"—hints on color harmony; how to tie a Windsor and other knots.

McCurrach

McCURRACH ORGANIZATION • 411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK



kazak for commuters

Those restless nomads who range the countryside, traveling twice daily in caravans of car-pools, from the suburbs to the city and back again, would be wise to consider a ruddy, practical color called Kazak Brown. For as the artist has shown in his impressionistic painting, a suit of this color is equally at home in town or country. The subject of the picture wears a single-breasted Kazak Brown suit tailored in a summer, rayon blend fabric; the accessories he wears are obviously more appropriate for town than for the country. These include a tan batiste-madras shirt with a printed rayon tie; a mesh-crown panama hat which carries a dotted puggree, and brown lightweight shoes. For evenings or week ends in the country he can dress the suit down with more informal accessories, such as the suggested yellow twill shirt, tartan tie and green lightweight felt hat with pinched crown.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

The Straight Dope from Daddy

Continued from page 31

packed with perspiring vacationers. A mother and two children sat opposite us. Periodically, the mother shouted at the youngsters that, if they were going to be sick, not to do it on the man, which was me. Ah, marriage!

My friends were at the station to meet us . . . more excited than we were. Mary and I had the calm of death. We wanted the ceremony over with as quickly as possible. I had steeled myself—but my fortitude wouldn't last forever.

We filled out the necessary papers in the office of Mrs. B—, the Town Clerk. She was not overly friendly to our host because of a little difficulty over dog licenses. He listed every new cocker spaniel born as a male—contrary to the laws of nature and the observation of Vermonters. "I save money that way," he said, "money I spend on Scotch."

Nothing seemed to please Mrs. B—, until she found out that Mary's mother was an O'Malley, born in England.

"Oh," said Mrs. B—, relieved, "we have O'Malleys in *Vermont*."

Back at our hosts' home nothing needed to be made ready except the bride and bridegroom, who kept saying to himself, "This isn't somebody else getting married, it's you."

The sun was bright, the day cool. Fortunately, our hostess had not "decorated" her living room. It was pleasant and homelike—with a bowl of garden flowers in one corner. The chintz curtains were blowing in the wind coming down off the mountain.

The justice of the peace was seventy-six, a retired hardware dealer, and a pillar in the Baptist church. He was small, spare, lively and sincere, and he looked over the papers and said he guessed they were satisfactory. I asked him what business he was in. "I was in the hardware business for thirty years," he said, "but when the New Deal told me to fill out a paper every time I sold a rake or hoe, I decided it was time to quit."

"Used to own a garage," he added, "but I never liked cars."

He married us—with sincerity, simplicity and meaning. We both thanked him and collapsed into chairs. Our hostess, with admirable foresight, had provided sandwiches for just after the ceremony. Mary and I wolfed them all.

A few guests came in for cocktails. One of them brought champagne. All the guests had a wonderful time. They wanted to take candid pictures, but Mary and I were firm. No pictures. A golfer's wife who lived across the street was delighted with the champagne—we could cool it with a huge cup her husband had once won at golf. All she ever did was clean it. Now, it would do something.

Three of the women who congratulated us had been married three times before, so their words carried extra weight—you must have a lot of confidence in marriage to try it so often.

One formidable woman asked, "Is this your first marriage?"

"Yes," I had to admit.

But, generally speaking, nobody paid much attention to us. By seven o'clock, the party was going strong. Everybody felt fine. A stranger came up to me and said, "Quite a celebration."

I said, "Yes."

"Somebody get married?"

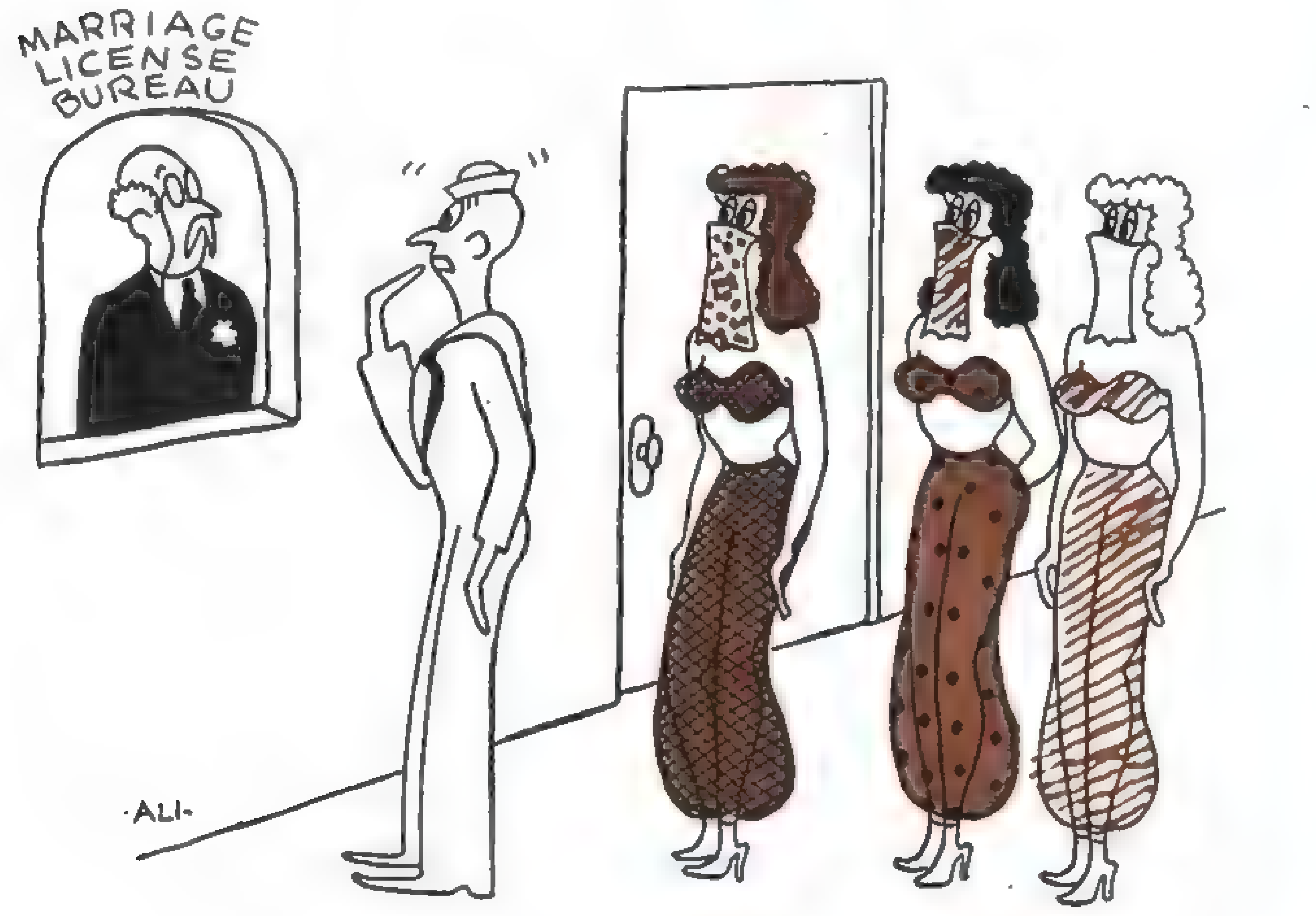
"Yes."

"Who?"

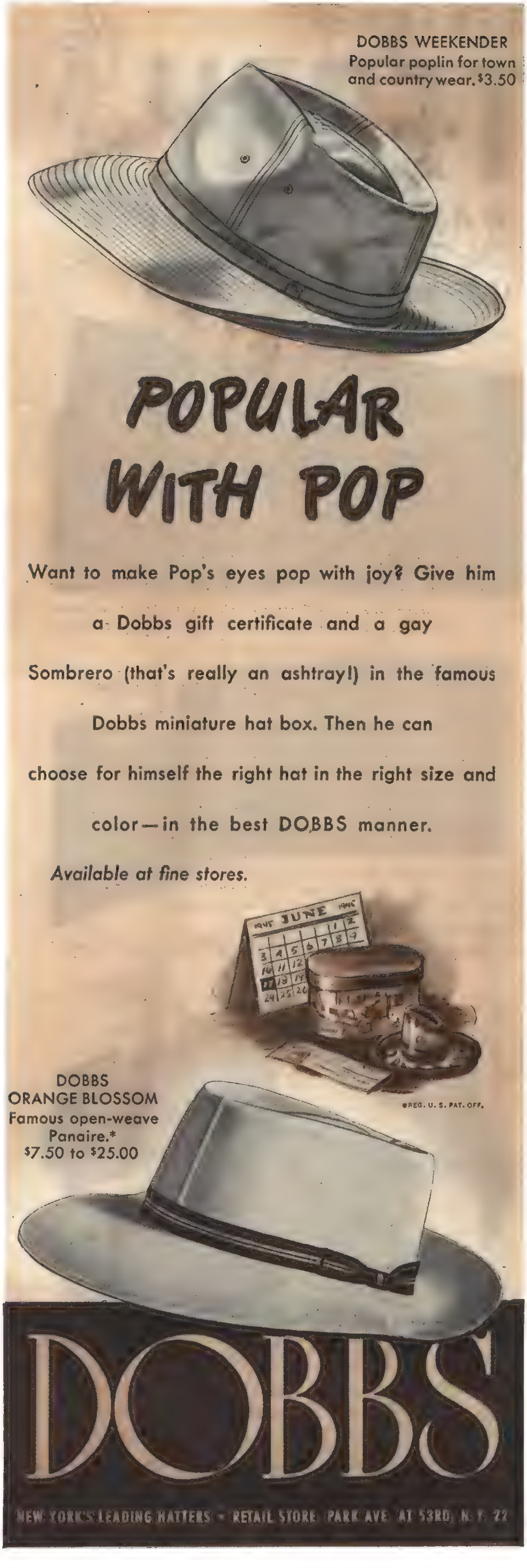
"Me," I said, "my wife is over there."

After awhile Mary and I wandered off, and nobody missed us. We walked up the road to the mountain, breathing in the cold air. High above us were birds in flight—what our ancestors would have called with warming inspiration, an "exaltation" of larks. It had been a fine day, and we were tired. It had been a perfect day—just the way we wanted it. We hadn't the slightest idea as to whether our marriage would last six months or sixty years—when I would be ninety-three, and we could decide then whether to go on with it or not—but until t it promised to be fun.

And that was the way it was. ⌗



"You can't?"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The Devil of the Woods

Continued from page 53

ture with no fiber of fear in all its being, and the sight enraged him.

With a rabid cry Laban was upon the beast, swinging his belt ax. But the ax was arrested in mid descent. This devil of the woods had made him suffer for weeks. It had robbed him of his hard-won catch. The idea came to Laban to take the creature alive and make it suffer in turn. He beat the animal insensible with the flat of his ax and then bound its legs together with strips of *babiche* thong. He muzzled the grim jaws with thongs. When the animal stirred again Laban kicked its iron ribs until they resounded.

"Black Devil! You'll overlook me. Who is your master now?"

Ferociously he capered like an Indian around the hated beast. He tried to cow and terrify it. He cut the air over its head with the ax so close that the blade grazed its skull. He chopped down into the hard-packed snow again and again so close that the ax edge scraped hair from its muzzle. But he could not make the creature flinch. The small greenish eyes still fixed implacably on the man. Laban had to start back. He cut pine saplings for a travois on which to drag the animal on the long trek. Fierce elation filled his scrawny frame with energy. Long after dark his small figure came up the trail to the cabin. His wife cried out at sight of the animal.

"What do you think of Laban Small now as a trapper, woman?" he shouted. "Wait till they hear of this down at the settlement! How I tracked this devil for three weeks and pinched his toes at the last! And they'll have the story, come Christmas. We go into the settlement for the holiday, woman, and take this devil with us—alive!"

The continuous low growling of the wolverine filled the cabin like the sound of a saw.

"Watch him," ordered Laban, "while I make a place in the shed. If he gets loose, shoot him."

He returned presently and dragged the wolverine outside to the strong log hut where he stored his furs. He had stapled two lengths of trap chain to the log walls on each side. The other ends he padlocked choking tight about the neck of the animal. He kicked it again, cut the thongs with his knife and laughed as the wolverine raged, but was held in the middle of the floor unable to reach him.

Laban ate scarcely anything that night. He talked long by the fire. He would make the wolverine suffer for a time. After showing it alive he would devise for it the sort of death it deserved. He scarcely slept for thinking of his captive. He lay awake concocting the tale he would tell in the settlement. How the liquor would flow in his honor. It was two weeks until Christmas.

Next day he had meant to reset his traps, but he spent only two hours on his line and was back by midday. He had to see his captive again, to make sure that it suffered enough—but not to the death. And to see if there was yet a sign of fear in the animal.

There was none. The wolverine, in fact, was doing quite well. Its wounds were beginning to heal and it seemed impervious to the cold. Its breath rose in a steam in the icy air; its heavy bear-like body seemed able to generate heat to temper its frosty prison.

In the cabin the woman had set a pan of meat scraps aside. Laban flew into a rage.

"What are you doin', woman? Makin' a pet of that devil?"

She shrank back, but he knew with a chill what she was doing. She was trying to conciliate the demon. But Laban raged on.

"Near five thousand dollars that devil owes me. But wait. Come Christmas and he'll pay me well—"

He threw the carcajou a small handful of meat and fat. Just enough to keep it alive until he had achieved his vengeance. Just beyond the captive's reach he set a full pan of meat, to torture it.

Again the following day he spent but a couple of hours on his trap line. He was thinking continually of the wolverine. The next day, and the next he hurried home to make sure his prisoner was secure and that it was suffering.

But the wolverine seemed doing well in spite of everything. Its spirit was in no way broken. It could move but a foot and a half, but it was doing what it would have done in the wild to recover from its hurts, spending most of its time lying on its side, wetting its paw with healing saliva and rubbing it over its wounds, which were healing rapidly.

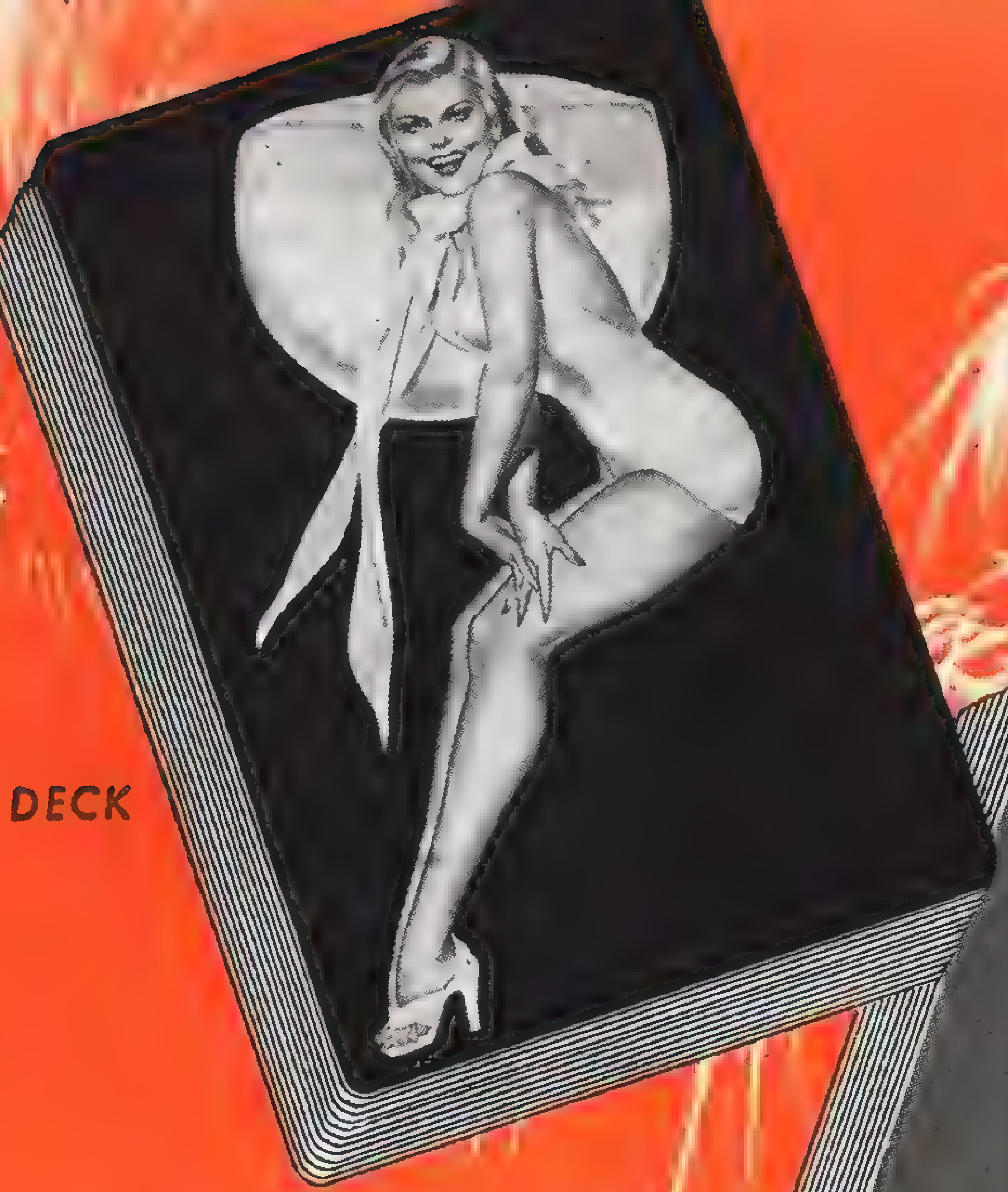
Again and again Laban stirred it up by prodding it fiercely with a pole. He listened with delight to its savage growling, watching it score deep marks in the wood with its powerful teeth.

By the end of a week all the traps on Laban's line were reset and he was beginning to collect pelts again. But the furs gave him little pleasure. What was consuming him was the fact that he had taken an Indian Devil alive—but no one had heard of it.

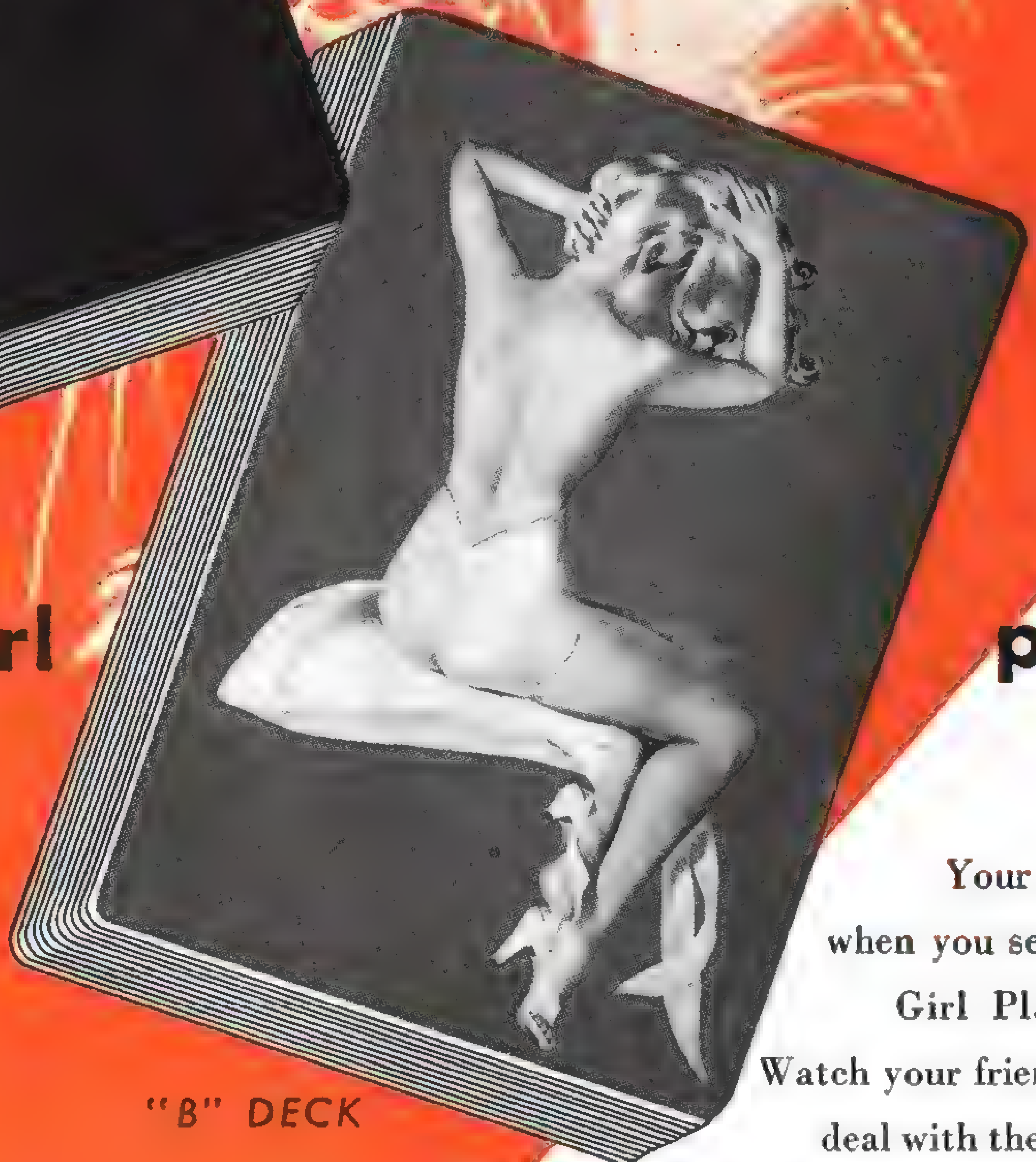
Early the second week he decided he could wait no longer for his trip to the settlement. His wife begged him not to try to make the trip with the wolverine. He watched and caught her trying to turn the animal loose. The superstitious half-Indian was in dread of the beast's powers. For that Laban cursed her and refused to allow her to go to the settlement with him. Once more he clubbed the wolverine into insensibility and lashed it to the sledge.

He started alone at midforenoon, his rifle slung over his shoulder. All day he made fair headway until he came to the steep descent at the mouth of the valley, where the winds kept the snow crusted and glassy. Carefully he worked down the slope, pausing often to

Continued on page 136


"A" DECK

Esky's sure-fire works


"B" DECK

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The Devil of the Woods

Continued from pages 53-134

cut footholds with his belt ax, easing the sledge down with the line. He had the descent almost whipped when a foot went out from under him. The loaded sledge got away and the line tripped and threw him flat. Sledge, ax and rifle went skidding down a thousand yard slope and out of sight. Laban himself slithered downward until he caught the trunk of a dead pine. His rifle was sticking out of a snowdrift far below. His ax had disappeared. And the wolverine! What had become of it?

The sledge had shot over a notch of snow between drifts and dropped out of sight below.

Laban let go and slid down to his rifle, then scrambled to a spot from which he could see below. The sledge had plunged over a fifteen foot drop and struck an outcropping rock, splitting itself in two. The split had broken the thongs that held the wolverine's forelegs. The animal was upreared, struggling to free its hindquarters.

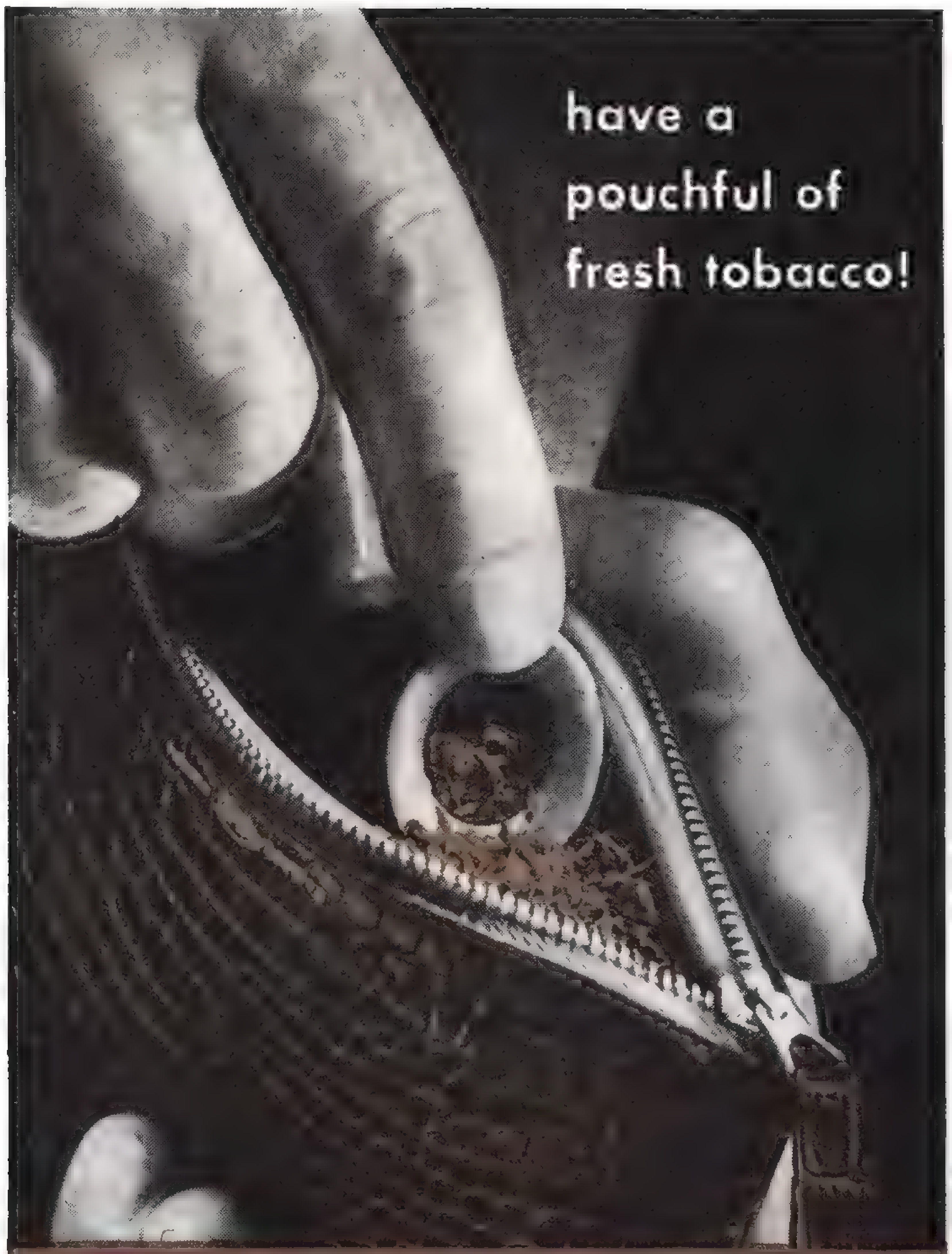
Laban knelt for a steady aim. He didn't take time to think that when it speared into the drift the rifle barrel would be packed with soft snow. He never knew what hit him when the weapon exploded in his face. He was dead before his body fell back.

The abominable sound of the explosion above him goaded the wolverine to effort. A few more tremendous heaves got him out of the already loosened thongs that held his hind legs.

He squatted then in the snow, shading his eyes with a blunt paw, and looked upward to where the man lay. There was nothing evil nor threatening in the gesture, except to the minds of the ignorant. There was simply a glare of sun on the snow and the wolverine had wit enough to shade his eyes.

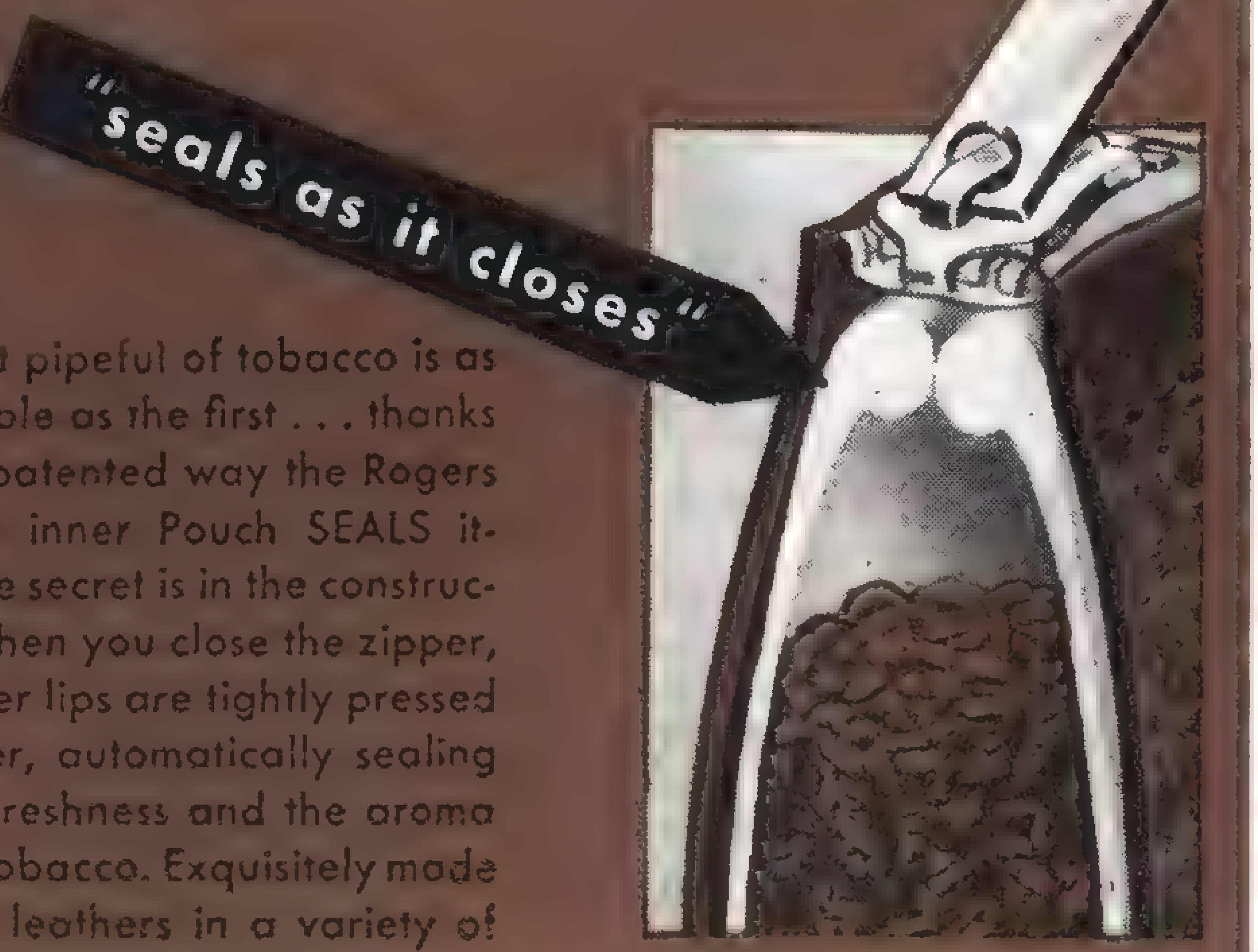
Neither was there anything of dread or evil in the beast himself. Men called him Devil because he could outwit them. He was simply a super-clever beast with a brain that in some ways rivaled man's, for he was one of the oldest living forms left on the planet. Five hundred thousand years ago, before the First Ice Age, the wolverine as he is now, had met the cave lion and the saber-tooth tiger, and bested them in craft. Through the ages he had developed his wile, courage and will to survive.

The petty persecution of Laban Small had left little or no impression upon his imperturbable confidence. Now the man lay still with a stillness the wolverine knew well. Calm with the immutable calm of the great, hurrying for nothing, he moved away into the silent woods. ⌗



Rogers Air-tite

the largest selling tobacco pouch in the U. S. A.



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A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut. Every genuine "Air-Tite" has the name embossed.

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Life Afloat with Father

Continued from page 65

dropped sail and scudded before it.

I don't remember that we carried any extra clothing; certainly I never possessed a set of oilskins in those days. We stowed a cold lunch, a gallon jug of water and a bailing can under the little foredeck, and dropped the mooring. If becalmed, we did what the iron men in the wooden ships of old did—we waited. We had no chart or tide table or lead line or compass; nor did we have any knowledge of how to use those instruments if we had them.

We never suffered an accident, never got hurt or sick, never had to be rescued. And it was fun, just as much fun as you can get out of "yachting" in those waters today.

Let me tell you about a canoe we had once, a sort of portable LCI. This monster was a twenty-two-foot Old Town sponson model, so heavy the O.M. and I could scarcely tote it ten paces without a rest. If six adults sat on one sponson, dangling their legs in the water, she would not fill or capsize. It was too ponderous to be stowed conveniently upside down on beach racks, alongside ordinary canoes. We moored it out beyond low water and kept a fitted canvas cover snapped down all around the gunwale.

This barge of a canoe was equipped with the usual single triangular sail and leeboards, but she had much more stuff besides. In a rainstorm or heavy sea, she could be converted into a kayak by buttoning on the canvas cover, which was cut to allow the upper halves of the paddlers' bodies to remain out. She could also be rowed; the sponsons were fitted for two pairs of oarlocks, and, when removable sliding seats were placed on the bottom, the craft was turned into a kind of double scull.

Well, one time we smashed the bow into an immovable dock, opening up the stem about three inches from top to bottom. Of course, under sail everybody was concentrated aft, lifting the torn bow way up out of water. On a windward leg, we might take some scud and spray through the opening, but a trifle like a hole in the boat did not worry us.

Now there was a young hot-shot life guard on the Sea Cliff beach about half my father's age, who rather got under the O.M.'s skin by frequently ribbing him about his athletic prowess. We and our canoe fixed his smug wagon.

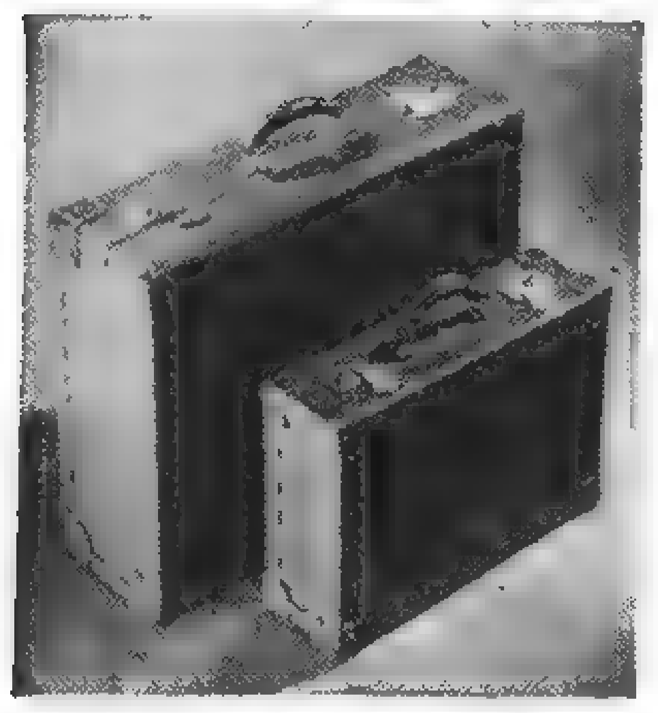
Waiting for a blowy day, with a stiff, wet nor'easter building up

Continued on page 138

WINSHIP
EMANCIPATOR

Post-War Preview

Winship Emancipator will keep two suits remarkably free of wrinkles. Case is made of genuine top-grain cowhide with solid brass hardware.



When Victory is secure and green lights shine for civilian travel and production...Winship-Utica, combining the craftsmanship traditions of 1774 with the smartness of tomorrow, will satisfy your hunger for luggage of truly fine quality and distinction. The Winship Co., Utica, N. Y.

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4 Reasons Why

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1 It's so soft! So delightfully velvety! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S *discards* that part of the "run" containing most of the impurities! *Then . . . every drop is carefully filtered!*

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2 Light! Dry! Delicate! Smooth! The reason? It's 75 years of "know how"—for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

Fleischmann's Taste!

3 It's priceless! Found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation!

Fleischmann's Mixability!

4 The result is a gin so crystal clear—it never "masks" flavors . . . always lets you enjoy the "hidden taste" of fruit juices or other mixers!

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Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York
1870 1945
Celebrating Seventy-Five Years of "Know How" and Experience
America's First Gin

You find all 4 only in

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DELICIOUS STRAIGHT OR MIXED

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Life Afloat with Father

Continued from pages 65-137

choppy seas across eight miles of the Sound, we invited the Handsome Hunk of Man out for a sail. He was ashamed to decline. We reached out about a mile beyond the Glen Cove breakwater, and then pointed the canoe as close into the nasty, short, steep whitecaps as we could.

"Look at that, Hunk," the O.M. said. "How do you like our openwork bow?"

"My God," the poor guy gasped. "There isn't any bow. Turn around; let's get back. You're crazy."

When we laughed at him, he appealed to my father on the ground "the little boy couldn't swim through this sea."

"Oh yes, I can," I insisted. "Speak for yourself."

We persistently beat into it for half an hour, while our passenger writhed. The Handsome Hunk was cured of riding the O.M. after that; but good!

When females were not aboard, we made a habit of swimming raw. Men wore one-piece bathing suits in those quaint years, fastened on one shoulder by a button; and we would jump over the side, shed the suit and drop it in the canoe, then don it again before we climbed out of the water.

One Sunday, the O.M. was so unfortunate as to lose his suit over his knees in ten fathoms. We were paddling that hot day, the sail, canvas cover and all extra clothing having been left ashore. We lacked even a towel or sheet of newspaper to cover the O.M.'s dignity. Since it was Sunday, the beach was crowded with bathers, and the closer we approached, the more small boat traffic appeared about us. We could not get near enough to shore, without exposing the O.M., to drop me over the side so I could swim in and bring out some clothes to him in a borrowed boat.

So we paddled over to the Sands Point shore, where there rarely was anybody on the waterfront of the big estates, and hung around waiting for darkness and solitude. Whenever a boat would come into embarrassing sight, the O.M. would lie flat on the bottom of the canoe to hide while I paddled away.

Twilight is a long while coming in midsummer. We were getting hungry and thirsty and sick of the whole silly business. Besides, the O.M. was gradually being sunburned in unaccustomed and tender places.

It must have been about 7 p.m. when we decided we could not take it any more. We headed boldly toward the beach, where we

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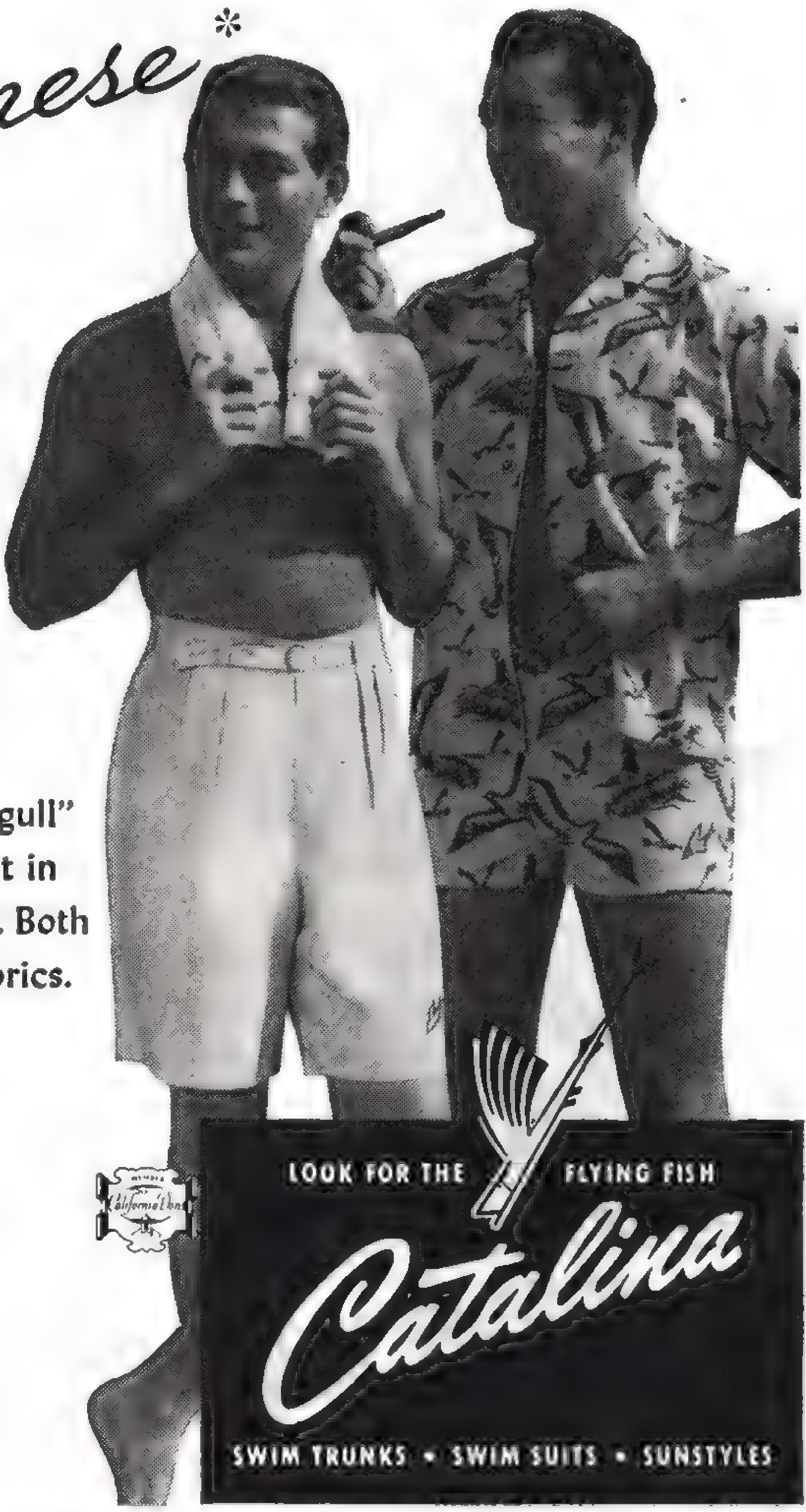

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could see a few scattered people remaining. The O.M. was reclining on the bottom of the canoe as flat as he could get and still be able to paddle.

The canoe grated on the sand at a spot mercifully deserted for the moment, and we began to lug the portable ferryboat toward the bathhouse. By holding his end of the canoe up to hip level, the O. M. preserved his modesty. From the off side, an observer would conclude the man was wearing only bathing trunks. That, incidentally, was strictly against a village ordinance, but we had other things than village ordinances on our minds.

Thus we progressed with painful slowness because of the heavy burden. The O. M. kept a sixteen-point lookout for human beings in his danger zone and would skip around to the safe side when he spotted one.

But it was a long carry, and, being only eleven years old, I soon tired.

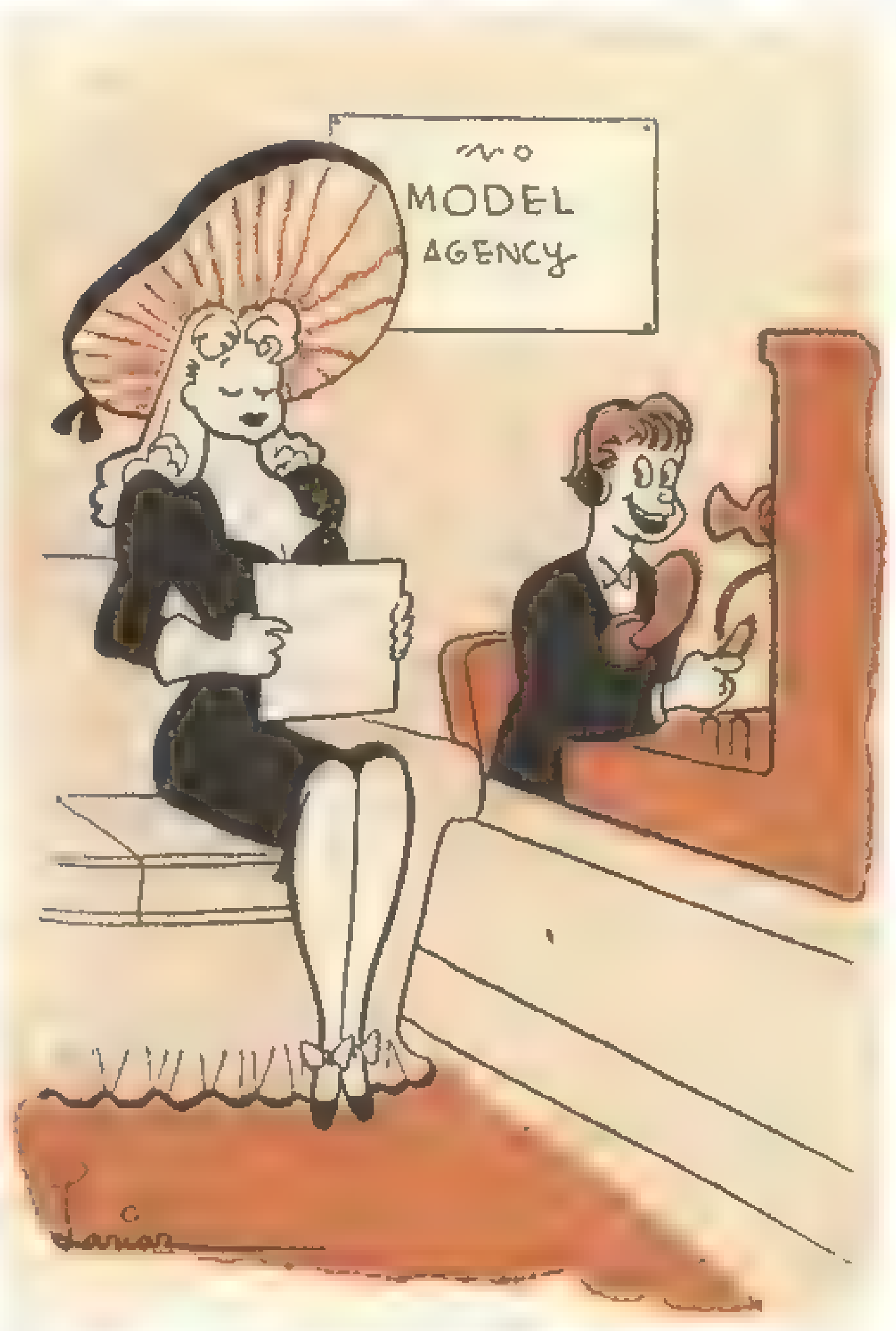
"Can't we put the canoe down for a minute, Dad?" I pleaded with him.

"And what do you think I am going to do?" he answered irritably. "Set it on top of me and crawl like a turtle? Keep going!"

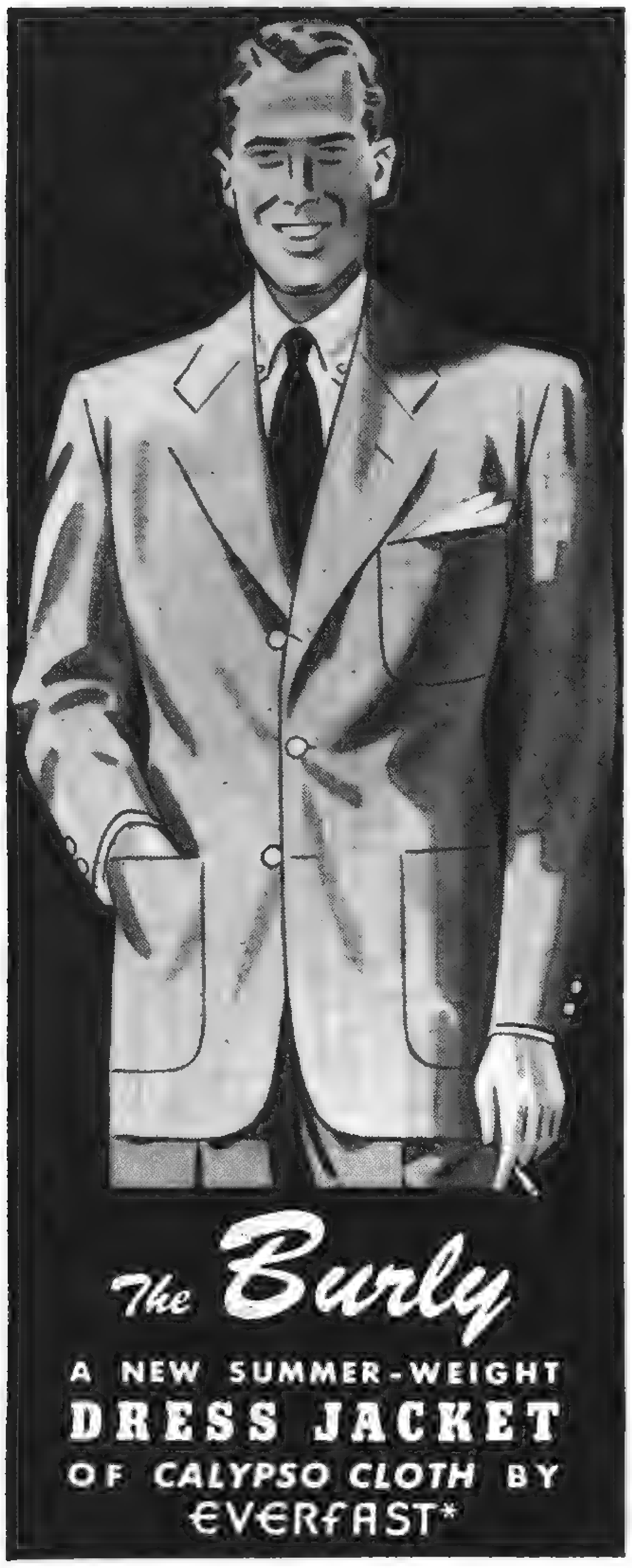
I was all pooped out, and the gnats descending in clouds in the evening were tormenting me from head to foot. "I gotta rest a minute, Pa." The canoe fell from my numbed hands.

Just then, a party of half a dozen ladies in print dresses and gentlemen in white flannels appeared on the veranda of the beach club to admire the sunset over the bay. I am sure the Old Man presented a classic picture at that moment—the Roman athlete clad in sunburn.

But he never abandoned his composure. Lifting his arms to thrust position and fixing his gaze straight front, he trotted across the sand and into the shelter of the bathhouse with the form perfected by many afternoons in the businessmen's division at the Y.M.C.A. ##



"Acme Model Agency—wow!"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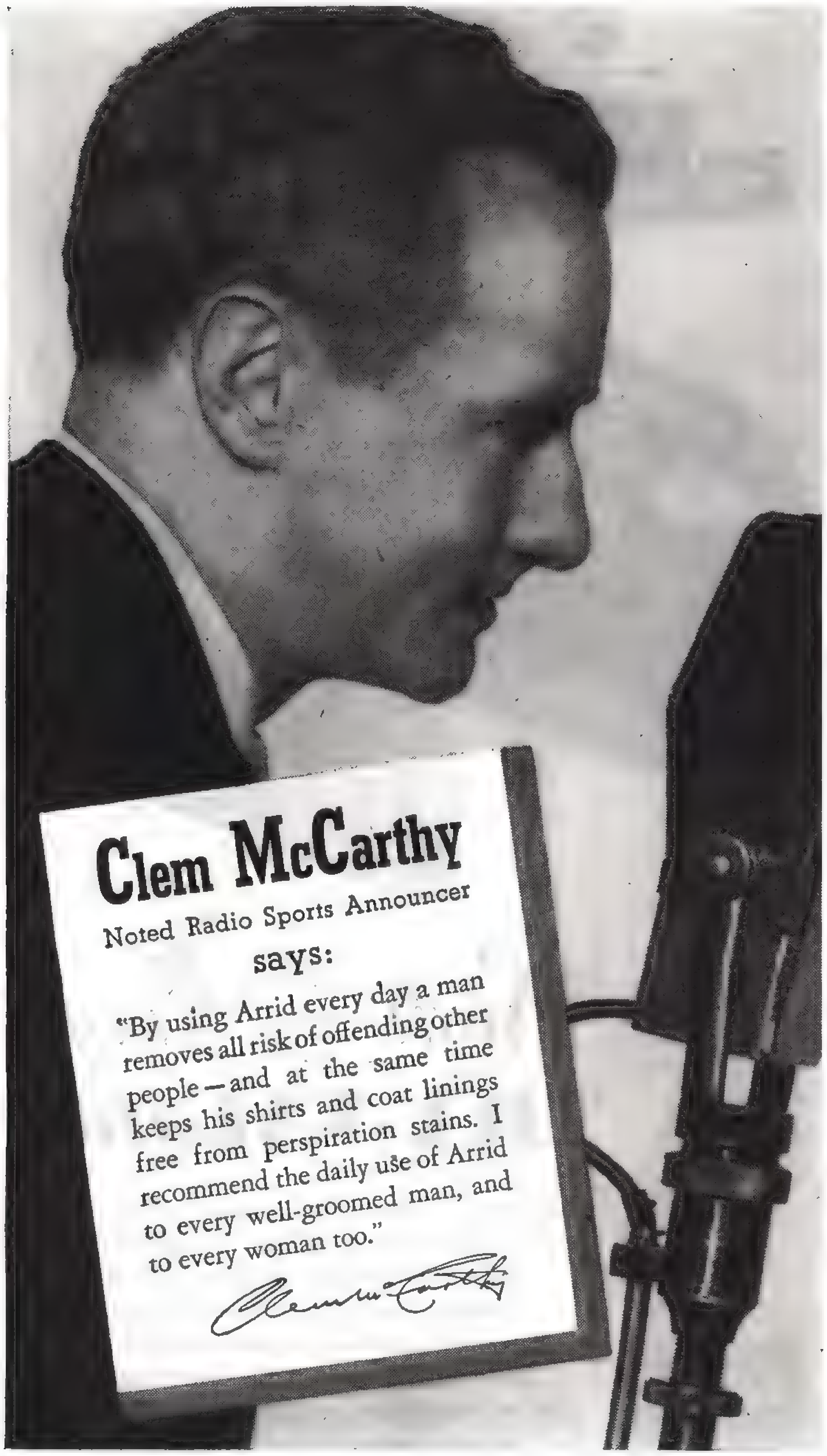

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ARRID

More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant

Obscenity and Obscurity

Continued from page 51

cial. Yet their thoughts became crystal. Listen to Emily, in an extremely important book of her hitherto unpublished poetry, *Bolts of Melody* (Harper's), issued this spring:

> *Tell all the truth but tell it slant,*
> *Success in circuit lies,*
> *Too bright for our infirm delight*
> *The truth's superb surprise.*

I cannot complain if the poets wish to commit suicide by convincing the world that all poetry has become so stylized and dreary that no sensible person will read any of it. But I do object when they begin to drag the veils of egotism over the hard clarity of prose.

Here is a young novelist, Naomi Gilpatrick, whose first novel, *The Broken Pitcher*, is under the spell of Faulkner, Tom Wolfe and, perhaps, the shaggier manuals of psychoanalysis. She is evidently a sensitive and really talented girl, but in her next book she must fight to be lucid as in this one she had fought to be allusive, illusive and deep.

Here, with many omissions, is a conversation between her heroine's mother and stepfather, who is supposed to be a good scientific researcher.

Mother: "Isn't it funny how those old refusals-to-serve come back in new and more deceptive guises? Goethe said the devil is he-who-denies."

Father: "A scientist when he puts down the clean verities of facts wants the nuclear phrase... We need what this poem gives—intimation."

"You mean," Mother said thoughtfully, "the ineluctable we have found in W. H. Auden, Rosamond Haas, Francis Thompson, Rilke."

I guess that's what Miss Gilpatrick's hardboiled old researcher did mean, and a hell of a house it must have been for the heroine to live in, if the Old Folks talked in that educated way very often.

There is one young woman who is accepted as "different" and "authentic" even by the best celebrants of the black mass in Taos and Carmel and Greenwich Village: the Eudora Welty who, with her two recent volumes of short stories, *A Curtain of Green* (Doubleday-Doran) and *The Wide Net* (Harcourt-Brace), has become possibly the most distinguished of the new storytellers. Oh, she has heard of Symbolism, but her writing is as clear—and as free of obscenity—as the Gettysburg Address. Poor girl, she can't be either an Artist or a Modernist. ⧺

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Bobby Jones on Golf's Future

Continued from page 91

Masters' affair at 279, or an average of 69¾ strokes per round, though every now and then a prospective Master will bust loose with something like a 66 for one round.

"I think the better type of golf course," said Mr. Jones, "should be a combination that would test the expert reasonably—no push-over—and still not penalize the average golfer, or the short hitter, or the duffer, if he is hitting his shots decently, for him."

A spot of elaboration seemed indicated.

"Well," he added, "no long stretches of rough in front of the tees, or cross-hazards within the range of a modest drive—a very modest drive. Such things are nothing to the expert. He doesn't see them, if you get what I mean. The holes should be laid out so that any golfer, hitting his *own* shots decently, can reach the green without getting involved with hazards or penalties, while the expert is rewarded for bold and accurate play, with a good chance to crack par.

"Take that No. 5 at the Augusta National," suggested Mr. Jones.

"An accurate drive with a long carry," he explained, "will take you past the corner and leave you with an approach that may be as short as a No. 5 or a No. 6 iron. Playing cautiously, or with a shorter range from the tee, you may still have a clear second shot—but with a No. 2 iron, or perhaps a longer club. Alternative routes to the green—with a definite reward for boldness and range and accuracy. But no undue penalty, for lack of range. That's the idea."

No prescriptive carries, for one thing—and that's a sweet idea, especially with water hazards, and a scarcity of balls.

All of which rather impersonal comment having gone along smoothly, I was bucked up to forget that after all Mr. Jones is a lawyer, and the next sector was on the spasmodic side.

As follows:

What about changes in the form of competition? Will the U.S.G.A. and the P.G.A. continue to control big time competitive golf, or will this Tam O'Shanter affair—

No comment.

All right. What about a golf league, or golf leagues, with city teams as in baseball; majors and minors, and—

No comment.

Then you consider that it requires tournament play to attract a golfing gallery, and—

He didn't say that. No comment.

Well, how about a little predic-

Continued on page 142

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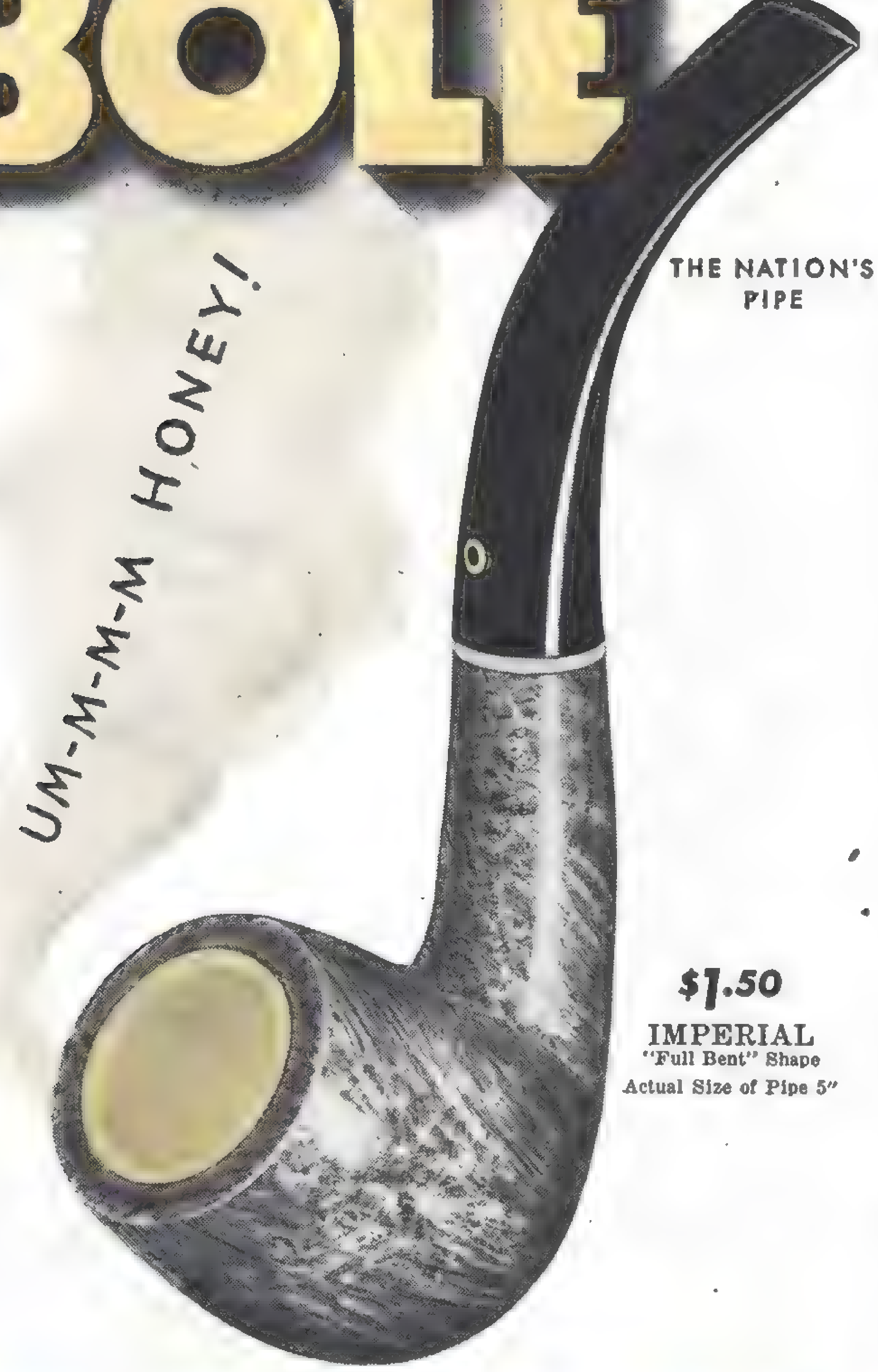
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KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

Bobby Jones on Golf's Future

Continued from pages 91-141

tion as to the Golfing Monarch or the Golfing Monarchs of the future?

Mr. Jones merely looked at me. I gave up.

No! One more shot, and I'll just answer that myself, because I have a good idea what Bob Jones would say, and it wouldn't get in this article in any event. Do you think the Grand Slam ever will be repeated?

Lt. Col. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., as he looks today upon return from action in the World War.

My own answer is No, and a lot of it. Reasons? Well, the Grand Slammer would have to be an amateur, for one thing, and a fairly important condition, if you consider the performances of the last decade before the war as a symptom of post-war play. Johnny Goodman in 1933 was the most recent amateur to tag the U. S. Open.

Lawson Little as an amateur distinguished himself by winning the Amateur Doubles twice, in 1934 and 1935—the British and U. S. Amateur championships. But he became a professional before he won the U. S. Open in 1940 at Canterbury, in the play-off with Gene Sarazen.

And one other question I wish somebody would ask me:

What's my nomination for the record achievement of Bob Jones' golfing career? Not the Grand Slam, as the world easily assumes. That was a season's show, in the span of a single summer.

No. My vote is for that stretch of golf in his last twelve Open Championships, in the nine years from 1922 through 1930, in nine United States Opens and three British Opens — the tournaments in which you are matched against not one amateur at a time but against the class of the world, through four rounds.

And through that stretch of golf, and nine years?

Well, Bob Jones in his last twelve starts in the Open Championships finished first or second eleven times. First, seven times;

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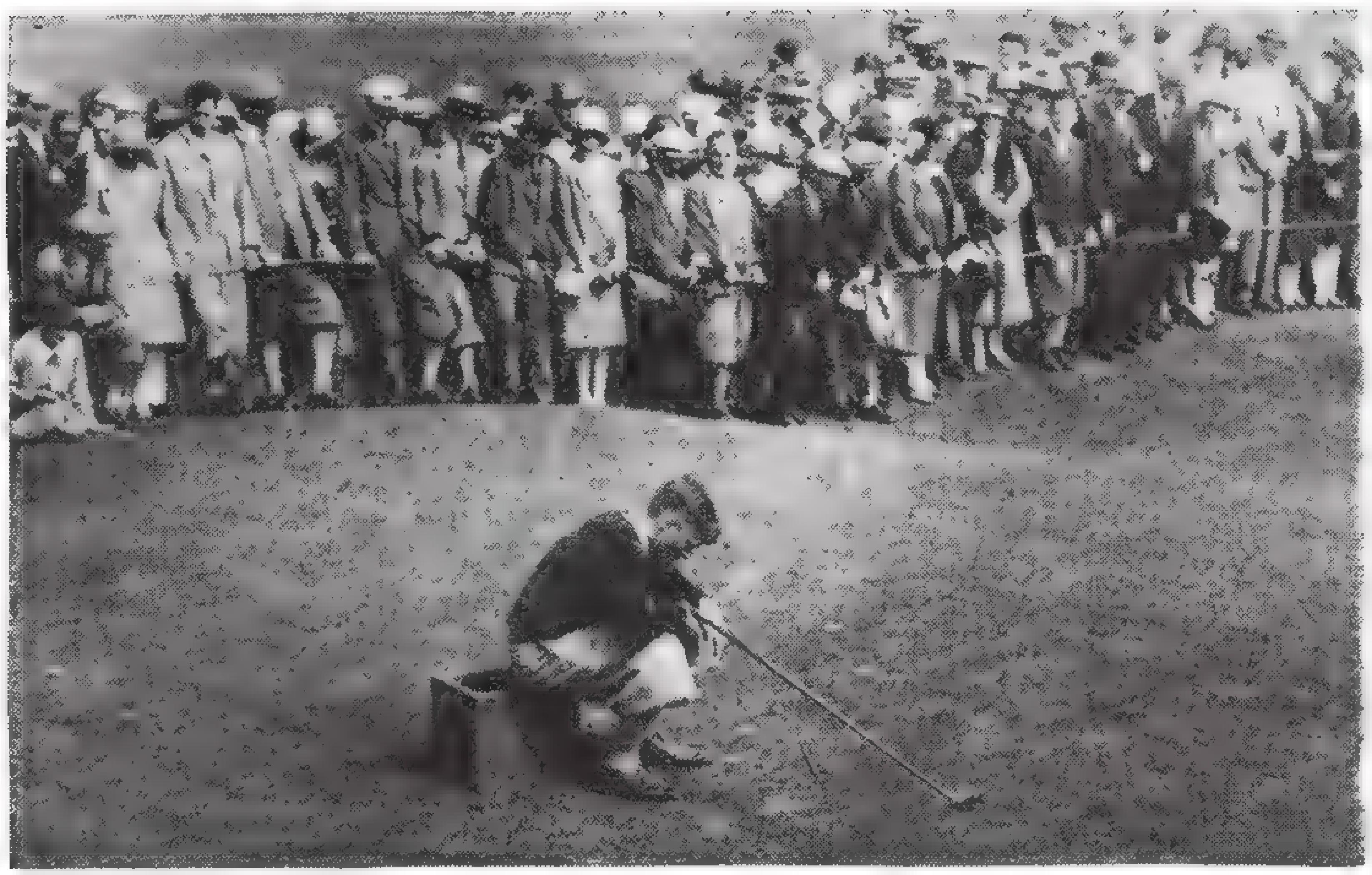

Bobby Jones in 1927, seated on a sand box maintaining his concentration while about to tee off on the fifteenth fairway at historic Royal and Ancient of St. Andrews at Fife, Scotland, where he won the British Open championship with a seven under par 285.

second, four times. In twelve starts, in the greatest and the toughest competition in golf.

That's my guess, and I'll leave it on the line. And if Bob Jones is on the sideline of competitive golf today and tomorrow, why, I'll also wager that he's having a lot more fun out of the old game—or will be having it, when the war is over—than in the Roaring Twenties.

He even admits, somewhat bashfully, that at times he manages to play practically as well in these days as he did in those days, when it seemed to mean so much.

"But not so frequently," says Bob Jones. "And if it doesn't seem to mean so much, these days, why, that's a break, too!"

Bob Jones relaxed, and flashed a grin.

"There was one more question, wasn't there? About the change in golfing costume, from knickers to pants? That's easy. Knickers—plus-fours—are by all odds the most comfortable and practical leg-wear for golf. They don't flop around in a seaside breeze. They don't drag at your belt line. But when woolen hosiery bounced up to ten and twelve and fourteen dollars a pair . . ."

Well, that seemed to be that! ⧺

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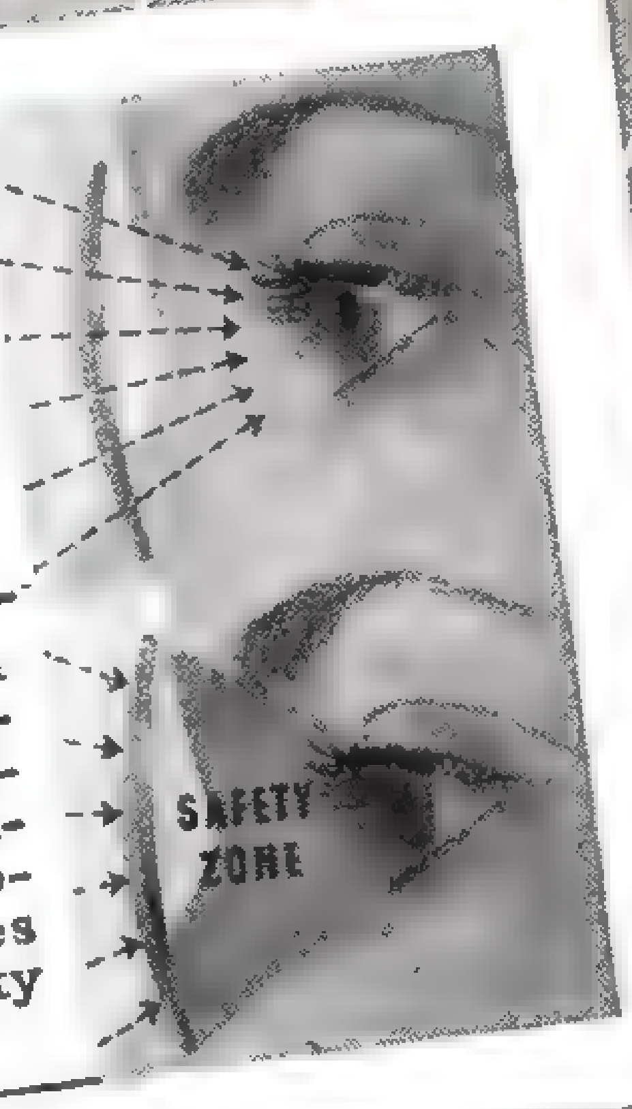

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Cool-Ray Sun Glasses admit plenty of "seeing light," and keep eyes cool and comfortable.

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AO COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES Provide "The Safety Zone"

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Proposition: Am I a Good Father?

Continued from page 34

for an hour. They were indignant because they had heard the attendant tell a little boy that the goldfish would bite the boy's hands off. Their only comment was, "That is *not* true."

Early in my fatherhood I learned that it is wise not to laugh at a child who says something comical; for one thing it makes him self-conscious; and for another he then tries, in order to win parental approbation, to be comical. For example, in the early days of *Show Boat* my oldest boy, then five, heard the Hammerstein-Kern song about the Mississippi so frequently that it was Old Man Mama, Old Man Papa, Old Man Delia and Old Man everything. And one day, watching the grass being cut, he sang:

Ol' man mower,
He don't know nothing,
He just keeps mowing a lawn,

My second boy, who at four had watched a calving and a foal, was lying on the bed beside his mother about a month after the birth of his brother Jacky. He heard the baby crying, upstairs. "Ma," he said, "are we going to have any more children?" "I don't know, Timmy," she said. "Well," he said, tapping her on the abdomen, "is anybody in there now?"... I was a good father not to laugh; and Mrs. A. did a good dead-pan act. When the boys use profanity or obscenities, I do not rebuke them with a "Never say that again." My theory is that prohibition glorifies such things in the adolescent mind.

In their early schooldays there were parents' meetings about what should be done with children and the radio. It seems that the school children listened to Dick Tracy and Junior G-Men and other bang-bang programs whose names I have forgotten. My theory was to let them alone; that (a) it soon would bore them, and (b) it would do them no harm. For I think that parents tend to exaggerate the harm—or even the good—of anything children hear on the air, see in the movies, or read. My parents were exercised because some of us went every Saturday afternoon to see the melodramas (twenty-five cents) at Havlin's Theatre. Soon they palled, and we all began going to the Olympic Theatre (Continuous Vaudeville—10-20-30). It seems to me that I learned a lot at those variety shows, though it now runs to the ability to sing the songs I heard there, and I learned nothing at Sam T. Jack's Madison Street Opera House, a burlesque house where the knee was considered uptown. Those shows were tiresome, but I still think

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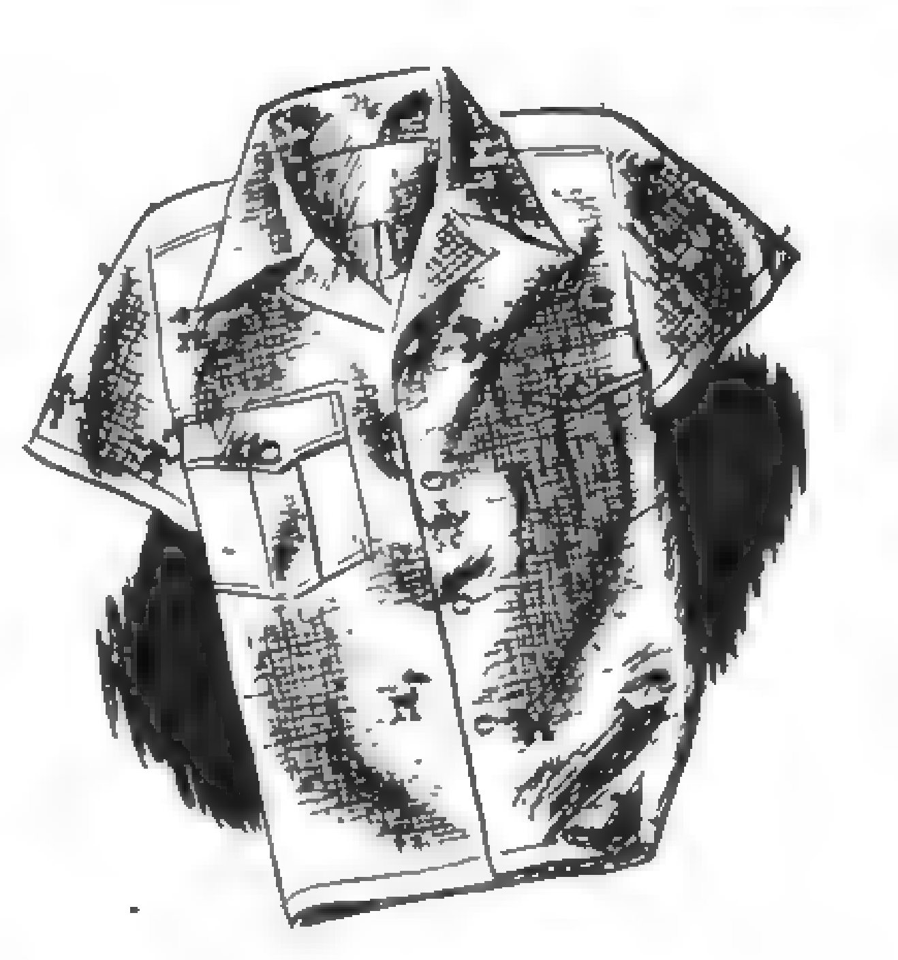
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

that Ward and Vokes, Weber and Fields, and Matthews and Bulger at the Olympic were great things to have seen.

In my early days I read the Alger books. I took seriously their lesson—that Industry and Thrift would lead to Wealth and Happiness. Well, I have been industrious, unthrifty, debtful and happy at least fifty-one per cent of the time. But I brought all the Alger books home one day—and the older boys read ten or twelve and let the rest go. "They're all alike," was their criticism. That never occurred to me when I read them. My youngest son now has read *Ragged Dick* three times.



Brown Guatemalan shirt for sports decorated with multi-color designs.

I grew up after the Frank Merriwell era, and I never have read one; but I read Nick Carter, five cents, erroneously referred to as Dime Novels. I don't remember them, but I recall being frightened at the pictures of Injun Joe and of Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher in the cave. And my greatest and most fascinating fright was to look at the Doré pictures in our *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Especially the ones, "Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs upon the slimy sea," and "the Albatross about my neck was hung." And my children, who wouldn't give those pictures a tumble, were frightened when the Shadow, according to them, said, "The weed of crime bears bittah fruit! Ha!" The young ones now hear *Bulldog Drummond* and *The Thin Man*. Harm? Nuts!—a catchword the tough boys of the '90s never said.

There is a popular impression to the effect the son and the mother, and the daughter and the father, are the affinities. My daughter, thirteen, while she tells me her secrets, tells most of them also to the girls in the school bus. Her allowance, twenty-five cents per week, goes for movie magazines and for postage to write to stars for photographs. She has a deskful of such trumperies—trumperies to me, romantic triumphs to her. *Et ego in Arcadia!*

For did I not have a signed photo-

Continued on page 146

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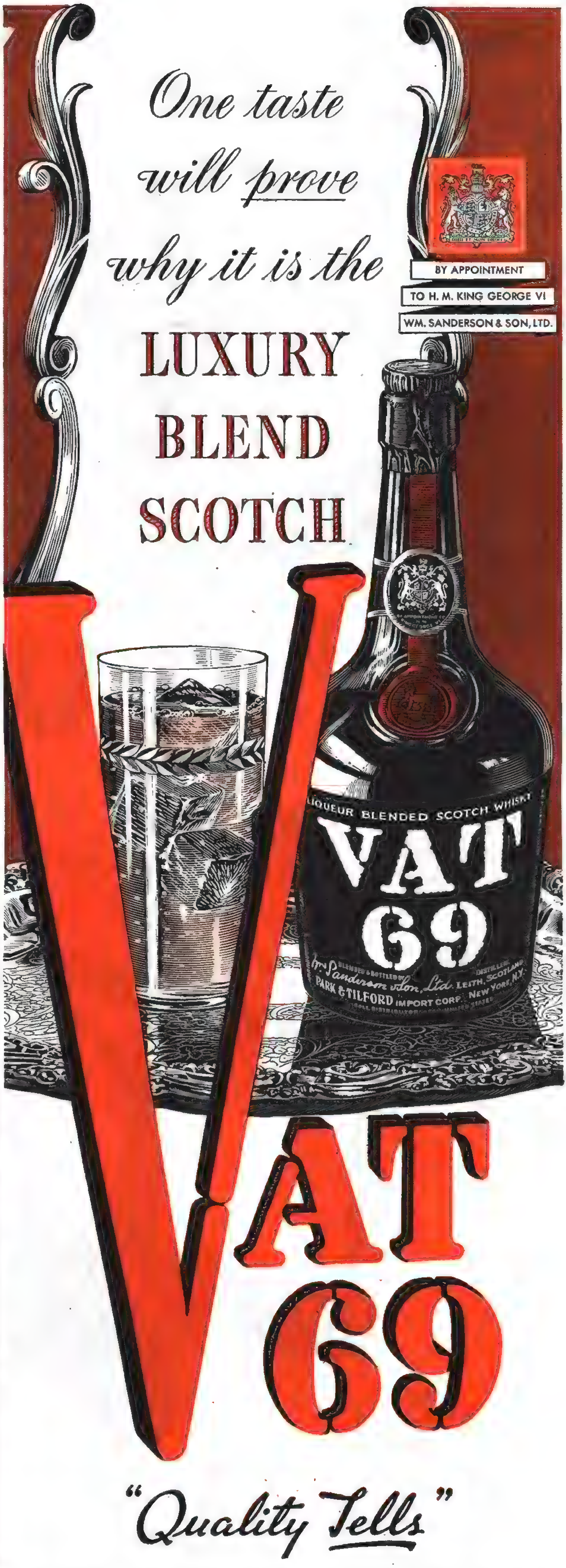
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Proposition: Am I a Good Father?

Continued from pages 34-145

graph of Fritzi Scheff in *Babette*? Did I not have one of May Irwin, and forge her signature? Did I not cut, from *Munsey's Magazine*, the pictures of Maxine Elliott, Mary Mannering, Virginia Harned, and—a hot number—Cissy Fitzgerald? Who is Papa to tell Puffy that she is foolish about movie stars?

Incidentally, I am a good father in that I have liked to see my children grow up—two of them, at fifteen, already were taller than my five feet ten; and now they are well over six feet. I am told that most parents try, unconsciously perhaps, to keep the children babies as long as possible, thinking—any psychiatrist will tell you—thereby to arrest their own inevitable senescence. And while it seems not so long ago that the feet of those boys could not touch the floor of a car, it is a joy to have them now drive me—each of them knowing more about the inside of a car than I know or ever shall know. My darling, they are growing old, and though their mother has no silver threads among the gold, I've, alas, alas, alack! silver threads among the black.

When the orison to the dice is accompanied by, "My baby needs a pair of shoes," the prayer is simple to answer. My children need four pairs of shoes at a time. And, with rationing, this good father hasn't had a new pair since 1937.... By the time this appears, my oldest boy will be wearing shoes bestowed upon him by a grateful government.

Now, none of my children is the student their Old Man was. It happened that I attended a preparatory school in which you did well or got out. My offspring, it seems to me, barely hang on. I wish I cared more than I do. I care, but I do not worry. And while I know that all boys who do badly won't be U. S. Grant, and all boys who get fired won't be Poe or Whistler, I still do not worry. All our kids have one negative trait: they have no meannesses.

Among the few times that I felt like a good father was one evening when they had come down to the train to meet me. I detrained with an old newspaper friend, Mr. Herbert L. Jones. The boys threw their arms around me, almost knocking me down. "What's the idea?" asked Jones. "We like him," they justified.... I felt good for two days.

My attitude toward them, and their education, may be shown by a poem addressed to my boys:

Gentlemen, I love and like you,
Caring little for your I. Q. ⵌ

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The Magnificent American Male

Continued from page 54

Black Period! The Hit Tune was, *Oh! Daddy! I Want a Diamond Ring!* The poor bloke whose musical notebook was limited to a, *I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby!* was the same guy who inspired the lyrics to *I'll Walk Alone*. This dark hour will be moodily tagged by historians as "The Camp Town Catastrophe."

Already beaten by "accepted behavior" into a psychological pulp, the Male Mass was dumped into a cauldron of social chowder where, like a clam at Coney Island, he was stirred up in an unsavory mixture of 600 parts Man to one part Woman. Broken in spirit, the khaki cohorts paved a path of pessimism from barroom to rest room. Braver bodies dared the onslaught of U. S. O. dances. Veterans of the relentless "tag" dance campaign are doomed to go through life watching their bruised shoulders tic away their last hours on earth. Young blades with shivering shoulder blades.

Conditions grew so bad that a "volunteer" for overseas duty was condemned for cowardice. It was, truly, a sad lot of Sacks that eventually trudged from our native shores up the gangplanks of mighty vessels. Few realized, then, the symbolic connotations as the last anchor chains were pulled from the river beds. Verily, American Man had freed himself forever from the chains of outrageous social custom.

The Yank was reluctant to believe how wonderful he really was. The truth had to be forced upon him by appreciative maidens the world over. What he encountered was not a bobby-soxy, chickenpoxy, small fry-hope to die, swooning type of adoration. He was adored for the wonderful virtues he possessed—his careless ease of carriage, his matchless wit, his inexhaustible reservoir of effervescence, his generosity, his consideration, his innate friendliness and warmth of spirit that tore down even British stolidity in easy stages.

In England, local swains gnashed their biscuits in impotent rage. The Yank brushed aside the movie vs. cinema controversy in a "last row" happy ending. The horrors of high tea were hurdled in his cosmopolitan stride. Starting with a simple cup and saucer he soon excelled in the fine art of English gastronomic gymnastics. He held the balance of power in his power of balance. Though draped, like a Christmas tree, with an assortment of teas, toast, crumpets, pork pies and tarts, he still managed to keep one knee disengaged and ready. And though, in time, the invasion of Americans threat-

Continued on page 148

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The Magnificent American Male

Continued from pages 54-147

ened to crowd even the English accent into the Channel, the Yank rode the high wave of popularity. Heavy were the hearts of England when the invasion fleet sailed off on another kind of wave.

To the unconcealed amazement of our severe English rival suitors, it was discovered that the Yank could fight too. The roar of battle had hardly subsided when the irresistibility of our men became apparent. The initial, breathtaking, spontaneous reception—the flower throwing, the kissing, the flag waving—flowered into solid adulation. From the "bon-bon" kids to "Mamma and Papa," the Yank left in his wake a trail of admiration. Those critics that attributed his phenomenal success in England to a more favorable monetary exchange and a glib tongue have been silenced as thoroughly as a Normandy blockhouse. Neither the fugitive franc nor his twelve-word French vocabulary has thwarted the fame of America's Wonderman.

Those forward looking lads who had studiously armed themselves with such key expressions as, "*Voulez-vous promenade avec moi?*" found themselves more often answering than putting the question. Braille triumphed over Esperanto in a one-sided contest.

Where does the American Beauty lie in this bed of thorns? Even above the din of battle I hear the cries of infuriated pretties. "Why! If those cocky so and so's prefer those foreigners—let them have them, and welcome to it!" Obviously this is *not* the solution—for women. After rational, sober consideration they must realize that a manless America has not been a very good thing. Many of them are quite willing (with reservations) to forgive their man's global transgressions and accept him into the fold on the "old basis." Statistics reveal that the correspondence between the Front and England is tremendous, and, even now, requests for regulations governing marriages on the Continent are pouring in. The same is true, no doubt, in every other civilized country that houses the Yank. Yet, I think, it is still not too late. The American Pin-up Girl, in an abstract way, is still the all-around favorite of the average soldier. Even in his bearded splendor, his unkempt self-assurance, the reborn social giant will give her every chance to redeem herself.

Do I hear an aroused lady from Long Island City screaming, "What the hell do they expect from us?"

Herein lies the crux of the matter. The question, like a mirror in

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1. *California Styling:* Rough Riders have the smart, casual manner that's made California sportswear famous coast-to-coast.
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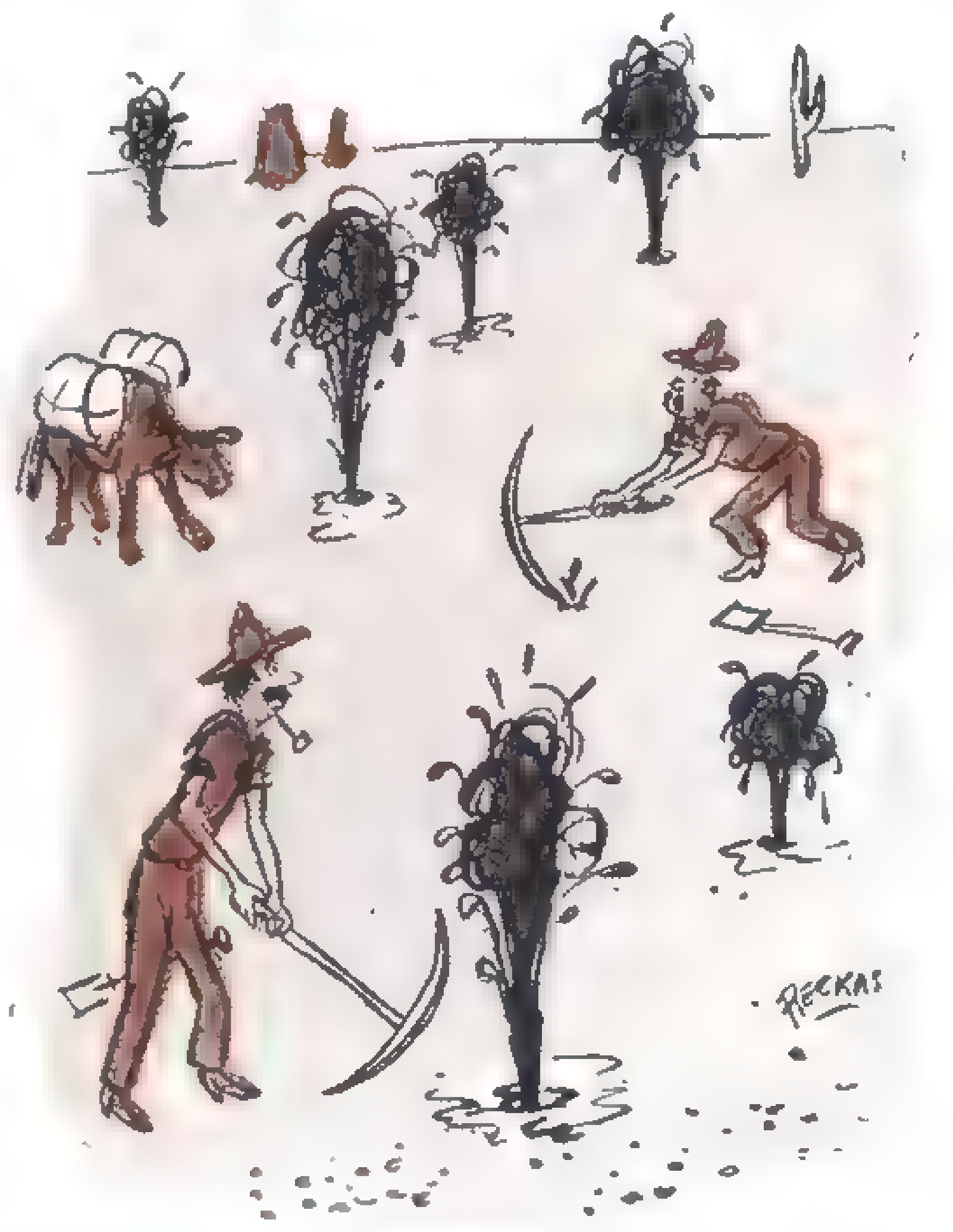
the Fun House of Society, reflects the distorted feminine point of view. Here is the tall and short of it: there is far too much *altitude* and a crying need of a humble *attitude*. Born into a social order of overabundance, a state of *extensive* social cultivation in which woman sowed her seeds of prerogatives with reckless abandon, she has learned to *expect* rather than to *receive*, to *assure* and *presume* rather than to *accept*.

"What the hell do they expect from us?" Roll that one over once or twice. How different from, "What can I do to make myself worthy?" Too abased an attitude? Perhaps. And yet, this is the role that woman the world over plays today. Far be it from me to detract from the professional skill, ability and efficiency of our males, either home or abroad. The two factors have nothing to do with each other. The worries of war have turned out a school of comely artisans, mechanics and laborers—all financially independent. All, agreed, are quite capable of taking care of themselves. It is a rare woman, however, who will glean the slightest satisfaction in cuddling under the wing of a P-38. The dainty hand that today handles a two-ton power press is itching to grab a mop, the kitchen variety, and one of manly hair as well. Psychologists agree that her strange war role has made our shapely maiden Lonely, Overcharged, Versatile and Efficient. Put them all together and they spell woman's greatest need, L-O-V-E. It's good, too, that it is that way. That's the way it was meant to be.

If her loss of dubious prestige and favorable position is hard to swallow, let her remember this: in that warm, snoring, mumbling hulk next to her lies the answer to woman's prayer the world over. From Paris to Pisa, from Southampton to Sydney, there are millions of heavy hearts who ask nothing more than to change places with her. In this warm knowledge she will find her rich reward. ⧺



"Guess we'd better prospect for gold someplace else—nothing but oil around here"

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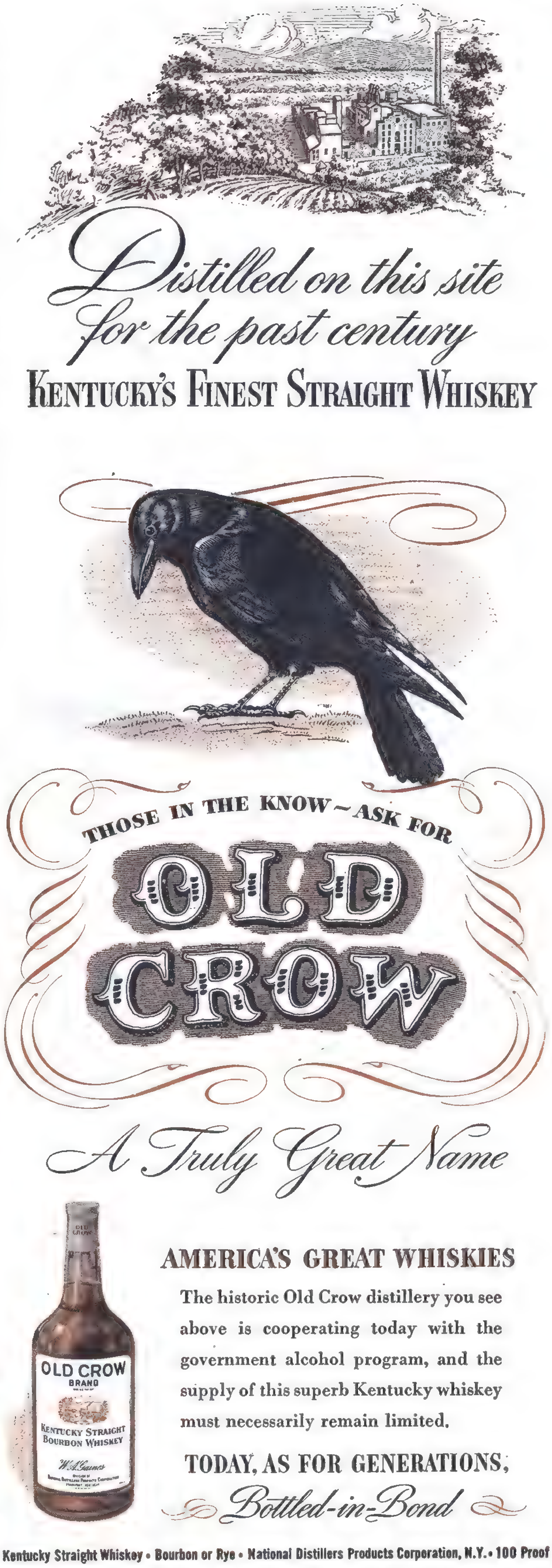

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Back to the Farm Up Home

Continued from page 45

about the good clean smell of manure?" Lucille said. "And the heavenly taste of bread without butter?—the nutty, unsurpassed flavor?" She nodded her head. "It's nutty, all right."

"That's very funny," Pete said; "you're a very funny lady."

Lucille tapped Marge's knee impressively. "And, too—and this is not a thing to be taken lightly—Pete, as a farmer, couldn't afford any whiskey. No highballs, no cocktails. The only drink he could get after a hard day would be the bilge from the silo—seepage I think they call it. His dad had a big boar that used to get plastered to the scuppers on the stuff every day."

"There's plenty of stimulation in the country without alcohol," Pete said.

"That's really cute about the boar," Marge said. "Did he really get tight?"

"Sure he did. But as you might know, the thing ended fatally. The boar failed utterly to perform the function for which he was divinely intended. In the end they served him in little fried patties with scrambled eggs and toast."

"All this glibness," Pete cried; "all this clever repartee, this silly pseudo-sophistication."

"The lambs sometimes stopped gamboling on the green long enough to come and get drunk too," Lucille went on. "So much so in fact, that when they were slaughtered, their flavor was such that mint sauce would have been gilding the lily." She tried to keep her face sober, but her laughter burst forth. She controlled herself a little and began dramatizing, slowly: "There was an indefinable exoticism about the lamb chops . . . a bouquet so entrancing that it would have raised the eyebrows of Marie Antoinette's personal perfumer . . . pungent yet delicate . . . evocative, strange, yet as familiar as . . . as the good clean smell of manure . . ."

Pete was angry and his face was red. He took the cocktail shaker and went out into the kitchen with it.

"Why don't you let him alone?" Ed demanded. "Why do you keep ribbing him?"

"You stay out of it," Marge told him. "Lucy knows what she's doing."

"I'll tell you something," Lucille said. She was serious all of a sudden. "Pete was born on that eighty acres of good bottom land. He was there till he was fourteen, and then he couldn't take it any more. His Aunt Helen brought him here to the city."

When Pete came back into the

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living room with the shaker he said to Lucille, "Look, I want you to phone the office tomorrow and tell them I won't be down."

"Oh?"

"Tell them I'm sick or something. I'm going Up Home for a couple of weeks."

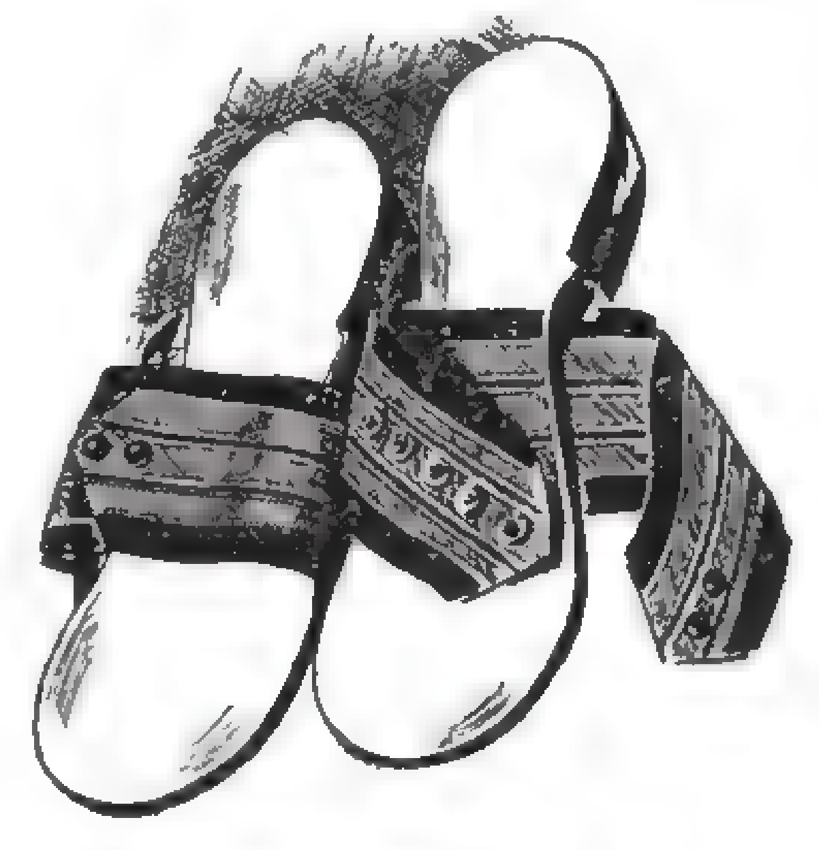
"Whatever you say," she said: "you're an individual."

"Naturally," Pete said in a clipped voice.

"I'll stay here with the kids," she said; "you can send me half the egg money."

Ed was excited. "Going to really look the place over again, huh? Going to make plans to go up there and live for good?"

Pete shook his head mysteriously. He was smiling as he began to pour the drinks.



Plastic beach sandals have adjustable webbing over the instep.

In the morning, riding the train, Pete was more delighted than at any other time he could remember. He sat in the diner sipping coffee while the train picked its way carefully over the terminal switches until it found the track it meant to take. He watched the industrial plants going by, and the unpainted hovels squatting in their smoky shadows. "Damn you," he said as the train passed them, but he said it happily because there was no room in his heart for hating.

The fist-like couplings gripped hard. The train strode along. The suburbs came and started passing. Little frame houses stuck on a half-acre or an acre, qualifiedly gay in their last year's coat of paint. "You people aren't so badly off," he silently addressed the invisible suburbanites in their cubicles of secureness. "At least you might have a cow and chickens and ducks and . . . heh . . . a bee."

Inside himself he was grinning. He just rode along, sipping his coffee now and again, and didn't try to put his finger on anything. An hour passed in this way, and then he went to his seat in the day coach. Four hours still for anticipating, and then he would be Up Home.

But a strange thing started to happen. He became less glad. At first the feeling was not very acute. "It's just the excitement," he said. Drowsiness came and his

Continued on page 152

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ENOUGH
STORMY
RAIN
CHANGE
FAIR
VERY DRY
DUTCH MASTERS
THE MASTER CIGAR

As the man who reads the barometer might say: "The weather always changes, but a Dutch Masters remains the same fine cigar I've always enjoyed." Fair enough!

DUTCH MASTERS

Back to the Farm Up Home

Continued from pages 45-151

head lolled back and he slept. But only for a moment. And when he awoke it seemed to him that it should have been a lot later than it was. He was despondent now. "It's just the excitement," he said again, but he knew that this was not true.

Think of the horses—the Clydesdales. Think! Visualize a spring rain, see it hurrying down. Stand in the doorway of the barn where it's dry and see the grey yarnstrings of rain trailing down from high-up spools. Smell the rain-washed air and the green things and the horses' bodies. Sit on a milk can and shave the end of an ax helve and fit it into the steel head . . .

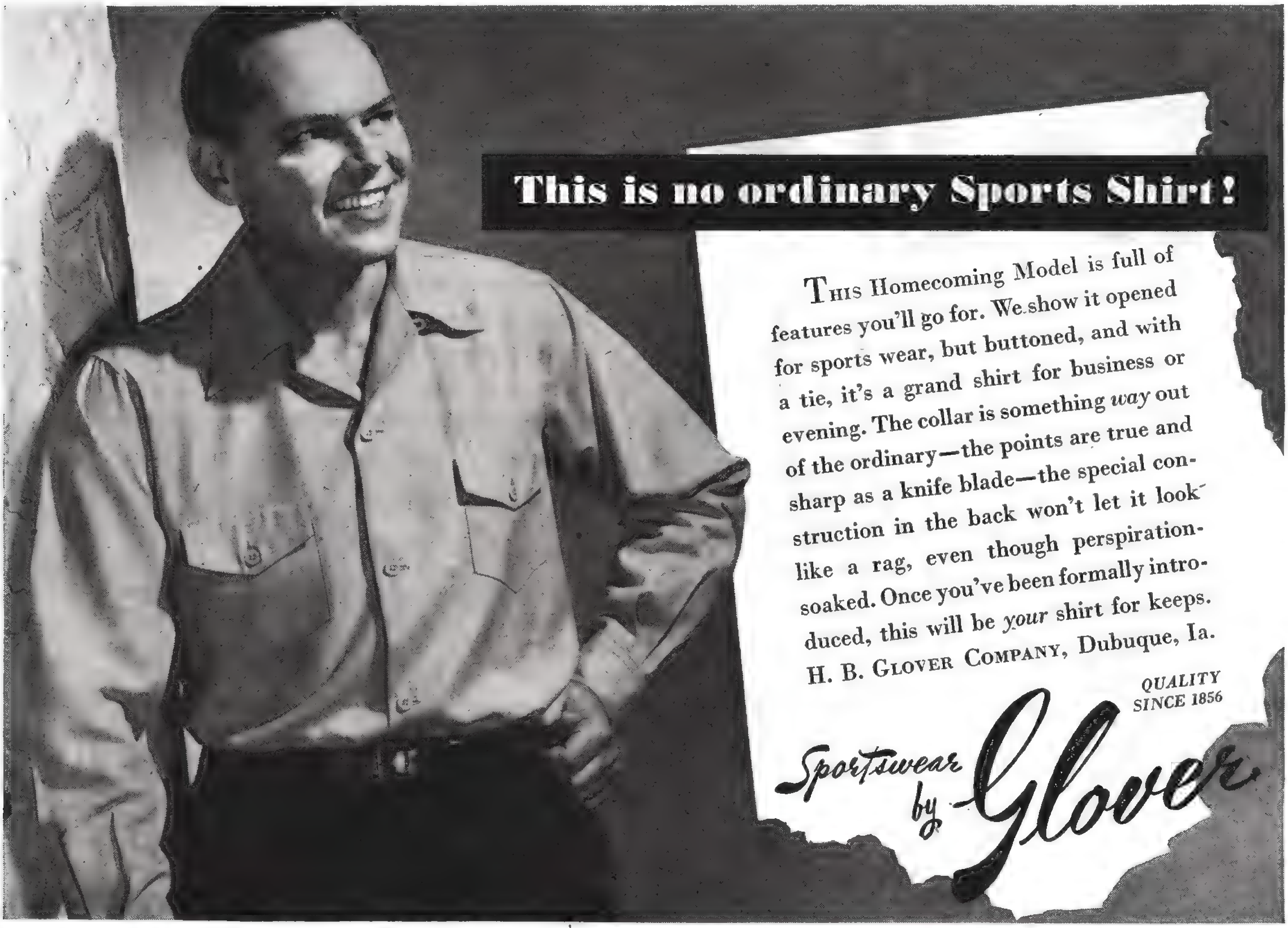
He squirmed on the plush seat and closed his eyes, trying to project himself, to transport himself from the sway of the coach and the punch and jerk of the couplings, the desolate crying of the baby across the aisle. "*Let the mighty and great roll in splendour and state, I envy them not . . .*" His feeling of depression became worse and worse.

The train slowed. Pete took his bag down from the rack overhead and went and stood on the platform. "Home," he said dully. And then he repeated the word "Home." Up Home. He braced his legs against the roll and pull of the train. Now he recognized an old landmark: Mumford's barn, held together for over a century by wooden pegs and hand-wrought nails. Then another: Stowell's brick yard, and then the town itself: Hanisch's Cash and Carry, Brassett's Bakery, Dickson's Flour and Feed, Webster's Busy Bee Lunch Room, Nick's Pool and Billiards, and all the houses: Eyre's, Allenby's, Schaaf's, Wright's, Phelan's . . .

The train sighed steamily and stopped. Pete got off onto the hard-packed gravel and set down his bag. Crates and boxes were passed up and passed down and the station agent went inside the station and slammed the door. The train roused itself with a jerk and began to roll away. And the rear of it clicked past him and was gone.

Pete stood there. He stood on the damp gravel and didn't feel his feet in his shoes. And then the whole thing slammed down on the backs of his eyes. Here was another photomontage, but brittle and brutal. No lovely mural, this scene, with a symphony to accompany . . .

The shaking of the stove on mornings crackling with winter. Ma calling up the dark enclosed stairs from the kitchen—*Get up, get up, c'mon now, get up*—kind-


This is no ordinary Sports Shirt!

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ly, businesslike, irrevocable.

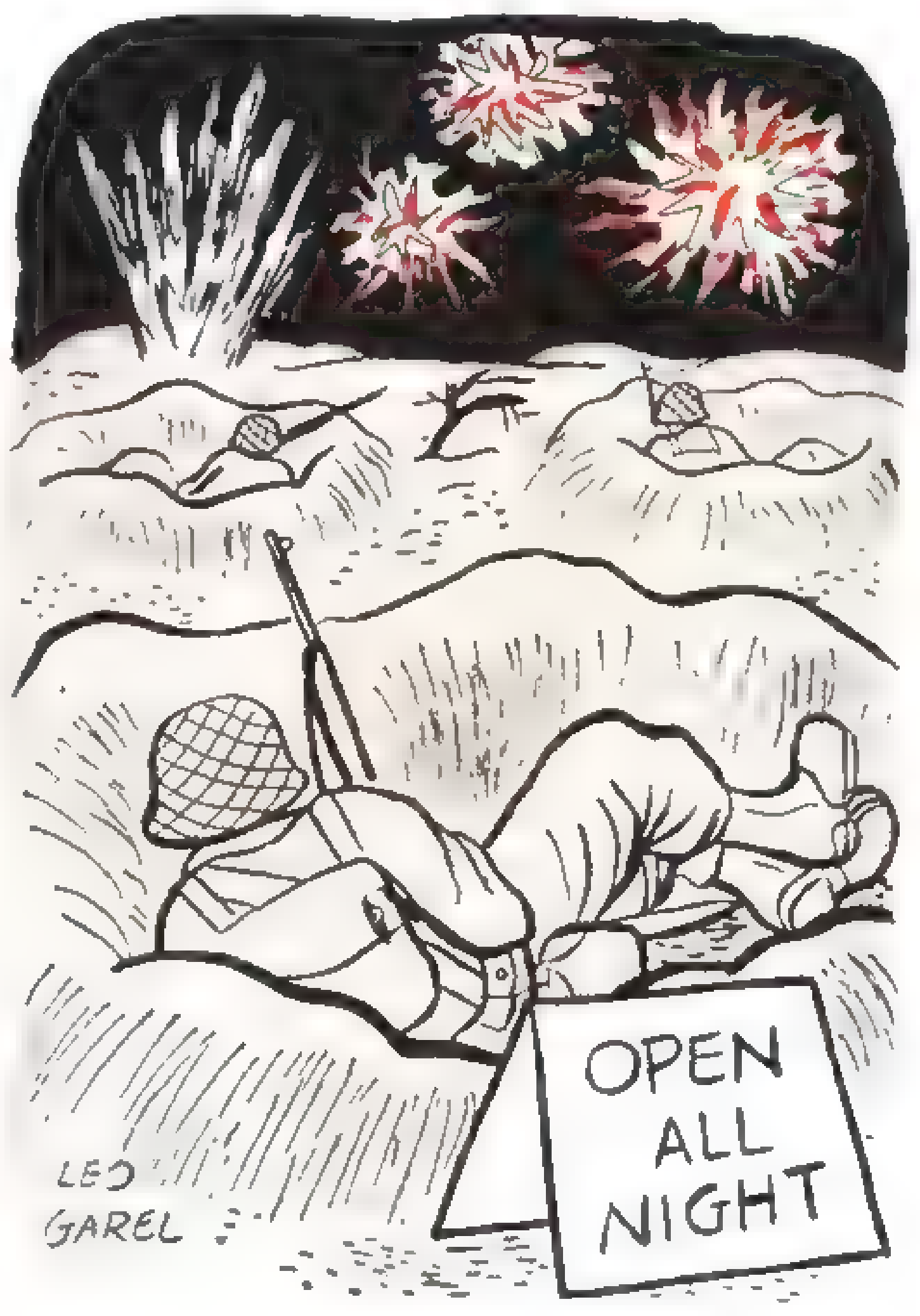
Not today! Not today, please! Not today again. Not again today! Just this once. Just . . . this . . . once . . .

Peterrrrrr!

Fling from the warm bed and run down the stairs to dress. The gasoline lamp with the frosty shade on the red-checked table cloth. On a chair behind the stove his clothes are piled. Tangled long underwear, pull, jerk, thrust through with both legs together, then the arms separately. Brrr! Quick now! Oh, quick, quick! Woolen stockings, draw them up. Shoes icy on the still-cold floor. The stove top growing pink, with red-penciled lines round the lids, the draft door a squarish mouth spitting occasional embers from beneath teeth black-stained from chewing wood.

Dressed and standing up, his back to the range, the hurtful comforting heat on his flanks and buttocks, stinging into the small of his back.

Don't just stand there, Peter.



Into his coat, his cap on, out into the black cold. Ear flaps flipping as he runs over the frozen ruts. Across the yard, into the barn and hook the door tight. Warm inside. Stamp of horses new-awakened. Cows chewing silage.

Morning, Pa; morning, Steve.

Morning.

Takes his stool, lays his head against the side of a cow, draws down streams, spanking, then splashing, then gurgling. Another pail, another cow. Then the separating . . . turning the crank.

Speed 'er up, Son; yo're gettin' lazy.

Yeah, Pa.

Across the yard again. The kitchen is blue and stringy with pancake smoke. Syrup like hardening asphalt in the pitcher.

Eat up, Son. Eat up. You don't eat enough to keep a bird alive.

Here he's fourteen, Pa, an' he don't eat no more'n he did when he was ten.

Better get some meat on them bones, Kid. Spring'll be along 'fore you know it. And in the spring

Continued on page 154

Gothic JARPROOF
the only watch whose heart* is
GUARANTEED a LIFETIME

Like the landing gear of a giant plane, a GOTHIC JARPROOF watch is designed to absorb bumps, jolts and jars. Because of its patented JARPROOF mechanism, it "can take a licking yet keep on ticking." Beautifully styled, precision-built, and tested for accuracy.

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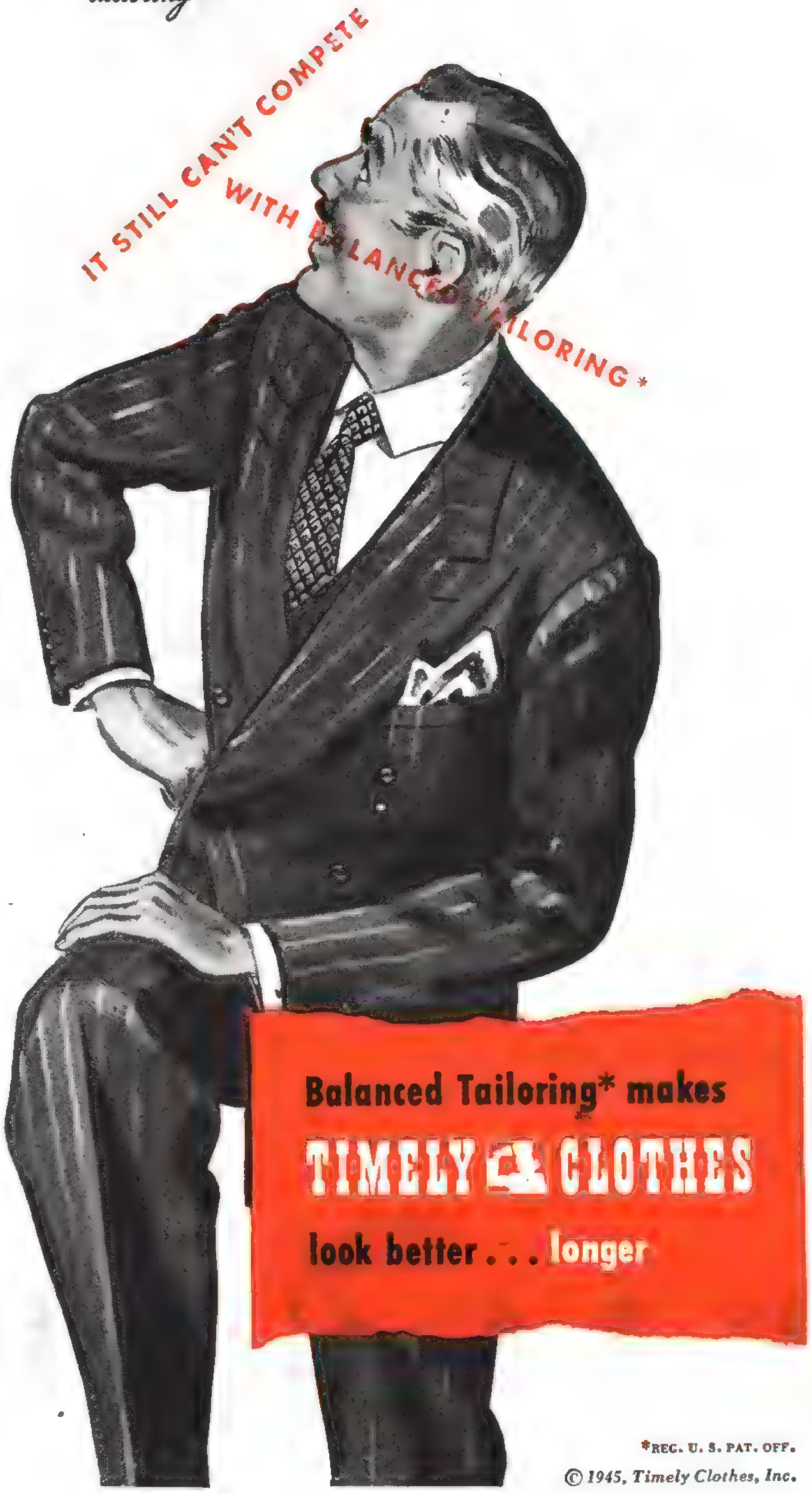
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Balanced Tailoring* makes
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look better . . . longer

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Back to Slacks?

Looking Ahead with HAGGAR

The War isn't over—and won't be until each son, brother or husband is home again. But once "He's Home," there's one thing sure—he'll want the comfort of Haggar Slacks and Sportswear. Look for Haggar's label—*A Name That Wears Well.*

HAGGAR COMPANY, DALLAS

HAGGAR TROUSERS

Back to the Farm Up Home

Continued from pages 45-151-153

you'll have to quit takin' it easy.

Yeah, Pa.

Wood to carry in. And then to school. Almost three miles. Walk a bit, then run with head down into the stabbing wind, then backwards with hopping steps. Then walk another bit.

The Sundeen boys: *Hey, wait up, Pete, wait up.* A chunk of ice is flung past his head and he stops to wait. The Sundeen boys are the bullies of the school. They pull off his cap and throw it over a fence and kick his seat. They half carry him along a hundred yards. He laughs entreatingly until they release him to return for his cap. Then they are gone and he is trying to laugh and keep the tears back at the same time. He walks slowly behind the Sundeen boys, holding back the tears and laughing.

Peterrrrrr. It is morning again.

Not today! Not today, please. I *won't* today. I *can't* today.

I ain't gonna call you again, Peter!

Ma comes in holding the lamp and sets it on the table. She looks close at him. *What's the matter? Why are you so white?* She moves to touch him and he is sick on the sleeve of her sweater.

Pa comes up. *There's nothing wrong with a kid's belly castor oil won't fix. If it don't stay down the first time, try 'er again. Well again, then, and again and again.*

If Aunt Helen had not chosen this time to visit the farm, and if she had not taken him back to the city with her . . . She had, though.

Twenty-six years ago that was. A guy can sure mix himself up plenty in twenty-six years. When the lumps on his head go away he's pretty apt to forget.

A handcar came along the tracks. The two section workers on it pumped rhythmically. They bowed each other onto the scene, through it, and off it. A blue heron flew over, unveeringly toward the south and west, its legs hanging inertly like dead freight to be delivered.

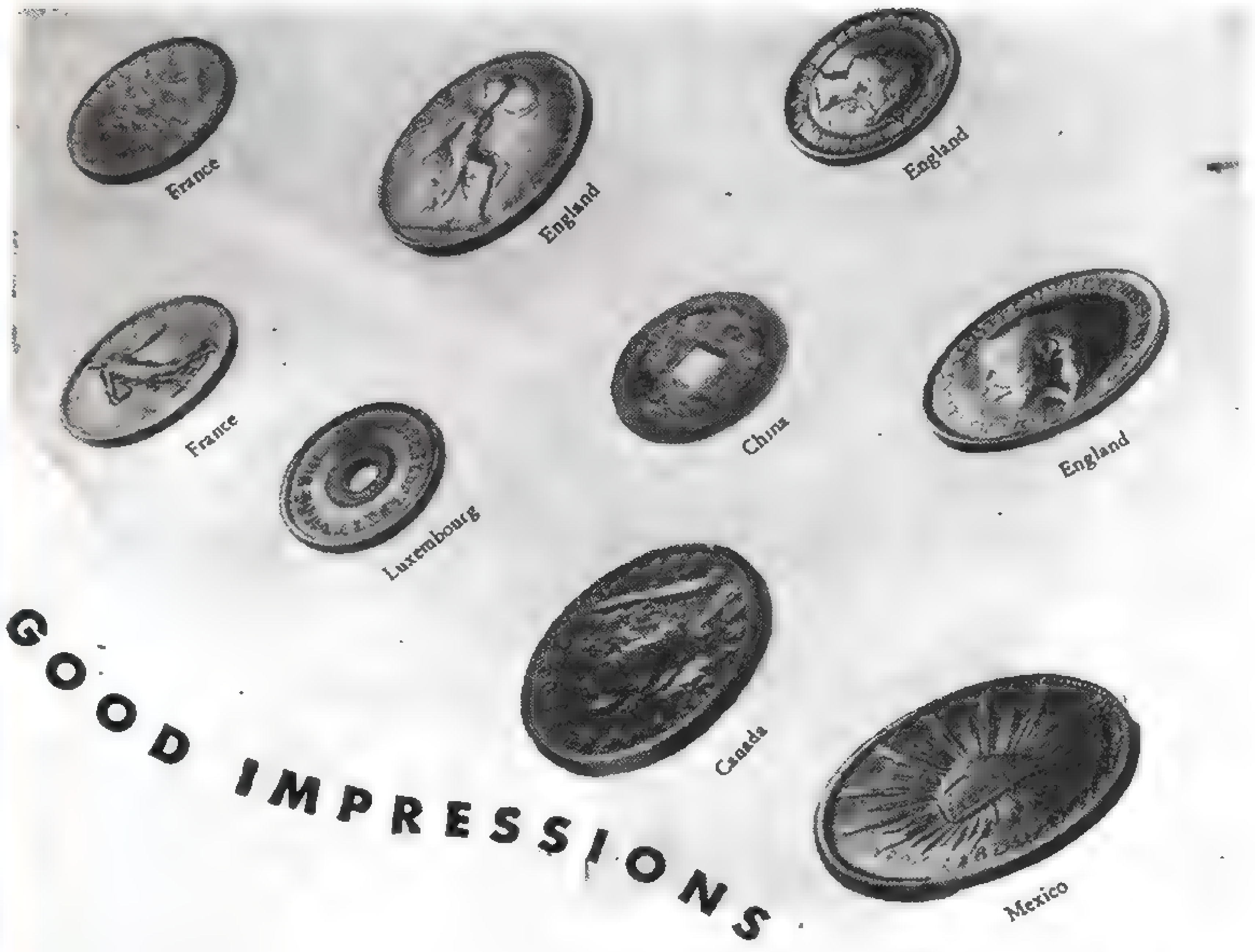
Pete took up his bag and went into the little red brick station. He pulled a timetable out of the rack, studied it, and marked it with pencil. He bought a ticket back to the city. There was a train due in about twenty minutes.

"You just got off Number Forty-three, didn't you?" the station agent said.

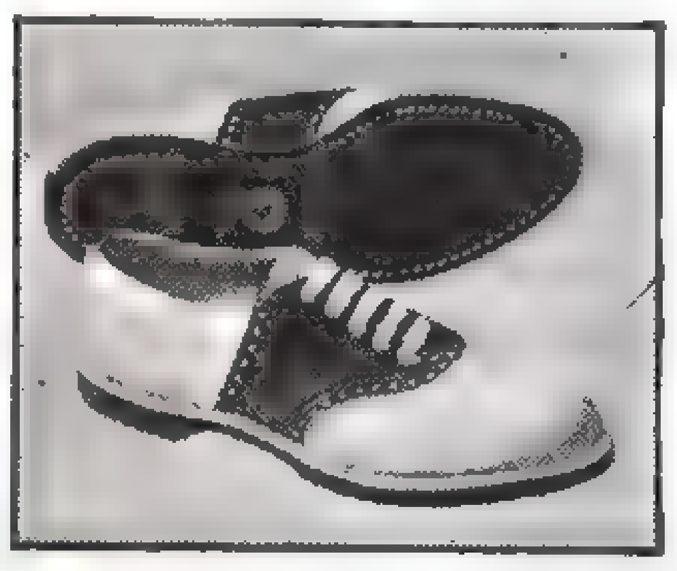
Pete nodded. He was busy putting the bills he got as change into his billfold.

"It ain't any of my business, of course, but . . ." the agent said.

Pete let it go at that. #



Master craftsmen, proud of their handiwork, leave their good impressions of work and of self. By the same standards, Rajah Soles are an example of success arrived at by giving maximum service and maximum value. That's why you'll find them on *better* footwear. Look for them on the shoes you buy. They're flexible, long-wearing, moisture-proof and style-right!



Rajah SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Founded 1837

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY • NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 68

mustard powder, then the oil added, and finally the pepper. Observing this order is important, for the salt and the mustard do not easily dissolve in the oil. If you like garlic, smear a small piece of dry bread (from the heel of the loaf) with it, and mix it in with the leaves. And if you have some herbs, a sprinkle of tarragon, chives, or chervil helps after having tossed and turned the salad forty times.

Of course, you think that I haven't much to say about cantaloupes, but you are wrong. You are right only in that a melon is a melon; but in point of goodness two melons will be as widely separated as sky and sea, as ice and live coals. It is difficult to grow fine melons, but it is even more difficult to know the exact moment when to eat them.

The curious name, cantaloupe, comes from the castle of Cantalupo in Italy, where this variety first arrived from Armenia. To my taste cantaloupes are the best of all melons, but I am not particularly anxious to imitate Pope Paul II, who ate six of them one fine summer day back in fourteen hundred and something, and died the next morning; or Frederick III of Germany, named the "Peaceful," who passed on to the other world for the same reason, or his son, Maximilian I, who, following the secret laws of heredity, died of the same cause!

Colonel Obolensky's melon was extraordinary, but I must confess it was slightly doped. It was "fixed" the following way:

> A round incision about three inches in diameter was made at the stalk, the plug was taken out, and through the hole in the melon the seeds were removed with the aid of a spoon. Then two wineglasses of sherry were poured into the melon, the plug was put back, the melon was placed among cracked ice for an hour, and finally it was cut into halves and served in soup plates.

You cannot very well drink out of a melon or even a plate in public, and that's the only reason I left a few drops of that nectar infused with the perfume of the cantaloupe. But I certainly intend to repeat this melon-eating, in the privacy of my kitchenette, even if my ears get a bath in the process! Apropos of my eating in restaurants reminds me of the plea of restaurateurs to the public—for us to finish the cocktails, wines, highballs, etc., which we order. It seems that the dishwashers get too merry on what remains in our glasses, and break everything they touch.

Especially dishwashers. I expect to be elected an honorary one—didn't I give them two good plugs in this story? ⵜ

A man with IMAGINATION!

You can tell by his keen, alert eyes and his broad, full forehead that he has a creative and resourceful mind. Plenty of imagination. He would get a kick out of trying new rum drinks . . . made with . . .

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

*Remember: For that wealth of flavour, the Rum Must Be Myers's.

FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF

MYERS'S RUM OLD-FASHIONED

Place in an Old-Fashioned glass one lump sugar, a dash of Angostura Bitters, two tsps. water. Crush and dissolve sugar; add a couple of ice cubes, and a jigger of Myers's Jamaica Rum.* Decorate with a maraschino cherry, slice of orange, slice of lemon, and serve.

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...delicious with soda

They also serve ... who BUY and HOLD War Bonds

California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Manteca, Calif.

Something Rotten in Mozambique

Continued from page 59

wide bandage around his forehead and his left arm in a sling.

Seated in the Trial Magistrate's Box was Doctor of Laws Francesco Gómez y Martino, arrayed in his robes of office. He cleared his throat, and spoke with a slight trace of Cambridge:

"Inasmuch as all the principals involved, with the exception of the Policemen, speak English, we will conduct this hearing in that language."

Schmidt started to object, but the Magistrate silenced him.

"Remember the original transaction was conducted in English. If you have any objections, you have the right to appeal to Lisbon. Now, Herr Schmidt, tell us what happened."

Schmidt related that Hall came in, had a few drinks, then bought four bottles of beer, went out and came back in a half hour and started to fight. The Magistrate then called Hall for his story.

Hall repeated the tale he had related that afternoon.

The Magistrate drummed on his desk and glanced at Sideris.

"Inasmuch as the accused has not asked for counsel, perhaps Mr. Sideris, who is familiar with our laws, would care to advise him on his rights."

Sideris stood up.

"I'd like to have you examine Captain Horton, Master of the vessel, a man who has been torpedoed three times by the Germans while bringing food to Mozambique."

The Old Man stood up and the Magistrate looked hard at the rows of decorations and then asked about the seaman's reputation for honesty and sobriety. The Captain gave him an A-1 send-off.

The Customs Guard was called next. He testified that Hall had declared to him that he was bringing four bottles of Napoleon brandy aboard the vessel. He examined the package and found four bottles of beer. Hall muttered something about being cheated and dashed back to town.

"Now," the Magistrate said, "are there any witnesses to the actual sale?"

Schmidt said no one was present at the time.

Hall started to say no, but Sideris beat him to it. "Yes, Dr. Gómez, I found a man who was standing right next to the American seaman."

Hall stared at the wizened little Chinaman who stood up and said: "Me present."

The seaman shook his head as though to clear the cobwebs.

The Chinese merchant took his oath blithely.

"Me no understand much, but

When someone slim fascinates him—
Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Easy Does It! Get the Ry-Krisp plan for the normal overweight—go easy on calories—have grand meals like that shown here—enjoy delicious Ry-Krisp as bread. Has only about 23 calories and helps tone you up—supplies regulating minerals and vitamin B_1. Try it!

Ry-Krisp
RY-KRISP

FREE MENUS, RECIPES AND SIMPLE REDUCING PLAN FOR NORMAL OVERWEIGHT. WRITE RY-KRISP, 21 CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

me see Melican point to blandy and give lots escudos. Nazi here take bottles in back room and come out with package."

Schmidt started to protest, but the Magistrate stopped him cold.

"Senhor Li Sing is a reputable merchant and his word has never been questioned before." Hall stared at the Chinaman until the latter made the sign "V."

"I think we can settle this in a hurry," the Magistrate continued. "We have a meeting of minds on the fact that four bottles of something were sold. The question is whether it was brandy or beer. Naturally, Senhor Schmidt, you have the duplicate of the receipt you're supposed to give by law with each sale?"

The German turned pale. "Certainly I have it—it's in the receipt book. But I don't have the book with me."

"That's all right then," the Magistrate smiled, "Senhor Aruba brought the book. Will you identify the receipt for the record?"

With nerveless fingers the German grasped the book the Inspector handed him and thumbed through the pages at random.

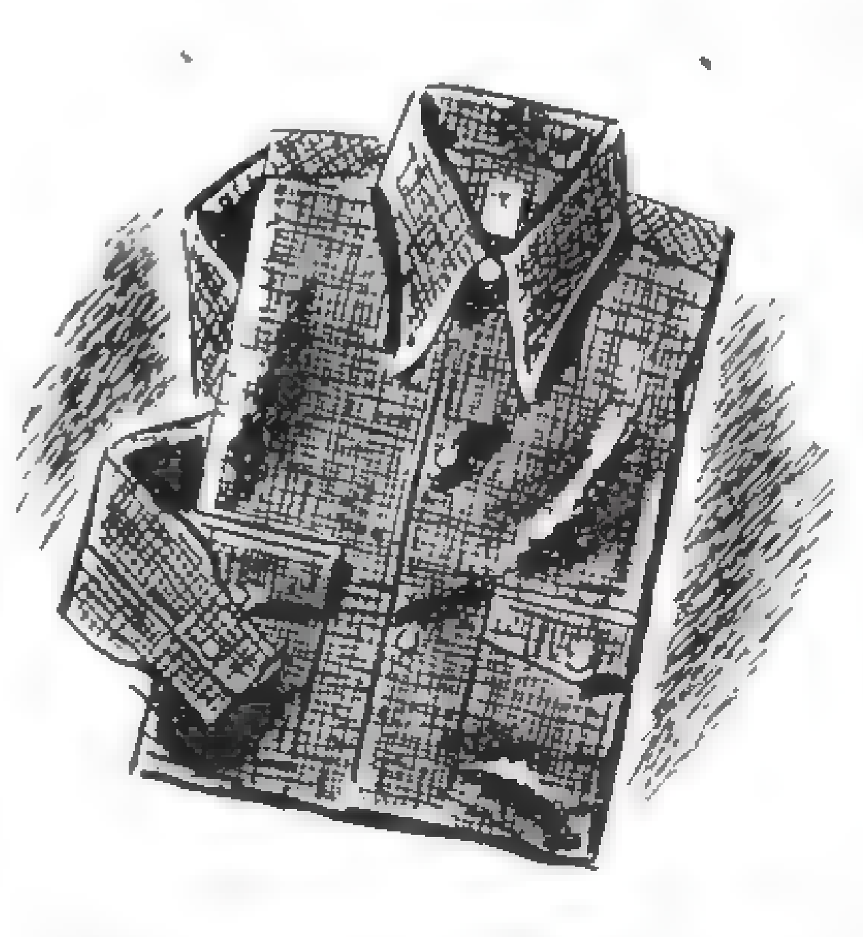
"This is not my book," he finally sputtered.

The Magistrate glanced at a sheet of paper in front of him.

"According to the tax records," he continued, "book number 827 was issued to you. What is the number on the one you hold?"

"There's some mistake," he said wiping his brow feverishly, "there was so much excitement I didn't have a chance to enter the sale."

"Well," the Magistrate said coldly, "you've violated Ordinance 384 relating to the keeping of tax records. You have defrauded the Colony of Mozambique of tax revenues. I'm afraid I can't take much stock in your testimony."



The American linen sport shirt, made of flax grown in this country, is characterized by bright solid colors.

The Purser sighed with relief. It looked pretty good, except for that assault charge. He glanced over at Sideris, but the latter was whispering to the Police Sergeant.

The Magistrate paused for a second and then continued:

"I believe it's fairly well established that the Seaman Hall was cheated by the Alien Schmidt. I

Continued on page 158

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Esky

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Now... AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU GAVE ME THE SHIRT OFF YOUR BACK!"

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MEN'S SHIRTS

● Father's Day is June 17th! Give Dad a Skytop sport shirt and he'll be ahead on the deal. Zephyr-cool mesh of a durable two-ply construction. Sparked with highlights, thanks to a new twist in the making. Wonderfully absorbent because it's cotton. Sanforized† so it won't shrink and vat-dyed to hold its sky-clear colors. Hie yourself off for Skytop wherever they sell men's shirts. It's the breeziest borrow-bait a father ever owned. Dan River Mills, Danville, Virginia.

Skytop*

MEN'S COMFORT SHIRTING

A DAN RIVER FABRIC

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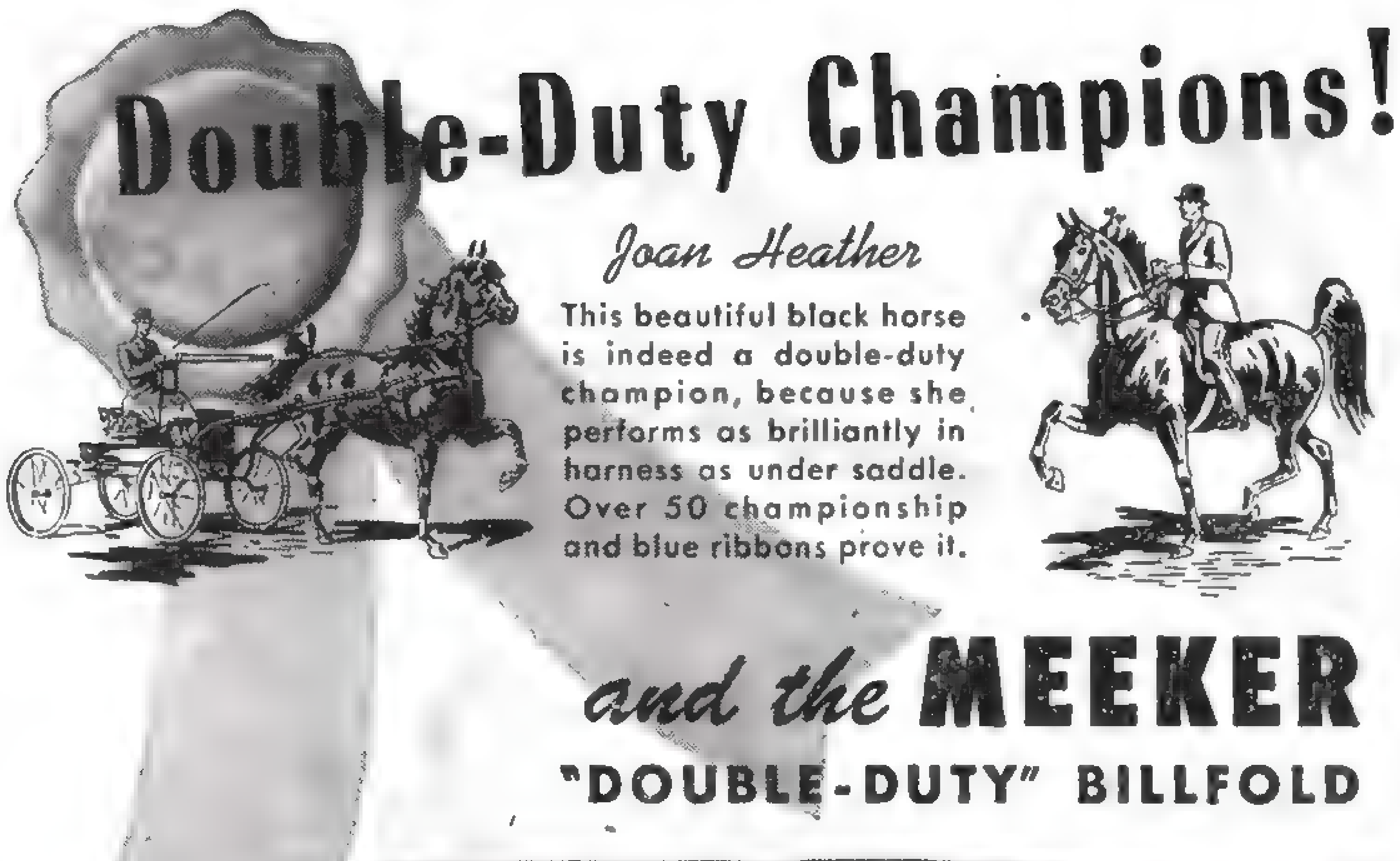
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

†Residual Shrinkage less than 1%.

Double-Duty Champions!



This beautiful black horse is indeed a double-duty champion, because she performs as brilliantly in harness as under saddle. Over 50 championship and blue ribbons prove it.

and the MEEKER "DOUBLE-DUTY" BILLFOLD

Men, you'll go for this clever, convenient MEEKER creation, of Hand Colored Pigskin. It's a combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case. Stylish, trim, compact—yet there's room for 8 passes, cards, etc., plus bills and checks.

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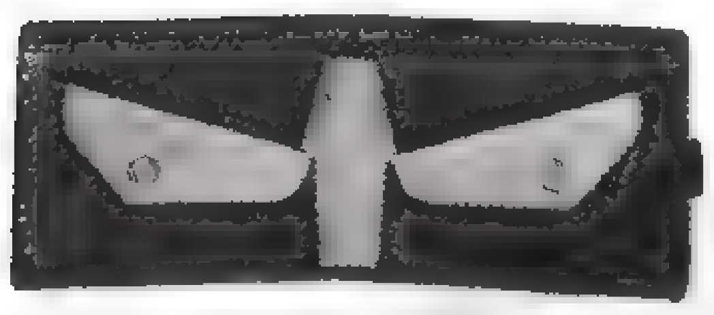

FOR HER
This beautiful MEEKER-MAID Billfold has two coin purses, two card pockets, and a secret compartment! Comes in Fine Saffian and Morocco leathers. Black, brown, blue, red.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC.
JOPLIN, MO.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

Something Rotten in Mozambique

Continued from pages 59-157

am extremely sorry that the business reputation of Lourenço Marques should be entrusted to pigs of his type. We pride ourselves on the fact that American seamen can come into this port and not fear being, as you Americans say, "rolled." But we are still faced with the assault of our policemen which cannot be countenanced—although I must say from Senhor Hall's appearance our Civil Guards did very well on their own account."

Sideris stood up again.

"If Dr. Gómez will permit me, I should like to explain this misunderstanding."

The Purser nudged the Captain. "This'll probably be good. That guy has an explanation for everything."

"You see," the ex-wrestler continued, "Senhor Hall is quite famous as an American Commando Instructor. He has on occasions stood off as many as ten American soldiers at one time. But I'm afraid," he added with a smile, "that Senhor Hall bit off more than he could chew when he started to show our Sergeant the American methods. He didn't know that I had trained the Lourenço Marques Police."

The Magistrate stared at Sideris unbelievingly.

"This is too much," he said.

Rapidly he fired questions at the Police Sergeant in Portuguese. The latter looked at Sideris before answering.

Dr. Gómez y Martino shook his head doubtfully.

"The Police Sergeant confirms the story, unbelievable as it is. But I am proud of our men for being able to inflict more damage than ten American soldiers."

The Purser wiped his glasses with a moist handkerchief. So far as he knew, Hall had never been near an Army camp.

"In that event," the Magistrate continued, "there is nothing else to do but dismiss the charges."

"But what about the damage to my saloon?" the German wailed.

"Strangely enough," the Magistrate retorted, "the amount you claim is exactly enough to cover your tax fine. And you're getting off lightly."

The German pressed his lips together and started up the aisle.

"Hold on," the Magistrate added, "where's the brandy?"

"That's all right," the Police Inspector spoke up, "I impounded a case just to make sure we had all the evidence."

"That is not Mozambique justice," the Magistrate reprimanded the Inspector. "You must return all except four bottles—and one I wish to analyze." #

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GRAVES
Superior
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100% GRAIN PRODUCTS NEUTRAL SPIRITS
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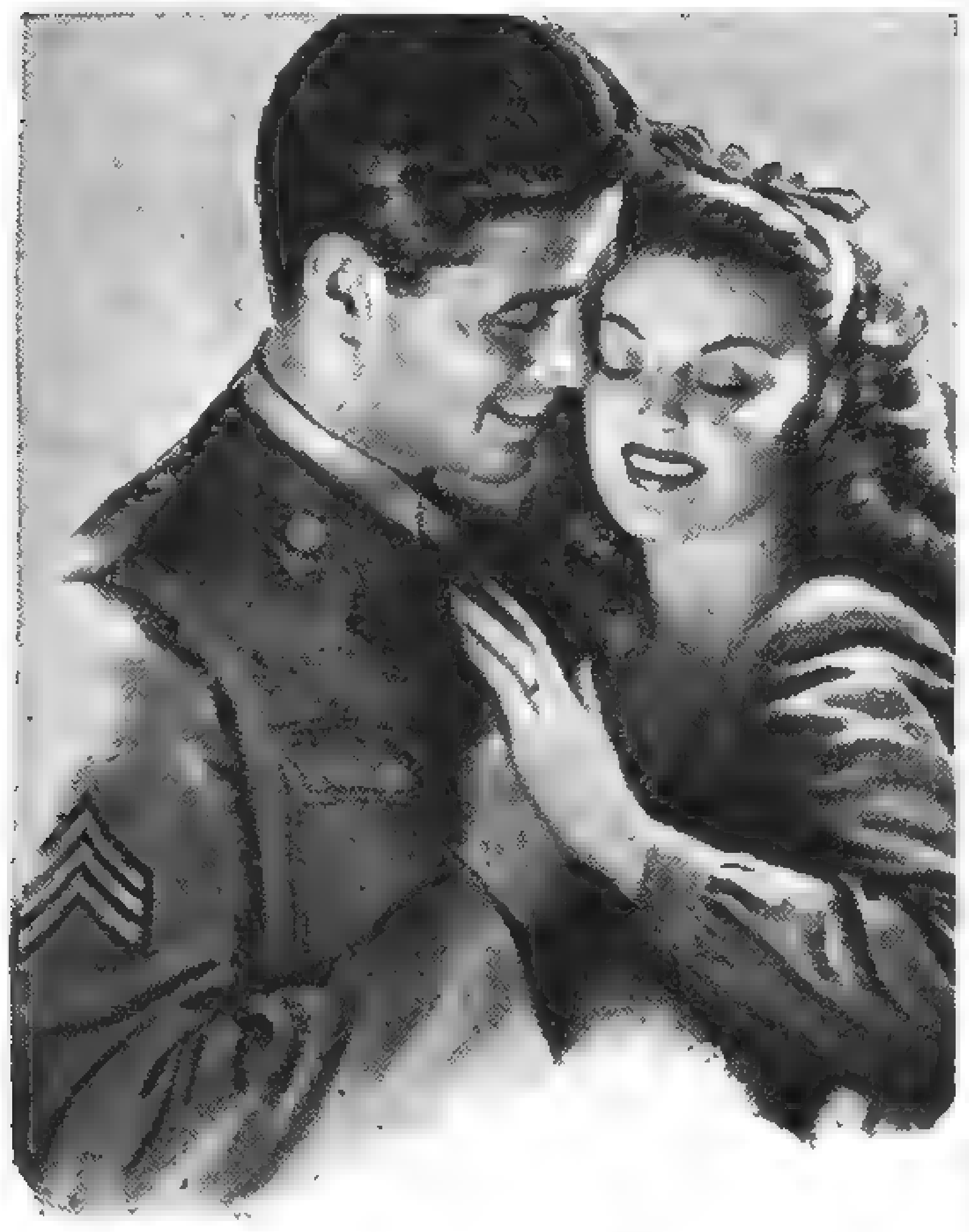
90 Proof · 100% grain products neutral spirits · made from choice American grain



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Post Cards

Monday

Dear Jane: This is a picture of the Hotel New Fairview, the biggest hotel in the city. You will see an X I have drawn on a window on the twenty-eighth floor. That suite was occupied. So was every other one in the hotel. I wish I could have got in.

Love, Joe

Tuesday

Dear Jane: Isn't this hotel, The Continental, a beaut? Lots of the rooms overlook the bay. I asked for one like that. It got a bigger laugh than that imitation I do of a gorilla. The lobby in here is the loveliest one in existence. There was a line in here, and I got on the end of it. I was in it half an hour before I discovered it was for the desk of the Palatial across the street.

Always, Joe

Wednesday

Dear Jane: This is the Palatial. I know you would enjoy staying here. So would I. This picture clearly shows the main entrance on Lincoln Avenue, including the armed guards who shoot anybody who even stops, looks in, and sighs. I think this is unconstitutional, but there may have been an amendment lately. I haven't seen a paper for three days.

Hoping, Joe

Thursday

Dear Jane: Here's the Luxuria Arms. Some hunk of masonry, eh? Twelve hundred rooms and twenty-four hundred baths. I got in the lobby here to try and buy a paper and a cigar. They made me sign a paper that I wouldn't ask for a room, but a house detective hit me over the head with something heavy when he caught me looking at the room clerks.

Wearily, Joe

Friday

Dear Jane: On the back you'll see a color photograph of the Hotel Beekersham. Not one of the biggest ones but a smart hostlery patronized by the socially elite. It is so well known that it never advertises. Being booked up solid through 1947 also might have something to do with it.

Despairingly, Joe

Saturday

Dear Jane: Take a look-see at the Behemoth, seventy stories tall. Its tower seems to reach up and touch the moon, doesn't it? If it did, I might be able to engage a room in this place. Anyhow it would be a good even-money bet.

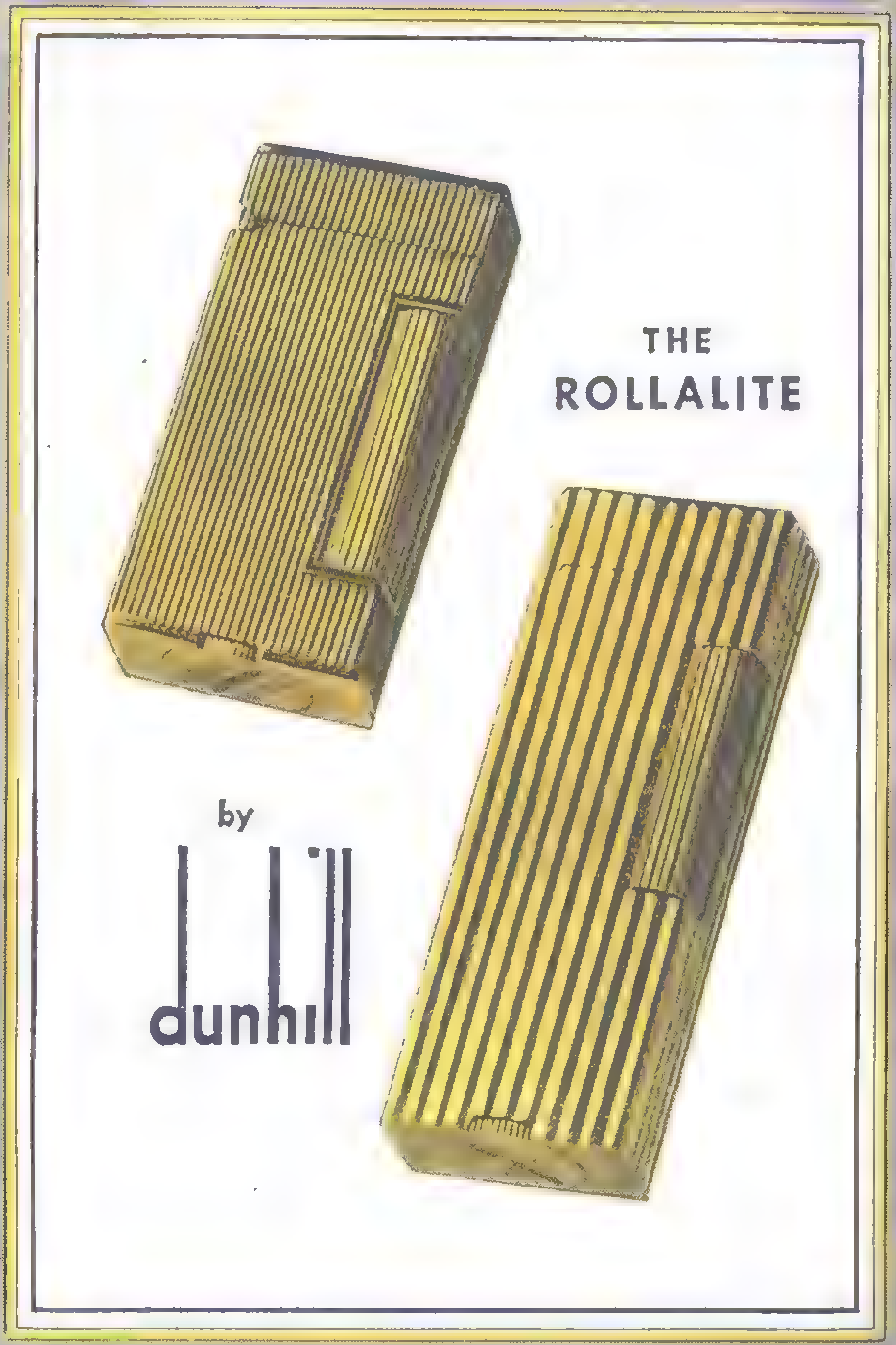
Frantically, Joe

Sunday

Dear Jane: Did you get the picture post cards I sent you of the Swanscot, the Pieter Bruegel, the Commander, the Wiltsham, the New Utopia, the Fillmore, the Beekly, the Vanderham and forty-three other hotels? I did them up in a package and sent them third-class; it saved postage. This is a panorama view of this wonderful city. In the lower left-hand corner you will see a section of the park. On the third bench from the left you'll see an X. Guess what that is for.

Miss you, Joe

—PARKE CUMMINGS



You'll treasure it all your life

This is the Dunhill masterpiece in lighters. It is the most perfect mechanism of its kind—a precision instrument of remarkable efficiency. Its outer jacket is 14 karat gold and it has lifetime beauty and utility. You'll always treasure it.

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THE Guardsman
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The GUARDSMAN Billfold - - combines style and safety. With its smart chain, can't be stolen or lost. Has secret pocket with a removable pass case. $10. Tax extra. Write for FREE booklet "How to Remember by Forgetting." Other models $2. where leather or jewelry is sold.

By the Makers of

ROBINSON REMINDERS

WESTFIELD, MASS.

Art Career in Two Keys

Continued from page 73

fare no more solid than crackers and milk. Avery painted and painted some more, and yet more, and since few of these pictures were sold, the racks he built to store them in soon reached the ceiling and further limited the space for normal domestic activities. Both Averys worked to make their own canvas and their own frames, for canvas using cheap crash toweling which they primed and stretched and glued to boards. And since even crash toweling cost money, he would paint over his bad pictures. When the prospect seemed especially bleak, he used to say, "Painting is a fascinating pastime," with that quickly smothered chuckle which is the nearest thing to a laugh in him.

Within this obviously depressing milieu, Avery, as old friends recall him, was serene, gay, unhurried, but quietly determined. No one can remember a bitter Avery or an ungenerous one. When his own need seemed most desperate, he would direct collector friends to the work of other artists whom he thought were undeservedly neglected and when things were least hopeful for him, the only question that seemed to concern him was, "Do you think I'm improving?" They recall that the early Avery, even more than the present one, had enormous vitality.

But the energy which almost any other artist would put into one canvas, Avery would pour into many. The idea was to keep it spontaneous. If there had to be struggle, let it take place in the mind so that it would be out of the picture. If one painting doesn't jell, start another. If the idea comes through, express it only in its essentials, quickly; don't labor or embroider it. As a consequence Avery painted thousands of pictures. No one expected all of them to be good, but even the bad ones were part of the apprenticeship leading to mastery in the use of expressive short cuts, those short cuts which prove how well he can draw. He developed an easy kind of expertness in which the fresh impact of a picture concealed the thought and experimentation that had gone into it. It is a rare quality to produce fresh, colorful, spontaneous restatements of the visual world; the defect of this quality is that it is all on the surface and is almost purely decorative. There's a limitation to every gift and Avery's limitation is that he addresses only a narrow range of senses. He does not paint philosophic structures or messages intended to put the beholder into a brown study. He is closer to the child than to Schopenhauer, for, from the beginning and essentially, he has relied upon intuition. The instinctiveness of his color quality has been well put by David Bur-

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?

*F-N
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1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Only a little Wildroot Cream Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

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3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo . . . also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

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*Beacon Clocks . . . Holeproof Fashion Hint

Men with a keen feel for style ask to see Beacon Clocks . . . the new patterns by Holeproof that are timely as Big Ben. Their dashing design guides the way to smart style. And the Holeproof standard of knitting to full foot size, for keeping their shape, for longer lasting quality, the best rayon yarns and Durene mercerized combed yarns . . . put Beacon Clocks right in the footlight. In regular length and in newly returned Elastic Top Pacer Shorts. 45c, 65c and with Spun Nylon reinforced toe in most 65c styles. De luxe Quality $1.

For further reference on this fashion footnote, see your nearest Holeproof counter. Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. Pacemaking Pacer (garter attached sock) will be back later. HAVE YOU BOUGHT A BOND TODAY?

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

liuk, who calls Avery an aristocrat in color; "he can do no wrong in it."

It is a strange fact, in the light of his quietly determined immolation in art, that Milton Avery became a painter through the most casual and accidental chain of circumstances. He was born in a small place called Altmar, near Oswego, New York, fifty-two years ago. Recently he revisited the place with his wife to discover that his imagination had falsified it; the beautiful hills of his memory were only molehills. When he was about eight years old the family moved to Hartford, Connecticut, where the name of Avery on the old tombstones suggests a lengthy family connection with the place. How normal and commonplace an American boy he was is indicated in the fact that his first serious boyhood ambition was to become a professional bike racer. He practiced hard and long on his bike, but he found he couldn't make the grade, and gave it up. Much more casually he planned to become a commercial artist, and started to do the first lessons of a correspondence course on lettering. He then applied for the lettering course at the Connecticut League of Art Students. This course was full up, they told him, but there was room in the life class. It was easier to enroll than to say "no," but after attending several sessions, he went off to paint by himself. This was around 1913. In the meantime, as a self-reliant Yankee earning his own salt, he held down a job as a clerk in the filing room of the Travelers Insurance Company and later on went on the night shift of the U. S. Tire and Rubber Company, so that his days would be free for painting. Often he would hit off for the meadows at dawn, after work, to see what motifs for pictures the landscape round about Hartford would provide him. Except for the brief period of study under Charles Noel Flagg at the Connecticut League, Milton Avery is self-taught. That has been both his cross and his salvation.

For Avery, as for many other artists, the summer is a time for sowing and the winter a time of harvest. Whenever possible, he goes to the country in the summer time to see new places and to discover what different landscapes have to say to him and give him in the way of motifs and color harmonies. For his system is to work from sketches made on the spot. He has visited California, the Gaspé peninsula, Vermont and Cape Ann in Massachusetts. His idea of heaven is to travel because it is only through travel that he can renew himself. The bachelor Avery spent the Summer of 1925 in Gloucester. There he met a Brooklyn girl who was interested in art, Sally Michel. That fall, with a Hartford chum, Wallace Putnam, he moved to New York in order to be within subway distance of Miss Michel. Putnam and Avery took a room in a shabby

Continued on page 162

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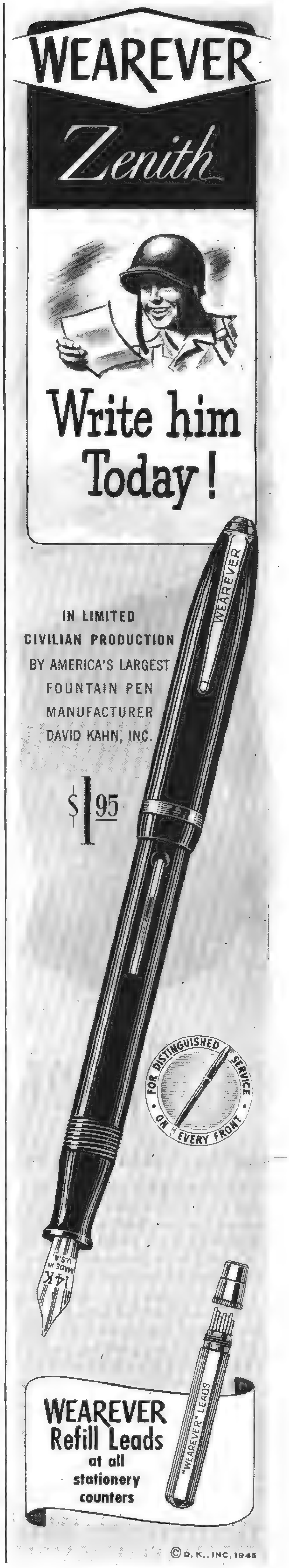
Art Career in Two Keys

Continued from pages 73-161

boarding house on the site of the present Lincoln Hotel. Their rations were meager. Putnam recalls that, after awhile, the moment they would appear at the doorway of their favorite beanery, the counterman would bawl out, "Two bowls," which was their supper. Rice pudding was a rare dessert calling for budgetary calculation and debate. Once a month they would blow themselves to seats in the quarter section of the old Palace, where Avery became an expert in vaudeville, and twice a month Avery would go to Brooklyn to see Miss Michel. They were married in the Spring of 1926.

The first break in the clouds came in the early 30's. Avery's first one-man show took place at the Opportunity Gallery in 1928. The following year his entries won first prize at the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts and the third Frank Logan prize at the Chicago Art Institute. But it was not until 1932 that his pictures were placed on view in a 57th Street gallery—Valentine's. Mr. Kaufman dates the break in Avery's career with the showing, in that year, at the Independents, of a vast circus canvas, *The Chariot Race*, which was singled out for praise by Henry McBride, who thereafter began looking for his work and who has championed him "with eloquence and understanding" since. In 1934 the Duncan Phillips Memorial Gallery became the first museum to buy an Avery—*Seaport*—which McBride had called the best picture in Radio City's "Mile of American Art." Concerning Albert C. Barnes' acquisition of *Nursemaid* for the Barnes Foundation, there is a curious story: the dealer had refused to hang it on the wall, fearing that some people might be offended at the artist taking seriously the subject of a colored nursemaid; observing it on the floor in a back room, Barnes bought it on the spot, on condition that the full purchase price be transmitted to the artist. Now there are Averys in the Newark and Brooklyn museums and in the Albright Gallery in Buffalo and in the private collections of Charles Laughton, Walter Chrysler, Jr., Margaret Sullavan, Joseph Hirschorn, William Weintraub and a dozen other more or less modern collectors.

The family roster of the Averys now includes a daughter, March, born in 1933, who is already giving such promise in her own painting that her parents say, not entirely in jest, that she is Milton's greatest single influence; and a handsome cocker spaniel who answers to the name of Picasso and whose favorite playmate is Matisse, an Irish setter owned by the artist with whom, in earlier days, Milton Avery used to have that nightly bowl of soup.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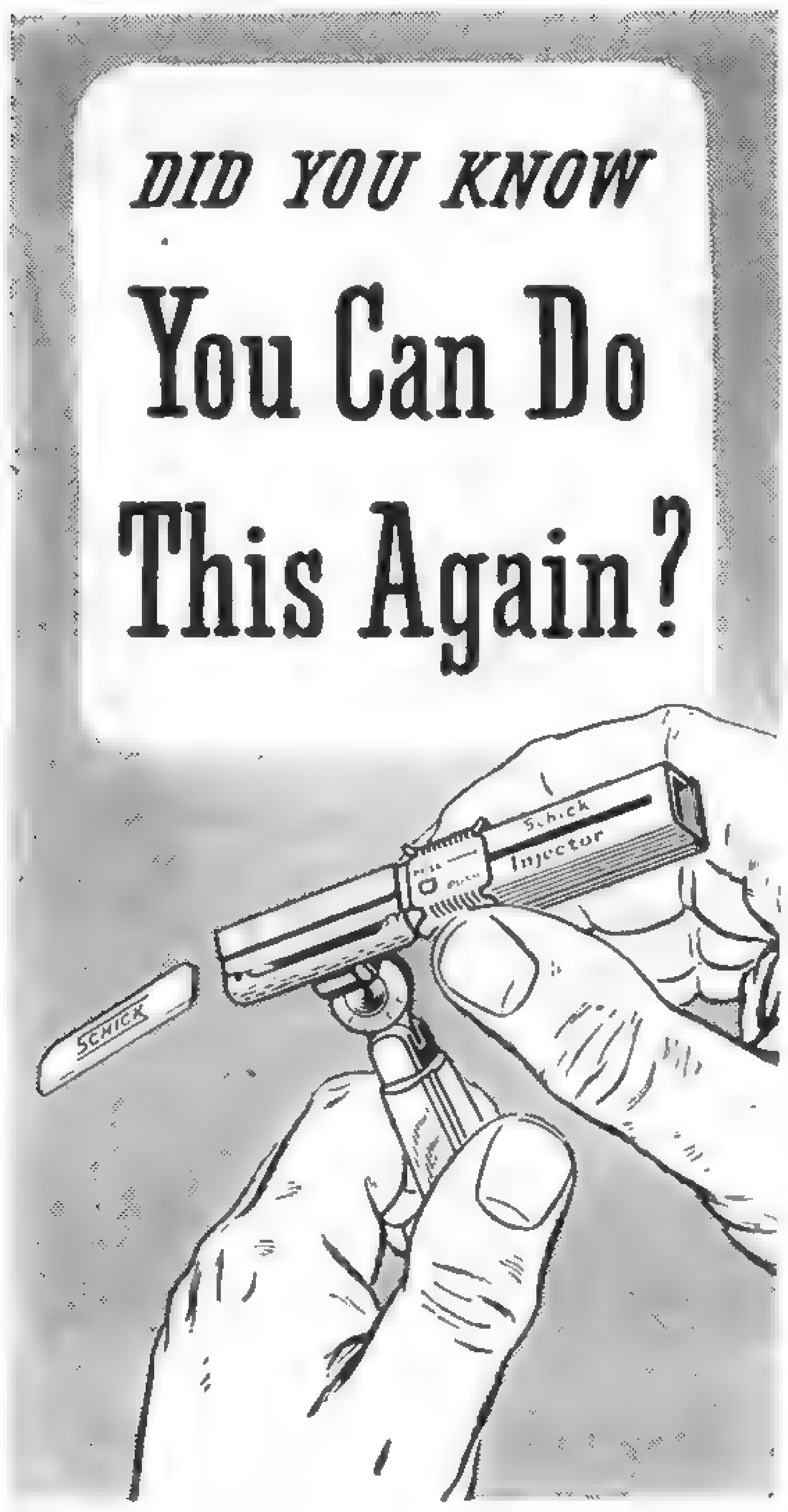

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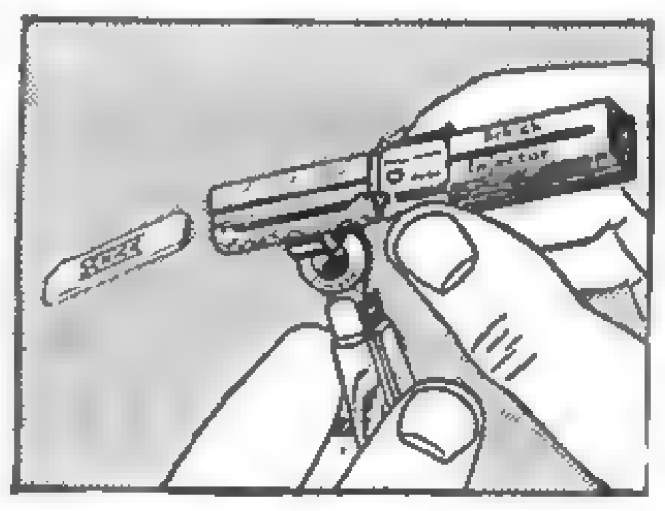

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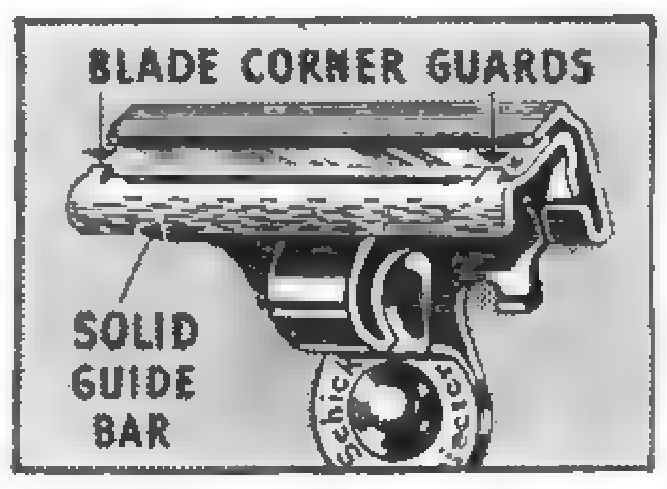

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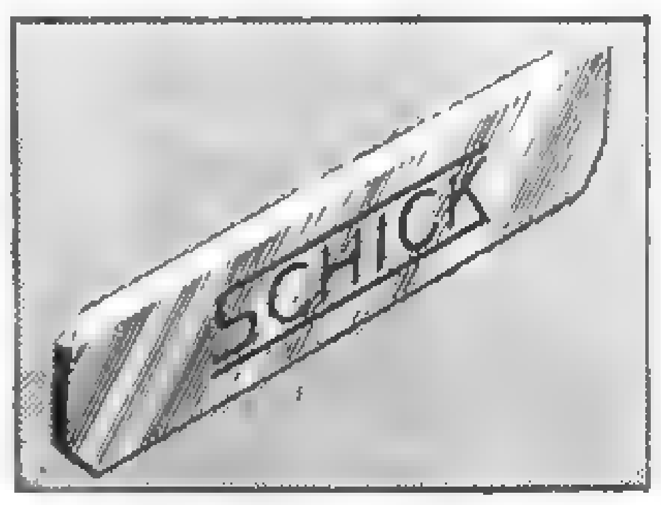

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

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The Mad Emperor of Long Island

Continued from page 60

jesty sent emissaries to France to engage them at five francs a day. Thus it was that buildings in the French countryside and cities soon carried slyly chalked legends reading, "Vive Jacques I!" or "Vive l'Empereur du Sahara!" This barn-door and billboard propaganda, not excluded from the sides of certain useful little chalets in the rural districts, inspired curiosity which worked to the gradual advantage of its purpose.

But the course of empire did not flow smoothly. The Moors, whose forbearance had rested on nothing more solid than a stalling for time, came out from behind their dunes and kidnaped a sizable hunk of the constituency, carrying them off for ransom. This in itself was merely an annoyance which, with true imperial dignity, one disregarded . . . an emperor could not enter into negotiations with common kidnapers . . . but when the Paris *Journal* took the view that the captive men ought to be rescued, Jacques' position at home suffered. Up to now the people had been laughing and saying, "That Jacques, he is a one!" But now the people felt the joke had gone far enough. Human life deserved better than to be placed at the mercy of one man's whimsies.

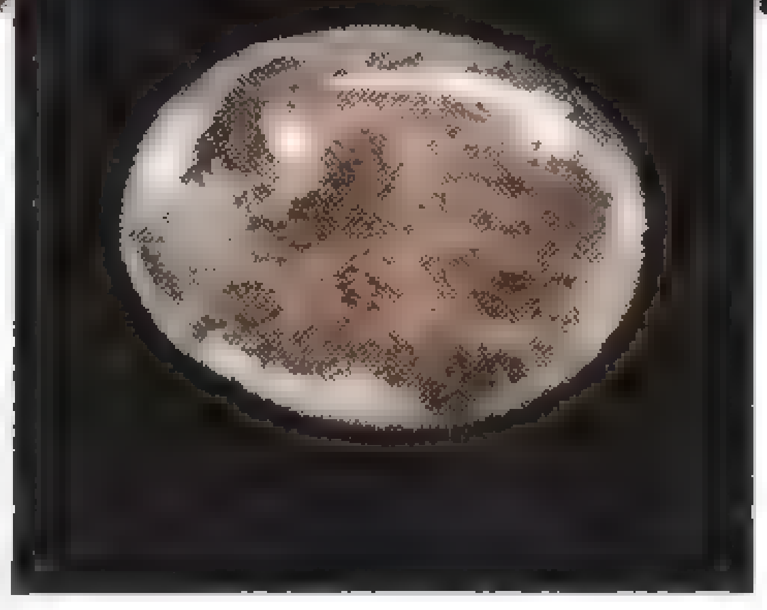
The timorous trickle of empire further hesitated before the French government's objection to Jacques' proposed railroad, simply because excited English, Spanish and Portuguese officials interpreted the Lebaudian venture as another territorial expansion by France. The protests of the French Foreign Office that M. Lebaudy's was a sort of hot-dog enterprise of his own, without national significance, failed to placate them, and the government finally ordered him to get out.

Jacques was about ready to quit anyway. The subjects he had counted on had somehow failed to gather in sufficient numbers, and those who had originally came with him were disposed to the attitude, after seven months, that the Sahara Desert was no place to live the one life a man has.

In abdicating Jacques showed the same disdain for mundanities that had marked him in the kidnaping, by making no provision for evacuating his followers. France finally sent a cruiser for them. As the amusement of Frenchmen turned to resentment, Jacques decided to explore the United States. He felt that France had entered upon the final course of decadence and was no longer fit for a man of vision. In the United States a forward-looking man would be appreciated and could operate freely. This was right, of course, but there were disappointments in store for him.

He opened an office in Wall Street and proceeded by shrewd

Continued on page 164



THAT MAN SLIPPING PAST THE TWO GUARDS is Nonius, the Roman senator. *Will they stop him?* If not, Mark Antony will never again see the Great Opal . . . the gem he values so highly! ★ ★ ★ Since 1898, a gem valued highly by judges of good liquor is William Penn Blended Whiskey. Smooth, mellow, flavorful, it's known the nation over as the *Gem of the Blends!*

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The Mad Emperor of Long Island

Continued from pages 60-163

investments to add more millions to his fortune. He followed the flawless proceeding of buying non-dividend paying stock, hanging onto it till the price went up, then selling at a big profit. In this manner he is reputed to have made a million dollars alone on some Erie stock, buying at nineteen, at a time when Morgan and Harriman had their eyes on the road, and selling at thirty-five.

There is no quarrel with this formula, though some cynics say that stock bought at nineteen occasionally goes the other way, to twelve, or five; but not for Jacques. He was Mammon's special favorite.

Some of this affection may have been due to Mr. Lebaudy's habit of trusting no one of the human race. He was as skittish of human nature as a horse of an automobile in 1900. When the Carnegie Trust Company, whom he had appointed to dispose of his holdings in France, some seventeen parcels of real estate, returned less than 400,000 dollars for them, he filed suit to collect the difference between this figure and the one million dollars he thought he should have had. He was sure the bankers had gypped him, but the Supreme Court, after a long fight, found in favor of the trust company.

So intense was his obsession that people were scheming to cheat him that he closed down or flooded most of his mines, rather than leave them in the hands of managers who might chisel on the profits or make off with the ore. He believed it was not better to mine and make a million while losing ten, than never to mine at all.

In this same spirit of misgiving, he cached papers pertaining to his holdings in banks and vaults scattered throughout the world. Few people, not even his own family, knew until his death that he owned several shares of stock in the Suez Canal, drew interest on huge deposits in London, and held a third interest in a Chilean silver mine, the second richest in the world.

Lebaudy practiced rigid personal economies and required his intimates to do likewise. He wore his suits till they were frayed and shapeless. He haggled over the price of groceries and household necessities, restricting his purchases to sales and bargain counters as much as possible, but never passing up a chance to buy something for less, whether he needed it or not. For this reason his automobile was usually littered with a miscellany ranging from oranges and soda crackers to hunks of charcoal and cans of kerosene.

This system did not make for constancy of supply in the larder of his fifty-room mansion at Westbury, Long Island, and his refusal to provide along more ac-

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★ Pour 2 ounces Red Horse Sloe Gin into 8-ounce glass. Add ice. Fill up with lithiated lemon or lime sparkling soda. Stir briskly until frothy head foams.

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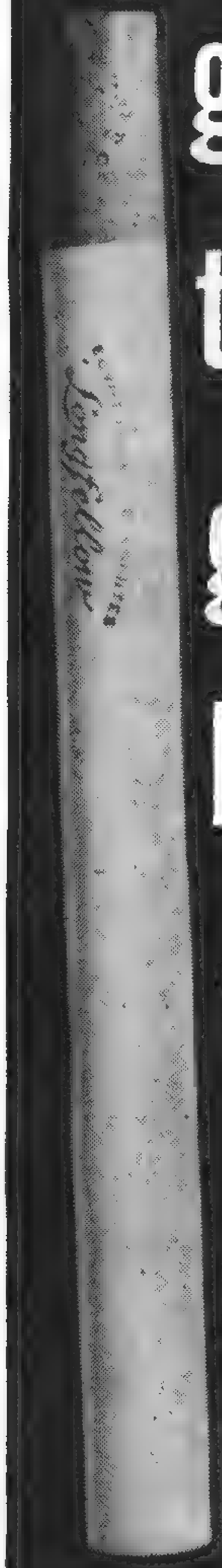

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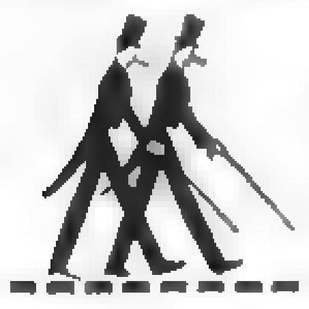

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cepted lines tended to encourage domestic unrest.

When the situation reached the point of actual want, Mr. Lebaudy would order one of the cows slaughtered and served for that night's dinner. This entailed a great deal of sacrifice, not only to the cow, but also to Mr. Lebaudy, for one of his favorite amusements was to ride the cattle bareback about the place, getting them to jump over the fences and hedges.

On the other hand, although the family might be on the verge of hocking an ermine in order to eat, it was not uncommon for a carload of ice for keeping the hay cool, to be shipped out by bargain-wise Mr. Lebaudy, who had found it a penny cheaper per hundred-weight that day.

His employees also knew him as a man of unorthodox habit. It was his wont, for example, to pay his large office force at the end of each day, in cash. He used to descend on the public library with a corps of stenographers and secretaries and set them to work in mysterious researches. When he traveled about, which was often, he had himself trailed by another car loaded down with securities under heavy guard. He always kept a taxicab waiting in front of his office.

His fondness for taxicabs was such that once, after renting a whole suite of rooms at half a dozen leading hotels simultaneously, he holed up in a taxi, living and transacting his business there. A man doesn't have to bowl, he reasoned, just because the pins are set up.

Mr. Lebaudy's belief in the innate depravity of man was vindicated one night when his hen coops were prowled. Instead of calling the authorities, whom he held in little better esteem than the courts, he went looking for the thieves himself. He mounted a horse, the cows being ill-suited for riding at night, and with a lantern swinging from the horse's neck, set forth to search the estate. By suspending the lantern from the horse, he kept one hand free for the reins and the other for his shotgun.

Neighbors found nothing relatively unusual in this spectacle, for they had frequently seen Mr. Lebaudy walking about his acres in the darkness with a lantern clenched between his teeth. This, he explained, was a health measure.

As time went on he began to show signs that his imperial ambitions were reviving, with Long Island the next salient to be taken. The growing disquiet of the neighbors over these developments became active resistance when Mr. Lebaudy's rising spirit of sovereignty asserted itself in edicts against the estates bordering his.

Suspected of being more than eccentric, he was submitted to successive clinical examinations and observations. But at each legal hearing, he not only convinced the judge and jury that

Continued on page 166

The popularity of this self-service bar didn't last

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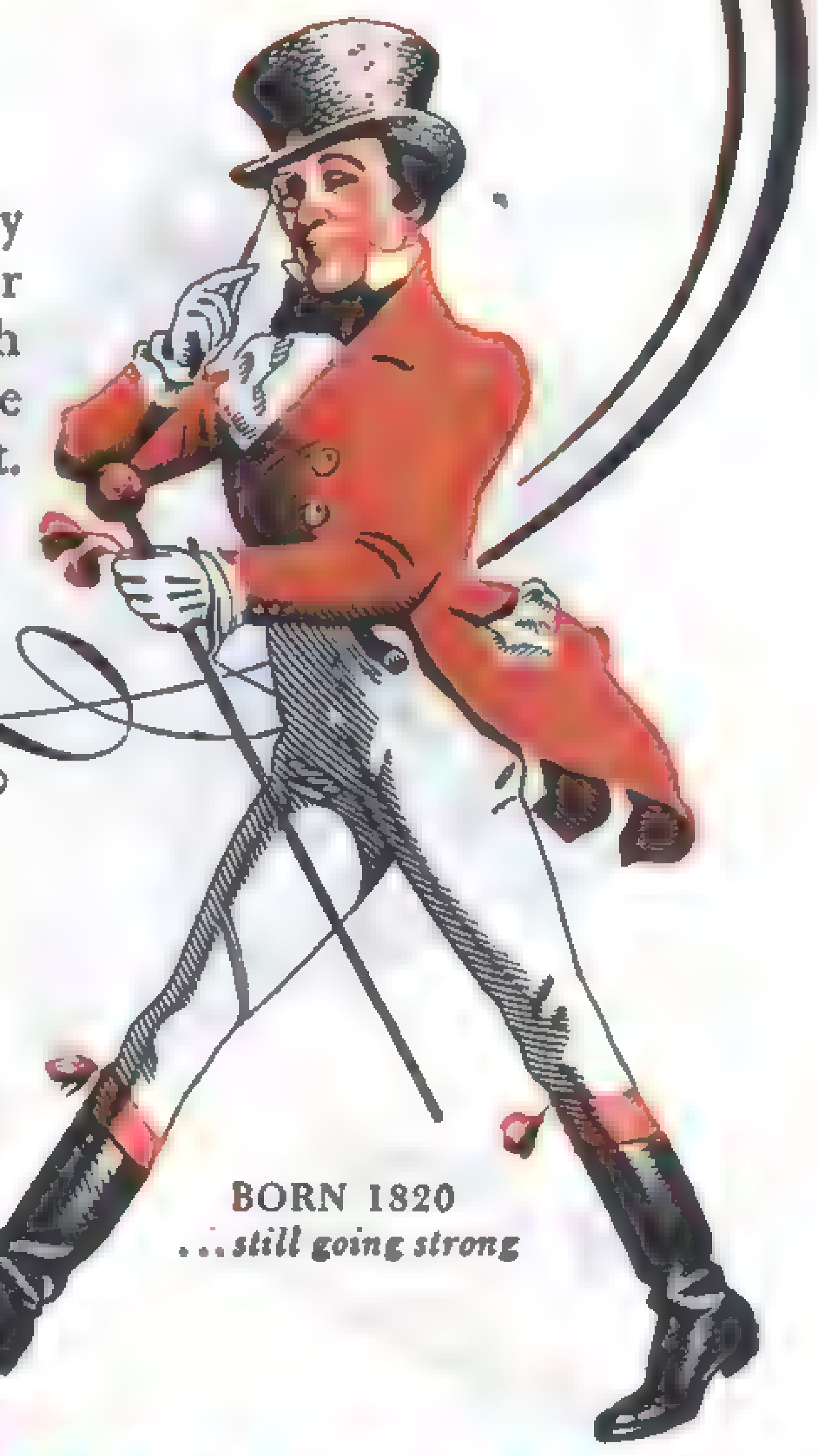

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The Mad Emperor of Long Island

Continued from pages 60-163-165

he was normal but that he was, in fact, exceptionally astute, leaving the implication that it was the court which needed watching, and introverting the jurors for many days after.

Escaping from one of his frequent internments, he retired to the Long Island marshes, feeding on what he could raid from neighboring gardens and milk houses. Amid the lush pregnance of this land, sharply contrasting with Lebaudia, his dreams of empire bloomed afresh. And he hoped more than ever to annex Long Island to the territory he had abandoned physically but not spiritually in Africa.

Undiscouraged by his encounters with brambles and mosquitoes, which scratched and covered him with bumps, he laid plans for sustaining an army of occupation. The gardens would supply green vegetables, and for meat the soldiers would have Longhorn cattle, the source of which was not so readily apparent.

These plans were annoyingly retarded by lack of funds, but being craftily aware that emergence from the swamps to siphon some money from a bank might betray him, he remained a penniless millionaire.

There came at last a day, however, when empire had less immediate attraction than escape from the mosquitoes, which had gnawed and drilled his face into the shape of a potato, and, approaching a stranger in a farmyard, he asked for a loan of fifty cents.

This maneuver was perhaps tactically sound, except that in the next breath he asked where he could buy a herd of Longhorn cattle. The stranger, quickly computing the difference between fifty cents and the price of a herd of Longhorns, invited Mr. Lebaudy into his car, saying he had just such a herd for sale himself.

The stranger was a deputy sheriff.

Extricating himself from the consequences of this failure at a proper reconnaissance before advancing, he next issued an ultimatum to Mrs. Smith concerning the road cleaving the two estates. To accept the terms would mean disfranchisement for Mrs. Smith in what was intended to be a communal matter. The road was hers to use as much as his, and any dispute over it, Mrs. Smith felt, should be submitted to arbitration.

Mr. Lebaudy, however, threatened to clutter the road with assorted obstructions if she persisted in using it and, this failing, to erect barricades at either end. Mrs. Smith plainly showed a dangerous aggressive spirit by driving out the road soon after she had received the warning.

On her return she found it strewn with bales of hay and most

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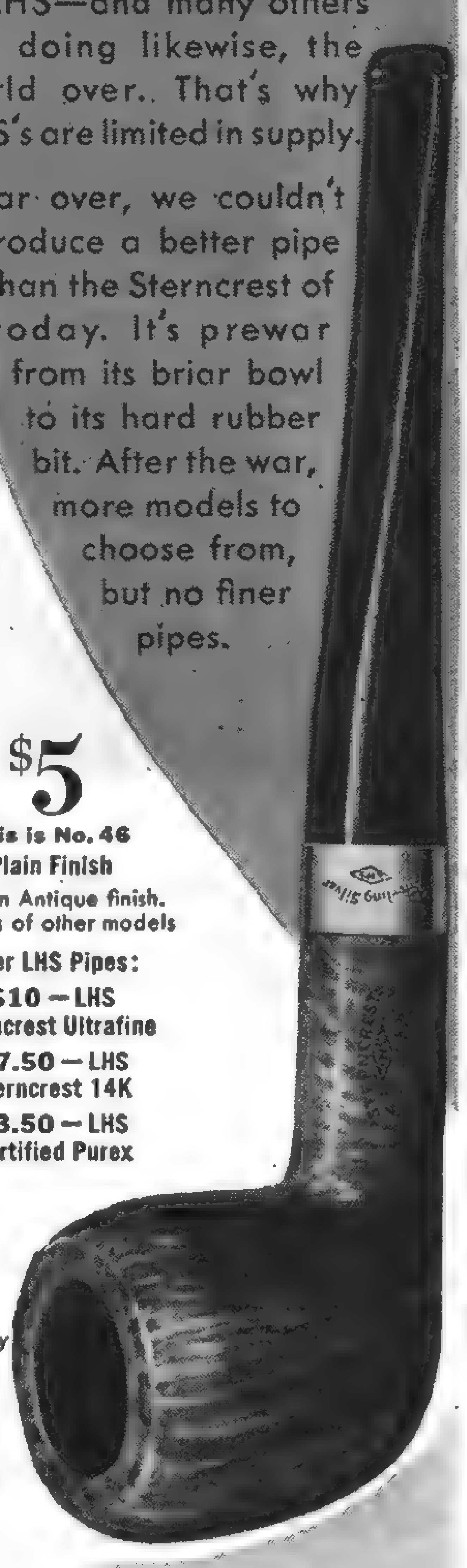

$5
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Also in Antique finish.
Dozens of other models

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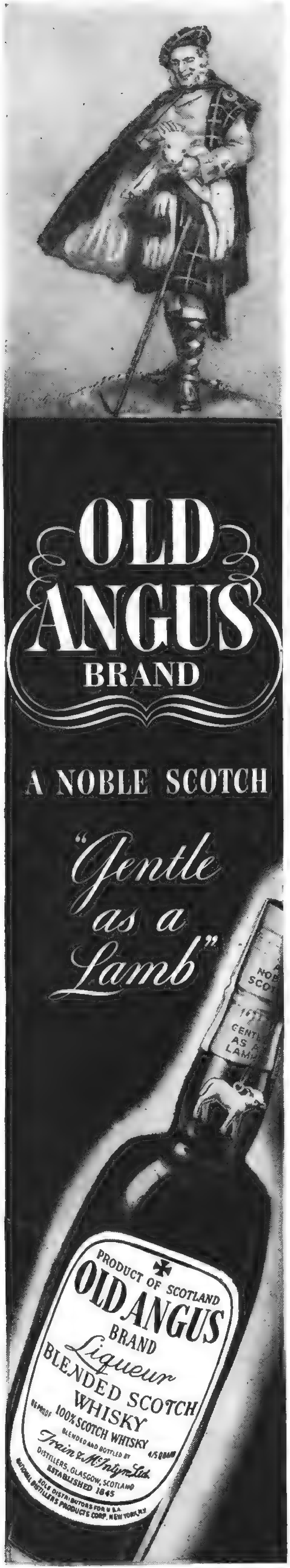

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A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
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of the contents of Mr. Lebaudy's farmyard parked in it, and the whole guarded by six messenger boys in their green uniforms.

As Mrs. Smith hove in view it was soon apparent that a serious border incident was about to occur. The guardsmen raised their French hunting horns and tootled, and in a moment Mr. Lebaudy in his heavily bemedaled Palm Beach uniform galloped onto the field from a clump of bushes. His preparations for battle had included snipping the telephone wire into his own house, but he overlooked this precaution as to Mrs. Smith's phone, and before he could engage his adversary she had fled to her manor and summoned reinforcements from the sheriff's office.

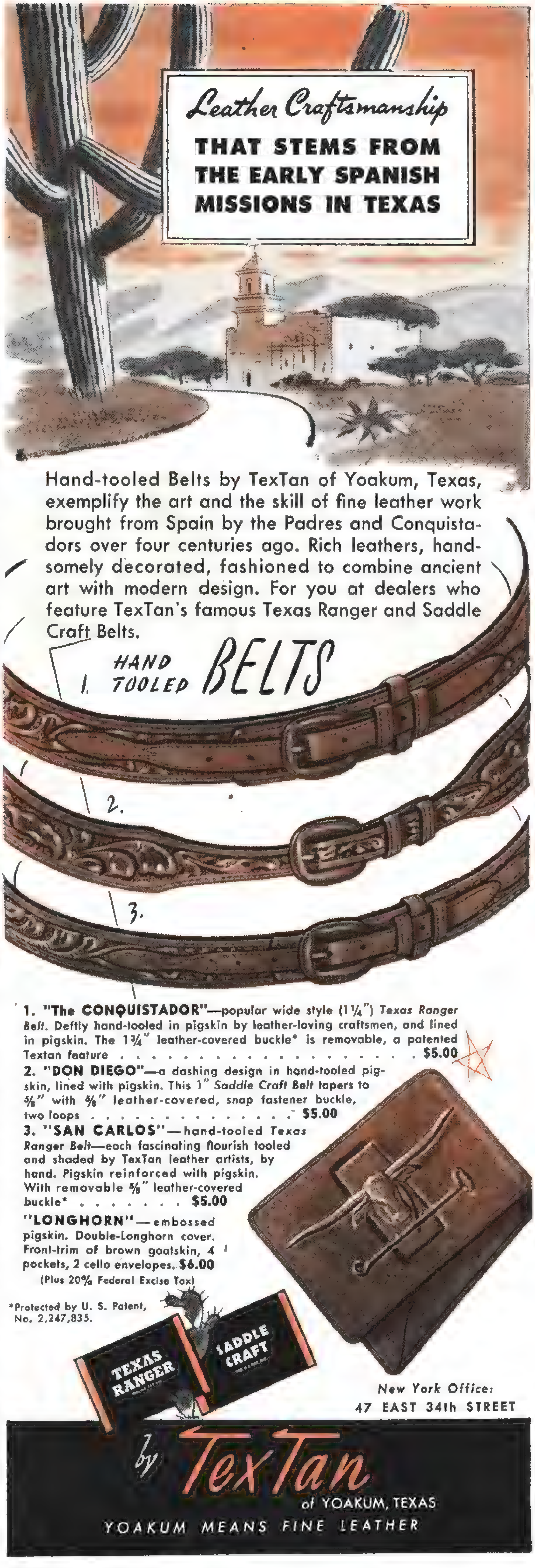
When Mr. Lebaudy had been vanquished in the cornfield by Sheriff Pettit, his forces taking no hand to stem the rout but instead fleeing the woods, the incipient Emperor of Long Island was removed to the Knickerbocker Sanitarium at Amityville to recover from what was loosely described as nervous exhaustion.

Whether he blamed his wife for his empire failures isn't known, but as frustrations piled up he fell to quarreling with her. These quarrels were a little out of the ordinary as family strife goes; neighbors heard that he used to chase her from room to room brandishing a butcher knife and shouting things of a threatening nature. Mrs. Lebaudy, for a time distressingly unable to elude him, finally evolved a scheme of defense consisting of chain booms across the doors which fell to operating semi-automatically as soon as the pursuit was underway. These worked forward and aft so that both advance and retreat were affected, reducing Mrs. Lebaudy's problem to the simple one of keeping her husband barricaded until he was willing to talk armistice through the door.

On the night of January 11, 1919, however, the system failed to work, and she was obliged to shoot him to death with a revolver which she had long carried as a secondary line of defense. She was exonerated after she convinced the jury that her husband had vowed repeatedly to kill her.

Police found his body lying on the floor of a hallway. He was clad in a fur coat, and nearby lay his traveling bag, stuffed with oranges, a can of condensed milk, a pair of rubbers and some old newspapers. In his car parked in front were three or four crates of charcoal and a drum of kerosene.

His total holdings, far from suffering for his eccentricities, were finally estimated at 15,000,000 dollars, half of which was accounted for by the London Probate Court. Though he had built and maintained a financial empire such as few men are able to do, Jacques Lebaudy took little notice of his success. He wanted to be known, not as a successful businessman, but as Jacques I, Emperor of Sahara. ⫲



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No Fun in Sports Rules

Continued from page 85

oxygen to hop up splashers was a cute trick the Nips used.

As there is talk of reviving the Olympics we might discuss another rule to add to the code. A Jap competitor, upon entering a contest, should be given a saliva test by a United States Marine with a bayonet. Due to necessity, the Marines already have applied that rule and have found it one certain way of precluding further controversy with a Jap contestant.

Tennis could stand at least one more rule. Now the custom is for the sporting contestant to graciously bat away an equalizing point when an official is suspected to have erred, in favor of the benevolent contestant. That practice overrules the officials, but what of it?

Now if the decision is regarded by a contestant as contrary to his own interests, then a sneer for the officiating dope is *de rigueur*.

How much more sporting it would be to have the kindly beneficiary of a ruling bat a ball into the puss of the offending umpire or linesman, from six paces? It would make for better officiating.

Basketball frets about its elongated players. Why not handicap them with weight, like horses? For each inch of height over six feet put ballast on the shoes of the altitudinous athlete.

Women's swimming and diving is getting increasingly difficult to equalize. If a nymph whose contours are particularly prepossessing loses on a close decision, the judgment is unpopular with everyone but the winner. Does that add to the fun of the sport?

If a maiden looks so good in a scant swimming suit that she may warp judgment, let there be a law compelling her to compete in a Mother Hubbard and with her hair in curlers. Even if she loses the event she can later dress up in garments that suggest the charm of her fuselage and win more important events.

A statute should govern the colors of fighters' bathrobes. There is a tendency to allot the most bilious colors in the spectrum to the manufacture of pugs' raiment.

Many gentlemen go to fights with stomachs upset from hastily partaking of provender and beverages. One glance at the attire of the gladiator and a sensitive fan is dizzy in acute distress.

In wrestling also another rule is needed. Many a grunter emits his wails badly off key. When both participants do not grunt harmoniously, it mars what might otherwise be an artistic performance. The referee should give each grunter the pitch.

Those are but a few of the cases in which new rules would restore sports to its basic status as fun.

Or maybe the idea of sports isn't to have fun.

In that case the present rules are okay. They're dull enough. #

"It's hot and you bother me Mr. B..."

"And I don't mean it That Way, either!

"I mean *you offend me*, Mister!

"And why don't you use Mum!

"Have you got the idea you're so automatically wonderful you're immune to underarm odor? *Mister, nobody is!*

"Or maybe you think nobody notices? Mister, *they do!*

"And it's time you and a lot of other men learned that smart, considerate people guard against underarm odor ...with Mum! Use it yourself, Mr. B. —and give people a chance to *like* you!"

• **NOTE TO MR. B (and you?)**

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Ralph DePalma's Glorious Failure

Continued from page 38

eleven cars. And with the Mercedes charging around the track making a noise like a battery of five-inch guns, and with that fine lead, it certainly looked as if De Palma had licked the jinx.

On the 197th lap, with only three to go, De Palma flicked up the speed. He was eleven minutes ahead of Dawson, only seven and a half miles and five and a half minutes to the 20,000 dollars.

The others were slamming around the track as methodically as Lionel trains; the racket kept up; the grandstand was emptying; everything was as it should be and then a hush fell and you could feel the question forming in 80,000 minds: Where's De Palma? Then the news came from the spotters in the backstretch. De Palma was in trouble; the Mercedes was hitting on two or three cylinders—a broken piston. Dawson caught the frantic signal from his pit men and poured on coal. The speed went up to ninety mile an hour. But Ralph, when he finally hove in sight, was crawling at dump-wagon speed and from the engine noises you would have thought it was being pounded with sledge hammers.

Ralph started to turn into the pit, but his men waved him out; if he shut off the engine, he was out for good. He went back on the track and crawled, like a hurt animal, up the street a way. The crowd groaned. He didn't reappear for a long time and Joe Dawson and the others kept going round and round. The next time he passed the pits, to start the 199th lap, he was making less than twenty miles per hour.

The books show that the flag went down in front of Dawson at 381.06 minutes—a new record incidentally. Ten minutes later Tetzlaff finished and won 10,000 dollars. And right behind him was Merz in Stutz, to take third place and 5,000 dollars. Then several others rolled home. About that time the Mercedes showed up in the backstretch. It was barely moving. Ralph was steering and pushing from the side, and his mechanic was shoving from behind. I'd say they pushed a mile and a half, clear to the finish line; while the field went by.

The rules say that the car must complete a race under its own power and so De Palma is down on the record book as not finishing. The popular legend is that he pushed the Mercedes to the finish line. Not quite. Technically, he was still one lap short. But 80,000 people were there; they saw the sweat on his face; they knew what was going through his mind; and I doubt that they cared about the missing lap. They roared out a cheer that has never been heard again in Indianapolis. You have to fail in a peculiar and wonderful way to earn such a cheer. ⧺

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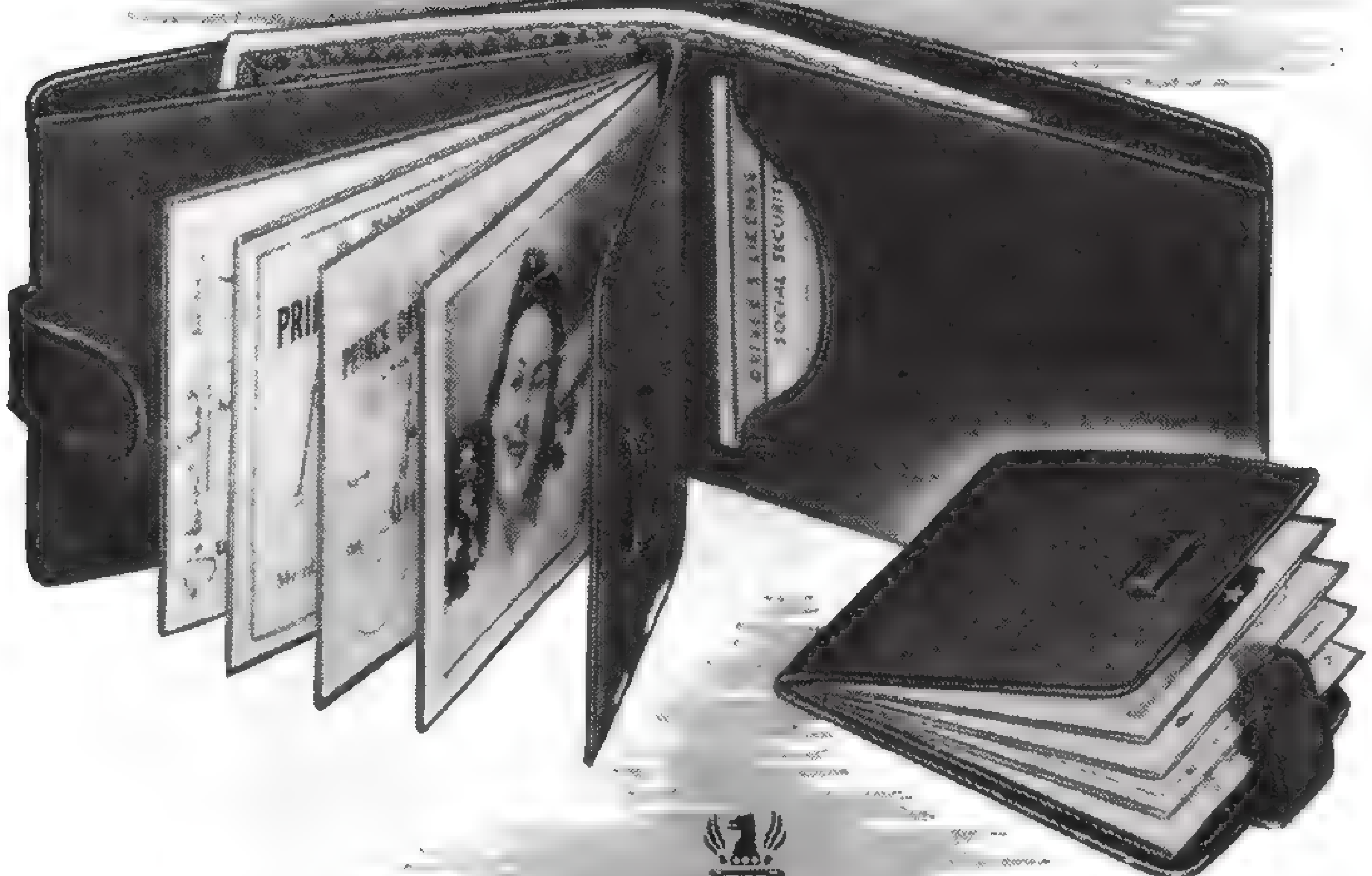

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Breakfast on the Ferryboat

Continued from page 75

considering annuities, and saving money which was largely invested in a building and loan association.

"I just said, 'Why don't you move into one of those new apartments over on Crescent Terrace, and I'll turn over the house money to you and all the building and loan, and I'll go away?' She told me I was crazy. But I guess after awhile she got to thinking about it and decided it wasn't such a bad idea. I never tried to talk her into it. I just reminded her of it, from time to time. And after a time she decided I was right.

"We took our time. We figured the thing out very carefully, from every angle, first. And when I had bought the annuity, five hundred a year, and it came time for me to go, Ada didn't exactly cry, but she was nice about it. We kissed all right. She came right down to the bus station to see me off. I went to San Francisco by bus, to save money."

He would not have done it, he insisted, if he hadn't been sure that it was the right thing for both. Ada had nothing to live on, nothing but what he left her, but that, as long as the building and loan association paid three-and-a-half, was sufficient. Actually, she had more spending money than she'd had when they were in the big house. She had her friends. There'd been nothing fishy about it, no embarrassment. They had separated, that's all. It was as simple as that. As simple as the life he now lived in Tahiti, where he was absurdly happy, regretting nothing.

I tried to picture Ada. Though he spoke respectfully of her, she could hardly have been a companionable woman. I think it unlikely that she nagged much: a nagger would have been dismayed at the prospect of losing her target and butt, her *raison d'être.* When it became evident that they were not going to have children, she had turned to other things, things in which he had no interest. Unquestionably Ada had a lot of what the world calls common sense. Unquestionably too, her husband didn't. *He* was such a romantic as to make the rest of us appear Bunthornes.

After that talk I used to make a point of stopping at his shack when I went out to the Presque-Isle, and he always seemed glad to see me. "Still thinking of the days when you used to eat breakfast on the ferryboat?" "You know," he'd confess, blushing, "I almost never do think of that nowadays. Practically never." He would talk about his garden, showing me around. He never offered me anything to drink but the water from a green coconut, which happens to be the best drink in the world for a man who's really thirsty, and he never asked me to stay for supper. He always gave me a flower for my

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ear before I left. Down that way you might wear virtually nothing else, but you would feel naked if you didn't have a flower behind your ear.

Sometimes I pondered that 500-dollar annuity. Even in the Society Islands it was precious little. Yet a man could live on it, as Anderson proved. He paid 400 francs a year for a piece of land, which held about forty coconut trees. With a single native helper he had built his own hut. He made his own copra, and sent this into Papeete by a neighbor who had a horse and buggy, and it brought a pittance. He had a breadfruit tree, a mango tree, two papayas, an avocado tree; he had six or seven chickens; he raised some vegetables. He had even saved a little money against sickness. Of course, he had posted his return deposit when he landed, eight years before. Everybody must do that. Anderson never was going to buy a return-trip ticket. The deposit money would be just enough to bury him decently and leave a little over for the fat *vahine* who did his wash.

Even by local standards, his life was astoundingly simple. We had many a recluse there; but it would usually be found upon investigation that each recluse was desperately busy: he was a nudist, or a vegetarian, or he wrote reams of unreadable poetry, or was inventing a perpetual motion machine. George Anderson did not even collect sea shells. He just puttered around in his garden. He was the most contented man I ever knew.

He was also, I was to learn, one of the most courageous.

It had been a good mail, and everybody was feeling great. Quinn's, the Concorde, the Bougainville, Lionel's, Au Col Bleu, all were crowded; the talk was loud; ice clinked in the glasses. I had not missed Anderson before the opening of the doors—he was not a man you would miss—and when I spotted him alone in a corner of the Concorde veranda I did not at first see anything out-of-the-way about this. He had a letter in front of him.

"Still thinking about breakfast on the ferryboat?"

"Yes," he said.

"What's the matter?"

He made a smile which was friendly enough, and sweet; but it was not his old smile; suddenly, he was not a happy man. He touched the letter.

"The building and loan association."

"You don't—say, they haven't *folded?*"

"Oh, no. But they have to cut the dividend to one-and-a-half for at least a couple of years. This is from *them*. Ada didn't write. But I'd asked them to notify me if there was any change. Not that I thought there would be."

He looked at his drink, which he had not touched, and he looked down upon the quay, and over the bay, lovelier than ever, to where a setting sun was hurling

Continued on page 178

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Breakfast on the Ferryboat

Continued from pages 75-171

scarlet javelins out of the sea beyond Moorea.

"Of course, it means I'll have to go back."

Why, I cried, it wasn't his fault that the dividend had been reduced! It wasn't Ada's fault either, he pointed out mildly. Why, he had no further obligations to her! And anyway there were other stocks, weren't there? Yes, but the building and loan had been the chief one, and it meant Ada's income would be cut in half. Well, even so, she'd be receiving almost as much in a week as *he* did in a month! But she would not be able to keep the apartment or even play bridge: at her age, that would be hard.

I protested that he wasn't legally committed to anything, since she had signed a waiver when he turned over the shares.

"That doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference. She took my word that she was going to live that way the rest of her life."

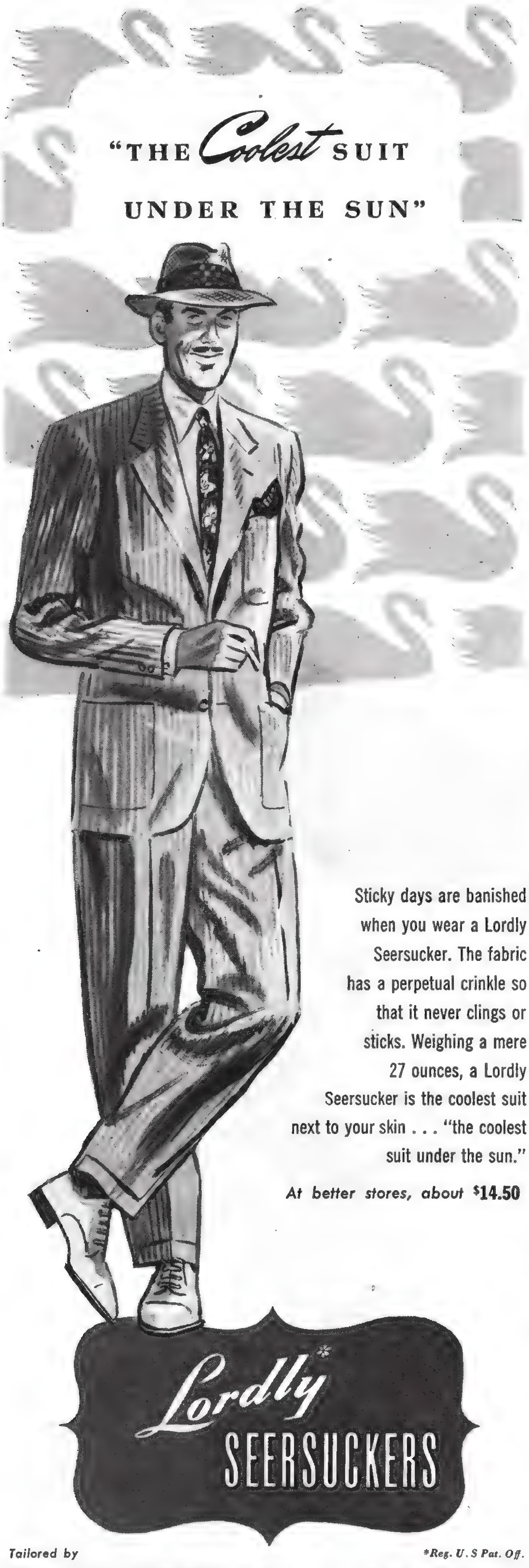
He was a man who loved that island, as the people of the island loved him. He fitted perfectly among those curious straining misfits. He was not posing or yearning for something or trying to forget something: he was not of "the mad, the bad, or the sad." He was just a nice guy who had found his place.

So I tried to argue. For all the good it did. He wasn't sore at my butting-in: he simply never even considered my arguments. Ada needed him, and he'd have to go back. That was all.

He did go back. The up-ship came through a week or so later, and I went to Papeete not only to greet its arrival but to watch its departure the following day, for I had friends who were sailing. One of those friends, sure enough, was Anderson. He objected, a shade chokily, when I tossed a couple of frangipani leis over his head. Everybody was draped in wreaths, frangipani, tiare Tahiti, tiare taporo, 'upaloke, jasmine, lehua, pukinikini, roses. Everybody, except George Anderson, was shouting or singing or dancing or weeping, or perhaps doing all of these things at once; and when the ship began to shush away from the quay the flowers were torn from heads, ripped off necks, and thrown to friends or to anybody who remained; the air was filled with flowers.

"Aue! aue! te vahine hupipi!
"Aue! aue! patii tona apo'o
repo—"

George Anderson stood a little apart from the other passengers, now and then raising an arm to salute acquaintances who shrieked and sang and waved. Though he was smiling, I didn't need to borrow glasses to learn that there were tears in his eyes. It must be hard to leave Heaven, at that age. But of course he had to do what he thought was right. ⧺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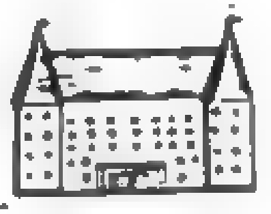

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Showdown at the Turnagain

Continued from page 37

it was morning and we could smell Jeff Croy's bacon and coffee.

Lud Kilbane was still moody, but we knew that he wasn't through by a long shot. There was a glint in his eyes as he regarded Jim Brewster, and we knew Lud was making medicine. As we were rigging our tackle while Jeff Croy was clearing up the dishes, Lud glanced over at the kid.

"Brewster," he said, "as a guest, you're entitled to the courtesy we give every visitor. Some fishing spots along the Turnagain are better than others. For your first day we'll give you a place that is literally alive with big fish!"

For a moment the rest of us stopped fiddling with our tackle and stared at Lud Kilbane in astonishment.

Brewster flushed and looked grateful. "Why," he said, "that's mighty fine of you, Mr. Kilbane. But I don't feel that I deserve—"

"Say no more!" broke in Lud heartily. "Say no more, my boy! We treat our guests right at this place. For your first day on the river we'll give you the Cultus Hole—and the rest of us will stay away from you. You'll have it all to yourself!" And he laughed.

Hell's hinges, we might have known! The Cultus Hole? Sure, it had big fish—the grandpappies of the river. They'd bite, too. But just try to haul one out! The hole was maybe two hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, and it was deep and fairly still water at the edge of current, just the spot for steelhead to move into at night and loaf around during the day. But on bottom was a mass of driftwood which the river had spewed into the pocket. At first you'd think it was going to be a cinch when you got that solid strike on your hook baited with a cluster of eggs, but you'd be snagged at the first rush, and all you'd pull in would be a broken leader. Every laddy buck of us had figured that we could beat the Cultus Hole, and we'd tried hard and often, but in the end we'd taken an oath never to lose any more gear in the cussed place. Old Sicamous John would tell you that it was *tamanowus*, haunted by evil spirits.

Maybe he was right. Down at the lower end of it he had a gill net strung clear across. Because he was an Indian he had a right to take fish that way, according to the law of an old treaty. He'd bootleg 'em, too—sell you a fine fish for a dollar and then swear that he saw you catch it fair and square with a rod, if you were short sport enough to go try it.

Sicamous John and his gill net! Seemed like all of us read Lud Kilbane's mind at the same moment. He was framing Jim Brewster. He wanted Brewster to fish the Cultus Hole and come back with a big steelhead and a fancy yarn of how he'd taken it after a

Continued on page 174

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Showdown at the Turnagain

Continued from pages 37-173

long fight, and then Lud would prove—easy enough, too—that the critter came from the Indian's gill net. Because that sort of net leaves faint marks just back of the gills, where the mesh scrapes off fish scales.

Lud Kilbane was baiting his trap. The kid would walk into it as sure as the devil made buck brush. Lud would show up the kid as being a cheater, thereby proving to his way of thinking that no young feller me lad who wasn't in uniform or else building war weapons was fit to associate with white folks.

Sounded sort of raw, but maybe Lud was right. Maybe he'd been right all along about Jim Brewster, and the rest of us had been easygoing old softies. Might do the kid good. Sometimes you can stiffen a man's backbone and square his shoulders with a dose of humiliation.

Seemed like we'd never hit better fishing conditions on the Turnagain. There'd been rain a few days before, and the taste of it had started the steelhead moving upstream. Nights were sharp and on the upper slopes there were still patches of snow, but here and there were mountain flowers and in the damp gullies trilliums were blooming. Up in those quiet hills the war seemed far away, something happening in another world. After we'd snagged a few fish for the pan—tiddlers around seven or eight pounds—a few of us sort of drifted together at one of the pools.

We squatted there and got out our pipes, and somebody had been farsighted enough to bring along a flask. Bill Deegan hoisted one, shuddered and said, "I figured I was going to kick the throne right out from under King Lud today. I'll bet there are thirty-pounders in some of these holes. Why can't we tie into one?"

Ben Carver put in his say. "I've fished these waters for ten years. Never saw conditions more perfect than they are today. But—no fish! So what? So we've got to let Lud Kilbane make our coattails snap for another year, maybe. Because he's got his hackles up, after what we did last night. Think I'll give up fishing for the duration."

"Tillikum," remarked Deegan, "you could do that or start watering your whiskey. Seems like you have bad dreams. You sounded last night like you were fighting the battle of Château-Thierry all over again!"

"Me?" demanded Carver hotly, "I never peeped. It was one of you guys. All I know is that Lud yelled. I was already awake!"

"Okay," agreed Deegan, "but whoever it was must have had plenty on his mind. It sounded like—"

But he broke off then as he caught sight of something down-

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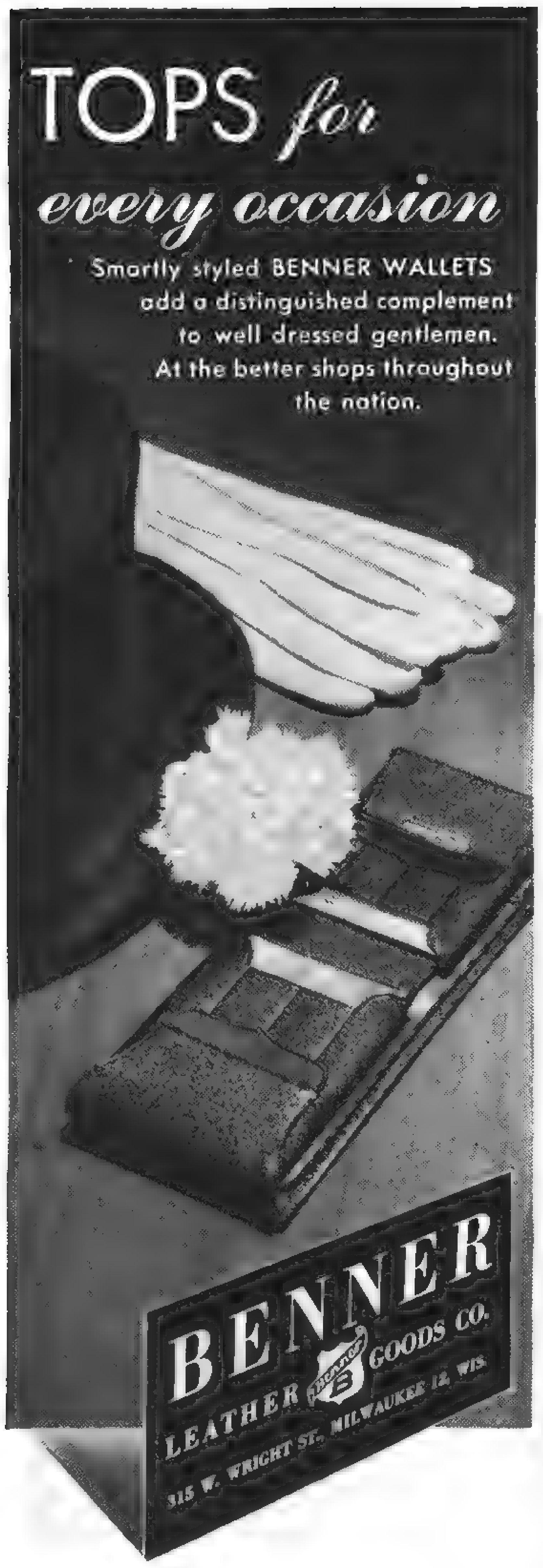
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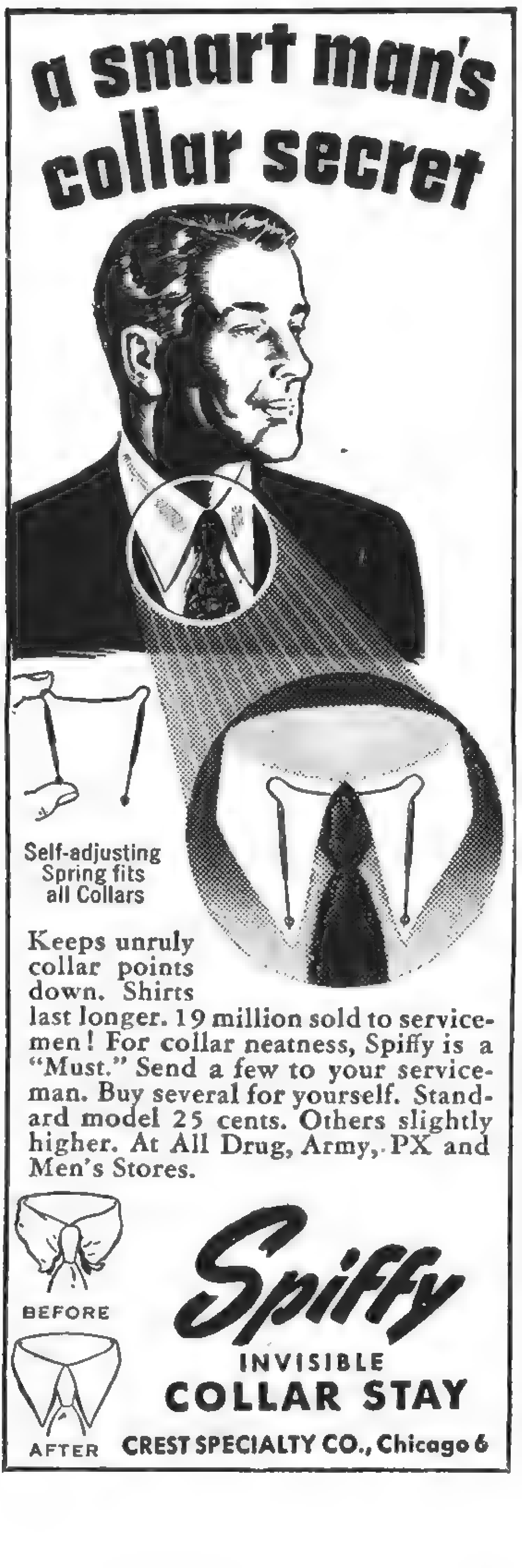
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river. The rest of us saw the amazement in his face and turned to see what he was staring at. Coming up the trail was Lud Kilbane, and he was carrying the old he-coon of all steelheads. He saw us gaping at him and he grinned all over as he came up.

"Well, boys," he said with quiet relish as he laid the big fish on a flat rock, "you may give your tired eyes a treat. Go ahead—look as long and as hard as you please! Because you've never seen a steelhead that size before, and you're not likely to see it again. Twenty-five pounds four ounces by my pocket scales—and bet me something they're not accurate!"

Twenty-five pounds four ounces! This beast he'd snagged topped the twenty-one-pounder which had made him king of the club. Why, the sidewinder was going to be our boss for life! It wasn't fair, it wasn't right. As Bill Deegan said afterward, it wasn't even constitutional.

Ben Carver bent over the monster examining head and gills suspiciously. Lud Kilbane chuckled. "Sorry, Ben," he remarked, "but that baby didn't come from the Cultus Hole, nor from Sicamous John's gill net. Took him fair and square from the pool below Big Bend."

Well, that was that. He had a prize we were going to hear about for a long time to come.

"Somebody grab me," said Bill Deegan weakly. "I think I'm going to jump in and end it all!"

"Give me time to get drunk," Ben Carver approved, "and I'll join you. Let's get back to camp. So goes another day when it didn't pay to get out of bed!"

Nobody was at the place, but that didn't surprise us because it still lacked an hour before dark. Jeff Croy was likely poking about somewhere, while Jim Brewster probably was still trying to lick the Cultus Hole. While Lud Kilbane, whistling happily, set about taking measurements of his fish and laying it out in state in a box half-filled with wet ferns. We were half through the second quart and had agreed that we'd join the Foreign Legion and roam the desert where never a steelhead stream is found, when we heard Jeff Croy and Jim Brewster outside.

Bill Deegan said, "We'll take Brewster with us. Maybe he likes camels, too!"

"Can't be done," declared Ben Carver. "Lud's got him in 1-A already!"

"Shut up!" snapped Lud Kilbane. He was awaiting his moment of triumph and he wasn't going to have it spoiled. He had the fish in its ferny bier lying right out there in plain sight where the others could see it. There was a look on his face, too, that said he was ready to spring his trap—that he knew what to expect of Jim Brewster.

Jeff Croy came in first and his eyes bugged out a little when he saw Lud's prize. But he didn't get excited. Jeff Croy never does.

"Nice fish," he said. He didn't

Continued on page 176

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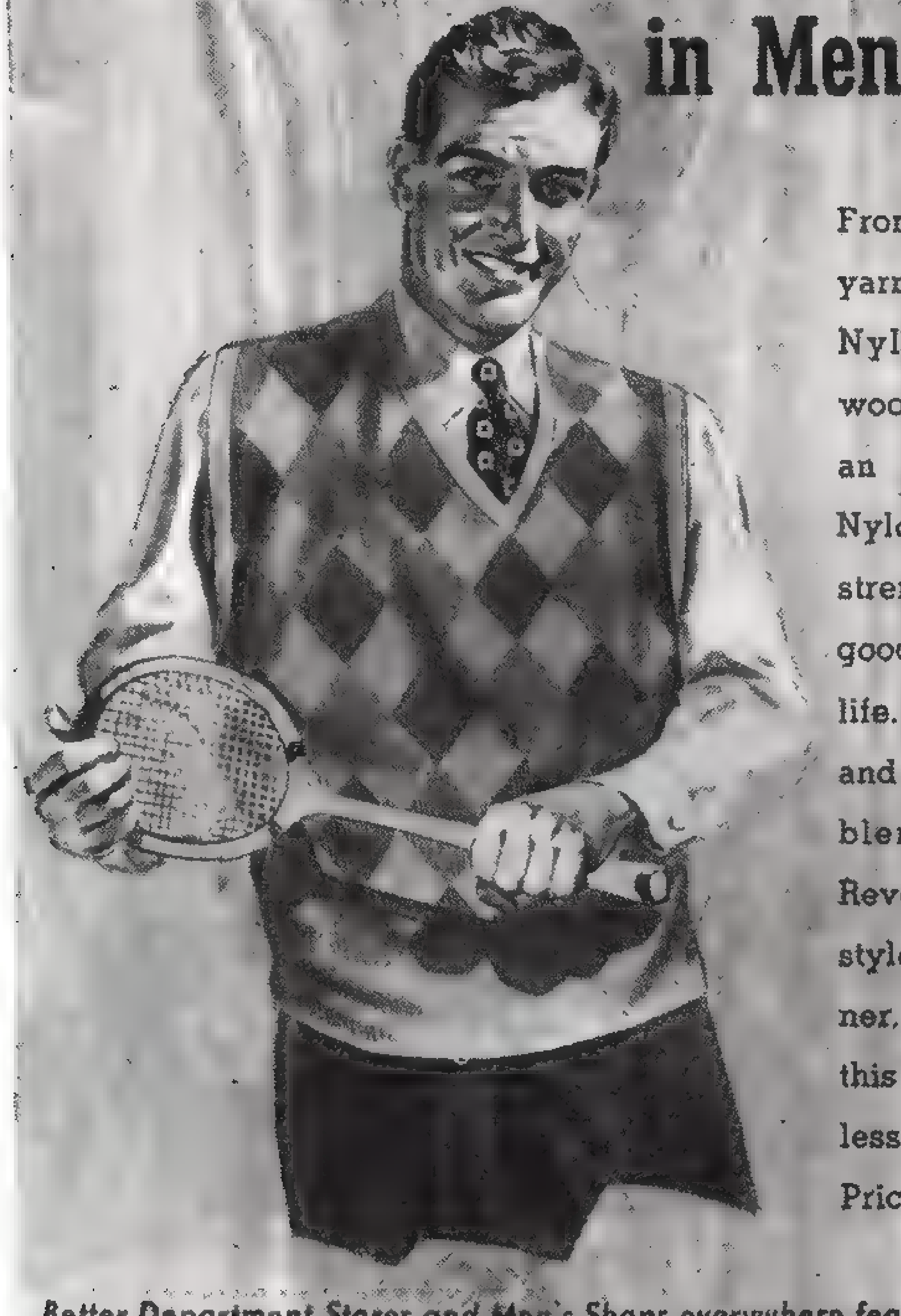

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Showdown at the Turnagain

Continued from pages 37-173-175

need to ask who had caught the steelhead; that was written all over Lud Kilbane.

But Jim Brewster was more deeply stirred. He stared at the fish and wagged his head in admiration.

"Yours, Mr. Kilbane?" he asked. "That's a beauty. I never dreamed that steelhead trout got to be so big. Congratulations!"

Lud nodded, smiling, his eyes veiled under the brim of his hat. "What luck did you have at the Cultus Hole?" he asked politely. He used the same tone when he filled his hand in a big jack pot.

"Show him your fish," Jeff Croy told the kid.

Jim Brewster went out and came back right away, carrying a critter whose tail dragged the floor. S'help us, he'd caught the granddad of the river! Leastwise he had the old boss sockdolager himself, the king of the Turnagain, no matter how the monster had been snagged.

"Runs close to thirty-three pound," said Jeff Croy calmly.

Sight of a fish that size flabbergasted all of us. But right away Lud got a grip on himself. Once more he was smiling.

"You caught him in the Cultus Hole?" he asked.

Jim Brewster hesitated, and looked at Jeff Croy for an instant. "At the lower end of it," he said.

"Had a little trouble with him, I suppose?" Lud went on silkily. "There are a few snags on the bottom."

"He got hung up a couple of times," the kid explained, "but each time he worked himself loose. Guess I fought him a half hour."

Lud Kilbane's smile broadened. He had the kid now. When he got through with Jim Brewster, that young feller me lad was going to learn the parallel between a cheater at fishing and a cheater at the patriotic duty to one's country. He'd be so humiliated that he'd likely strike out for the nearest recruiting station and volunteer as a paratrooper, or else be putting in overtime turning out bombers. The setup seemed perfect.

"Ah!" said Lud, as he stooped to examine the fish's head. "Very interesting!"

Jeff Croy broke in quietly. "If you're lookin' for gill-net marks, you won't find 'em."

Lud Kilbane straightened up. There wasn't a scratch on the fish, so far as the rest of us could see. But Lud wasn't licked by a long shot.

"I've heard of that trick, too," he told Jeff Croy. "All you need do is put the fish in a wet gunny sack and shake him up and down for awhile, and the gill-net marks disappear!"

"You'll find no gill-net marks on that fish," Jeff Croy pointed out. "*Because I saw Jim Brewster ketch him!*"

We looked at Jeff Croy. "Hap-

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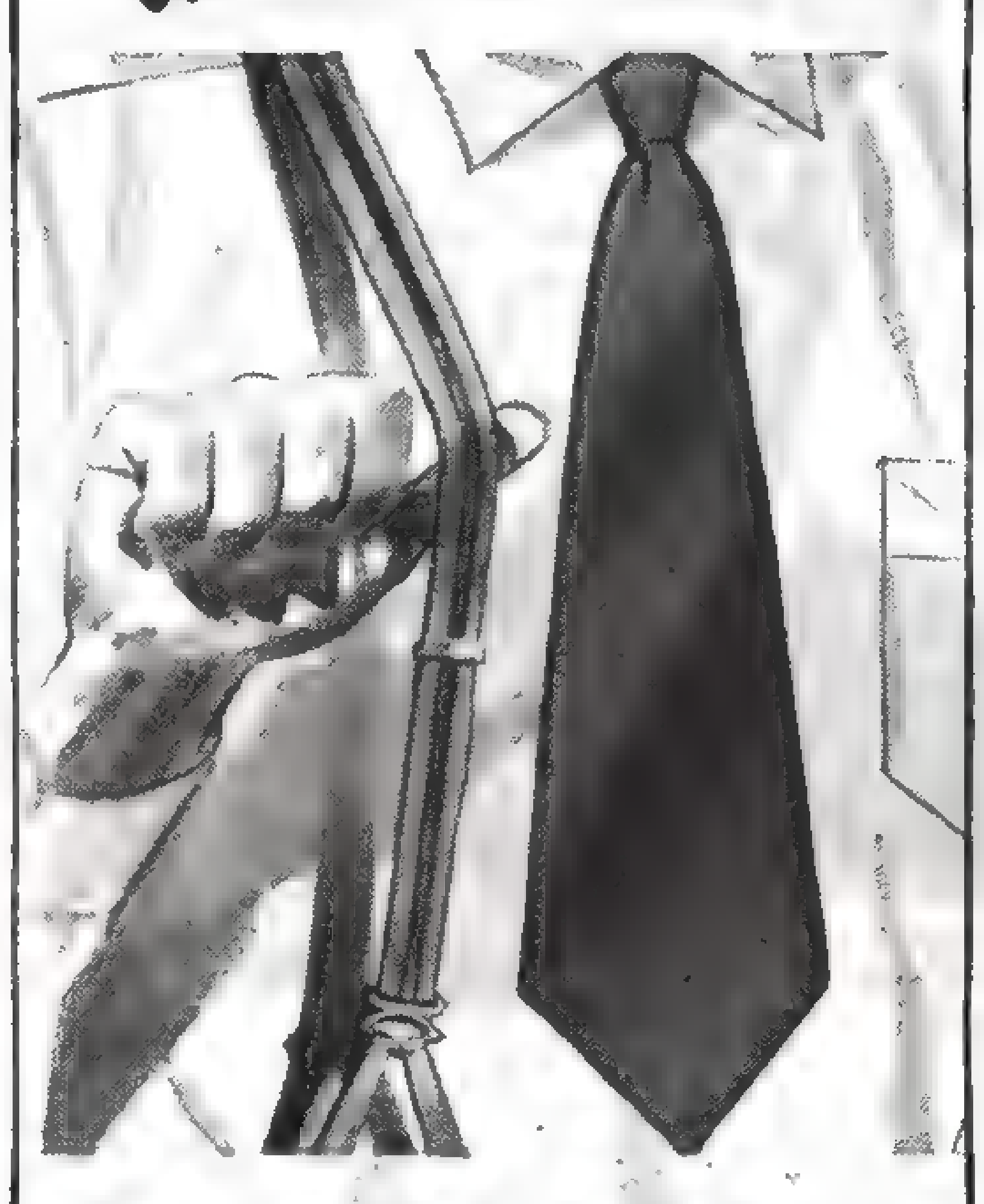

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pened as Brewster says," Croy went on. "Sicamous John died last winter. Place where he used to stretch his gill net is clear—best hole on the river."

The kid smiled reminiscently. "I lost some tackle in the Cultus Hole," he said. "Hooked into big fish, but they got away. Then I moved to the lower end, where the bottom seemed clearer. Mr. Croy gave me some good advice about playing this fish."

"Seemed important not to let a critter that big get away," said Jeff Croy.

The party we staged that night shook the cabin to its foundations.

None of us felt like rousing out early next morning. Jeff Croy had the flapjacks and coffee, along with bacon-stripped trout, on the table and had called us twice before we snapped out of it. First thing we noticed was that he'd rearranged our places at the table—there was one plate shy. "Where's Brewster?" asked Bill Deegan.

"Pulled out before daylight," Jeff Croy answered. "You want your eggs straight up?"

Pulled out? Seemed like we'd heard somebody stirring in the dark, but we hadn't paid any attention. "Where'd he go, and why?" Deegan demanded.

"Had to report back to the hospital before noon," Jeff said. "They only gave him twenty-four hours out of uniform. Navy's mighty strict about sech things."

"Navy?"

"Maybe you didn't understand," Croy went on. "You know my boy, Joe. Went ashore in the first wave of Marines that took Guadalcanal. Jim Brewster was with him. Both crawled into the same foxhole when the Japs struck back. Joe was hurt, but Brewster didn't leave him. Held that point all day, until his ammunition run out. He was plugged a few times himself, but he managed to drag Joe back to where the rest of the outfit was dug in. Picked up malaria and a few other things so that they sent him back to the States to recover, before goin' back to the South Pacific for another crack at the Japs. Joe told him to look me up, because Brewster allus liked to fish. That's why I was expectin' him. Joe wrote me to help tie him into the biggest fish in the Turnagain. I done the best I could."

Lud Kilbane had already started in on breakfast, but of a sudden he pushed away from the table and got up and began throwing his duffle together. We didn't say anything right away; reckon we sort of felt sorry for him. He was out, so far as being king of the club was concerned; atop of that he'd made a bit of a fool of himself. But he'd done what he thought was right. He wasn't a bad guy at heart, and he had a real stake in this war.

"Where you going?" asked Ben Carver finally.

"Home," replied Lud Kilbane shortly. "I think I'll have my ears trimmed." ⧣

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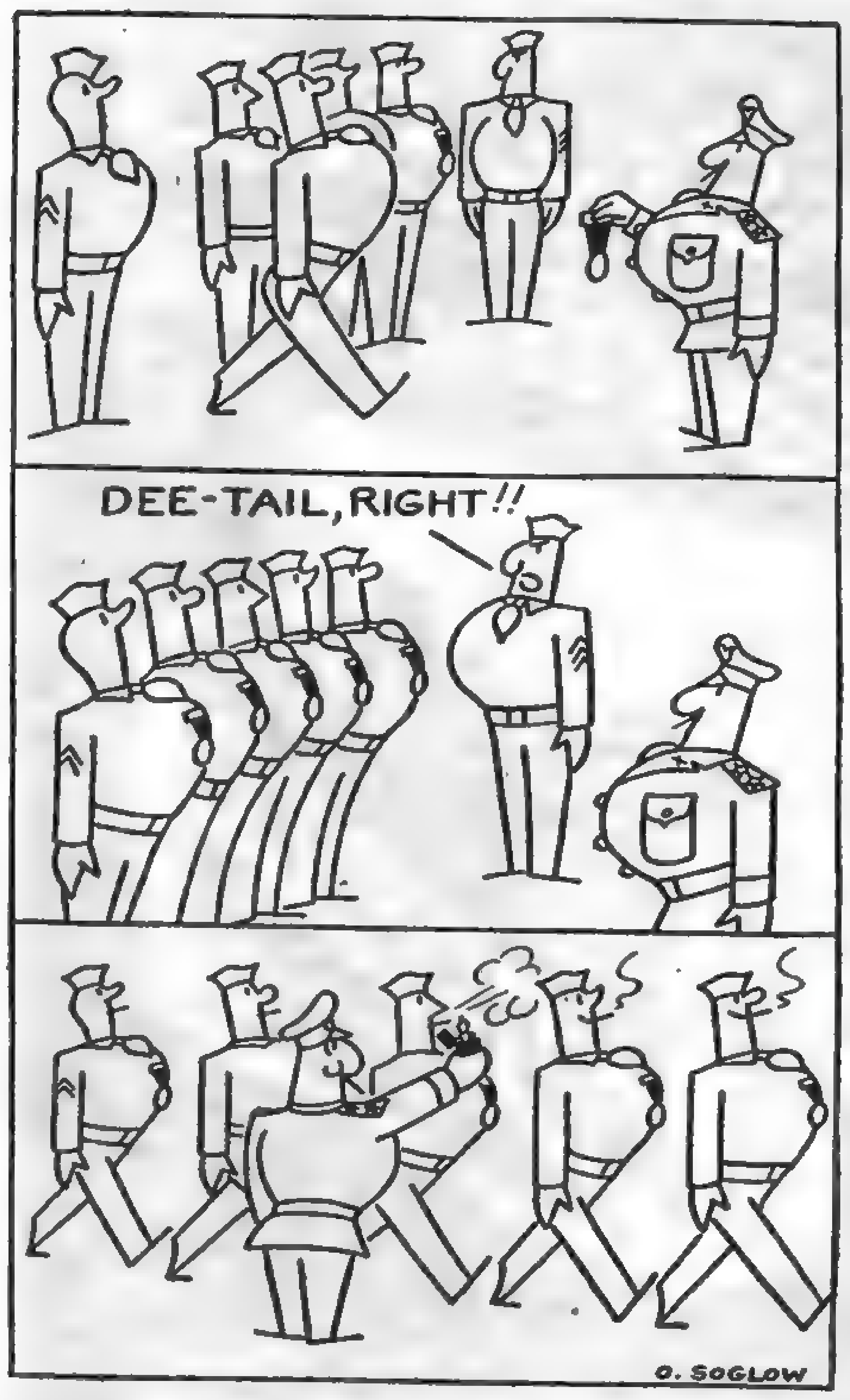

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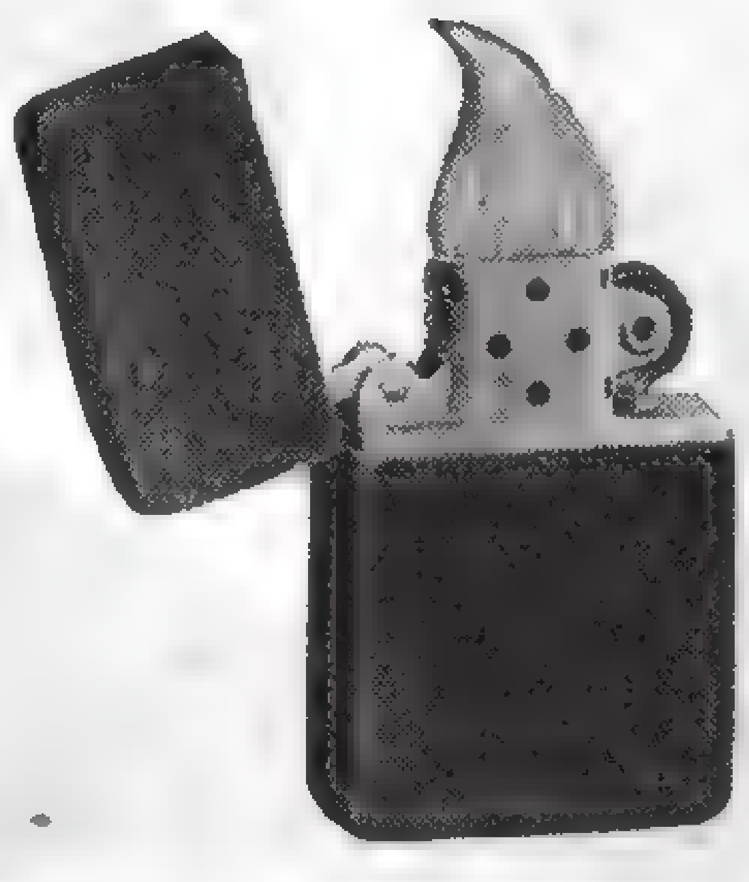

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

JULY 1945

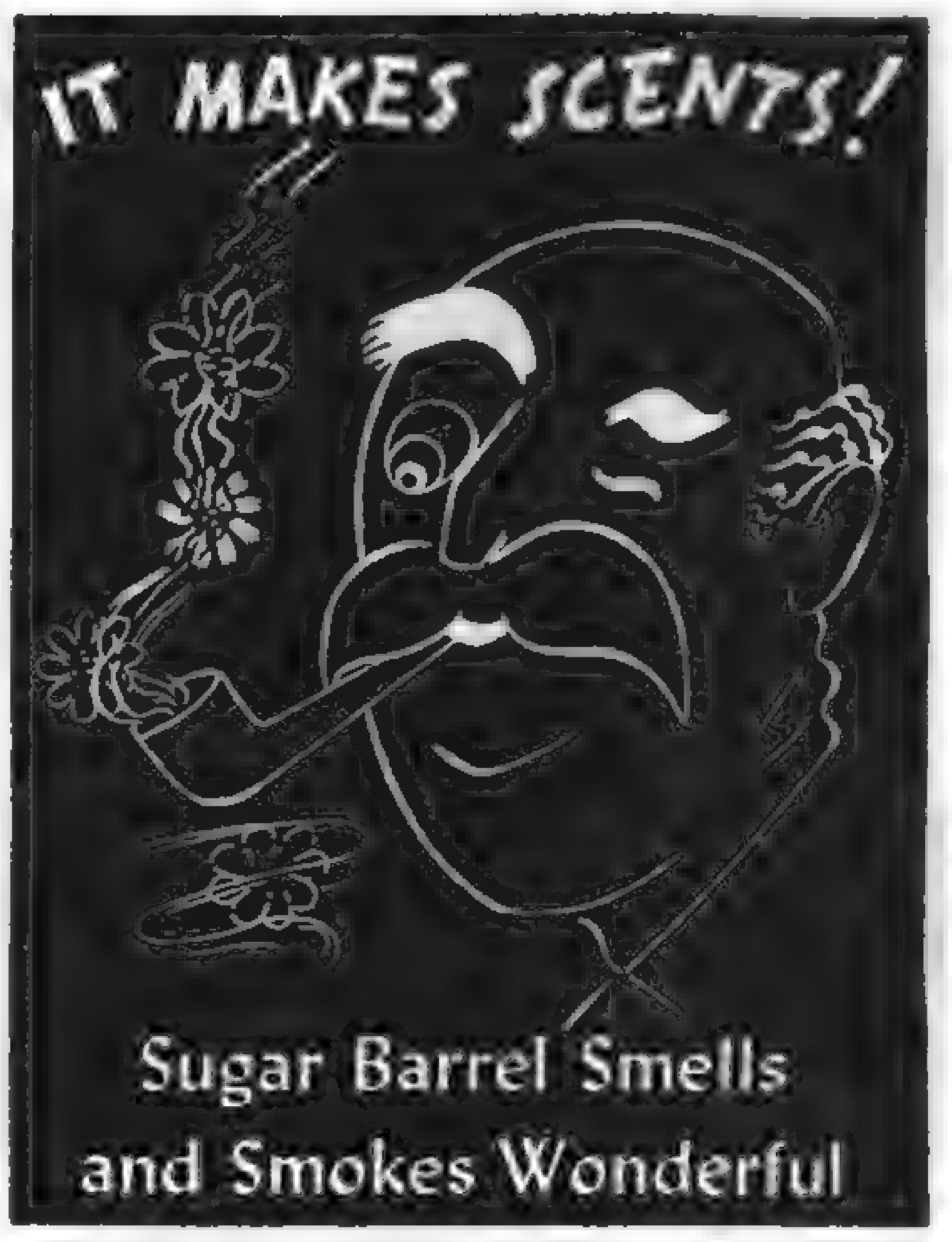
Abbott's Bitters 23
Abels, Robert 18
Adler Shoes for Men 8
Air-tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) 136
Allen Edmonds (Flying Boot) 179
Alligator Co., The 148
American Optical Co.
  (Cool-Ray) 144
Ameritex Fabrics (Marlboro
  Shirt Co., Inc.) 115
Andover Clothes, Inc. 176
Angostura-Wuppermann 149
Arlington Mills (Arlingcrest) 147
Arrid 140
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody
  & Co., Inc.) 105
Arrow Importing Co. 139

B.V.D. Corp., The 20
Bancroft Cap Co. (Pak-Cap) 175
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas.
  (Corby's) 129
Bardinet (Williams Importers) 122
Bass & Co., G. H. (Weejuns) 176
Bates Shoe Co. (Lounger) 171
Beacon Clocks (Holeproof
  Hosiery Co.) 161
Bell Watch Co. 8
Benedictine D. O. M. (Julius
  Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 169
Benner Leather Goods Co. 175
Bergamot (Jean Vivaudou
  Co., Inc.) 136
Berkeley (The Wilson Mfg. Co.,
  Inc.) 178
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J.
  (Red Horse) 164
Black, Walter J. 25
Blatz Brewing Co. 177
Block, H & L (Rancho) 144
Book-of-the-Month Club 9
Boston Braces (George Frost Co.) 176
Botany Worsted Mills
  (Sand Hues) 12
Bradner Publishing Co. 15
Bristol-Myers Co. (Mum) 168
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.
  (King) 117
Brugal (Park & Tilford
  Import Corp.) 161
Buchsbaum & Co., S. (Style
  King) 139

Calvert Distillers Corp.
  (Lord Calvert) 108
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix
  Royale) 24
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Johnnie Walker 165
  Nuyens 171
Capitol Records 174
Cash's Woven Names 16
Castle Hats (O'Rourke of
  California) 140
Catalina Knitting Mills 138
Chateau Lejon (National
  Distillers Products Corp.) 173
Cisco, Inc. 174
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
  (Arrow) 105
Cointreau, Ltd. 146
Cohn Goldwater (Palmdayl) 179
Columbia Wales Craft Co.
  (McGregor Billfold) 8
Comptone Co. (Oculens) 15
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 23
Cool-Ray (American Optical Co.) 144
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 128
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co.,
  Ltd.) 129
Coronet Brandy (Cresta Blanca
  Wine Co., Inc.) 156
Courtley, Ltd. 112
Crest Specialty Co. (Spiffy) 175
Curtiss Wright 13

Dan River Mills:
  Skytop 157
  Rivercool 21
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U.
  (Myers's) 155
Demuth Co., Wm. 169
Dennis Co., The Martin (Lexol) 8
Detective Book Club 25
Disney Hats (Penny Wate Ten) 150
Distinctive Creations, Inc. 8
Dobbs Hats 133
Drueke & Sons, Wm. F. (Play-
  A-Way) 177
DuBouchett (Many, Blanc &
  Co., Inc.) 143
Dunhill, Alfred (Rollalite) 159
Duotone 18
Dutch Masters 152

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
  (Emperor) 155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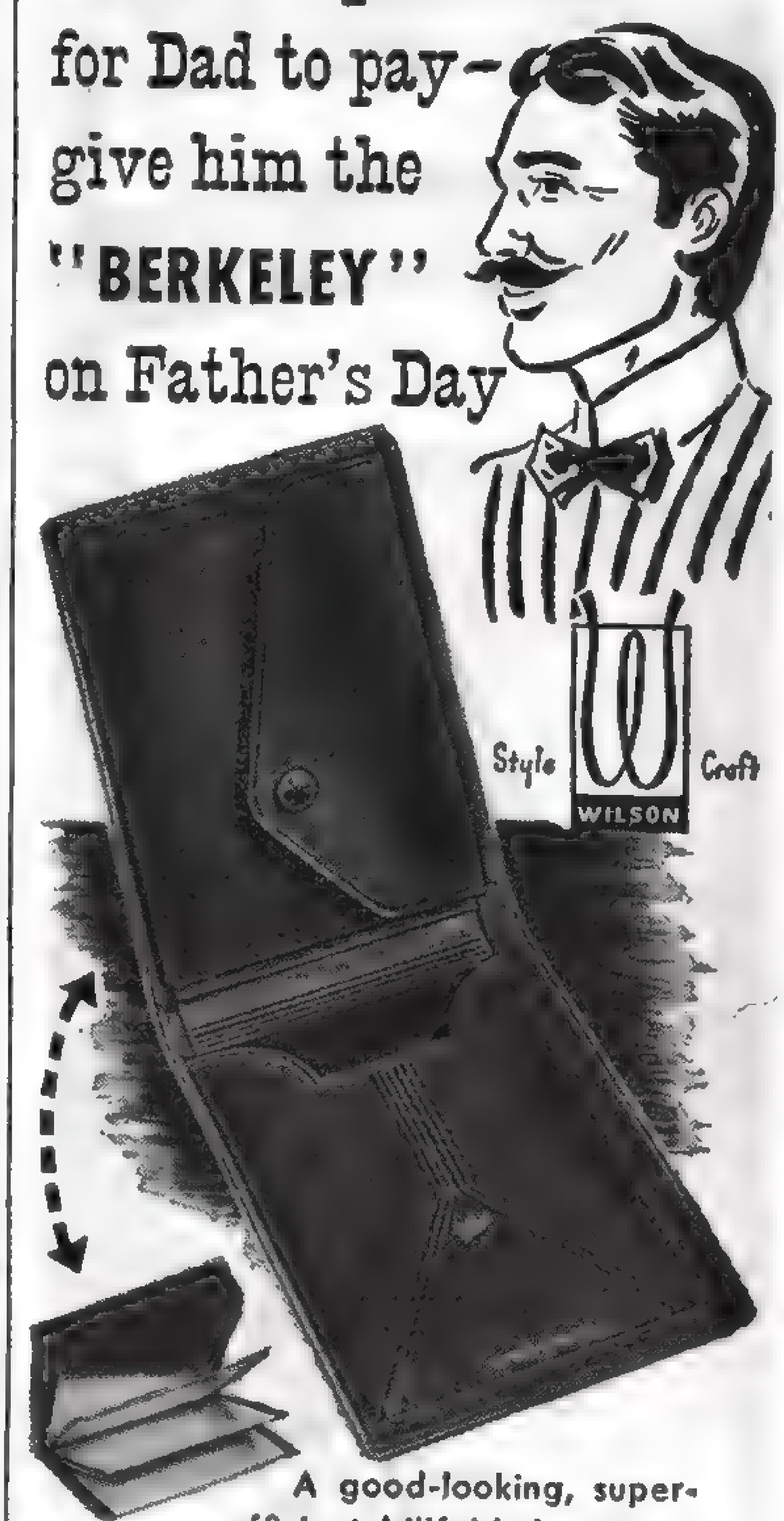

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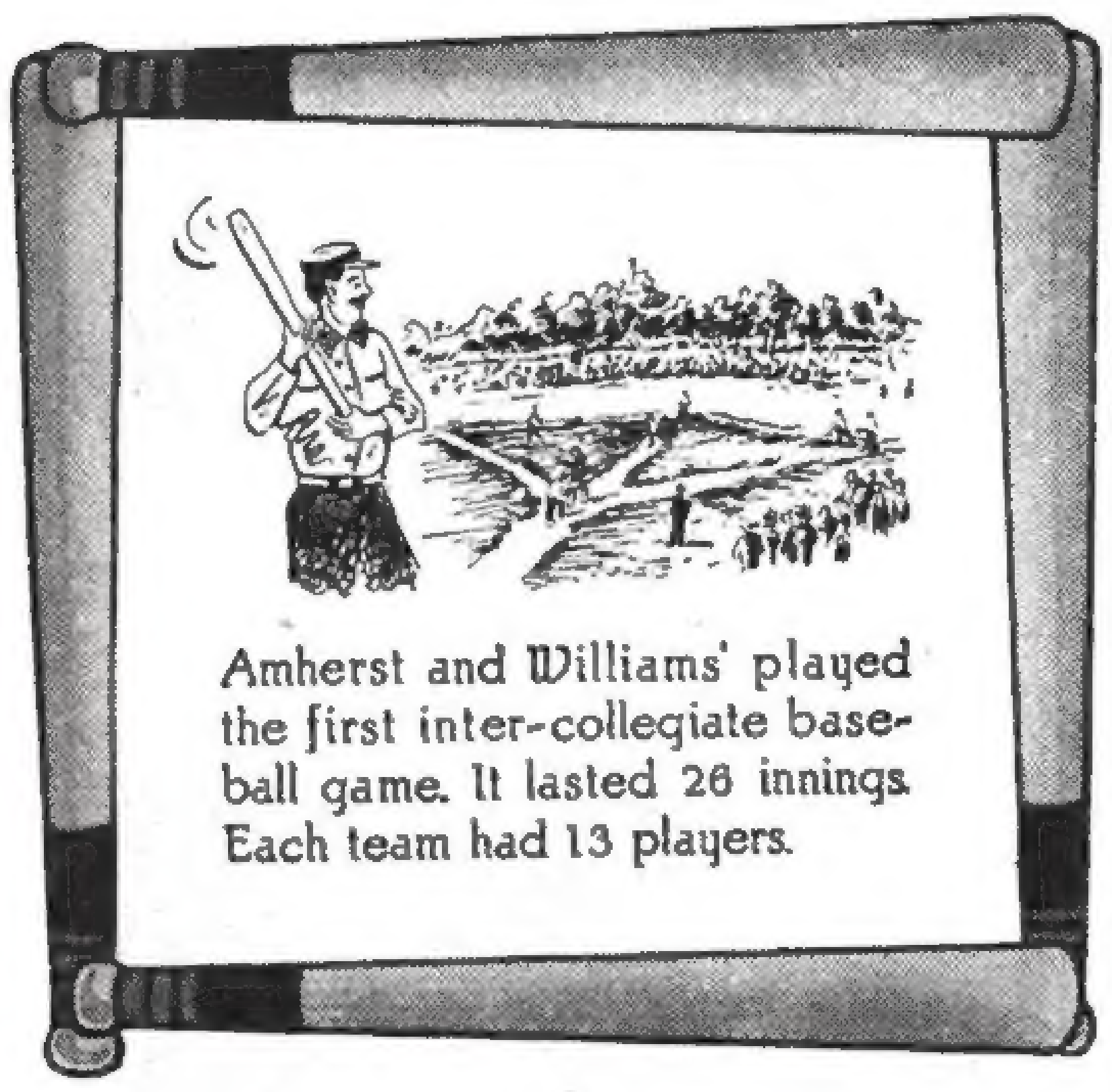
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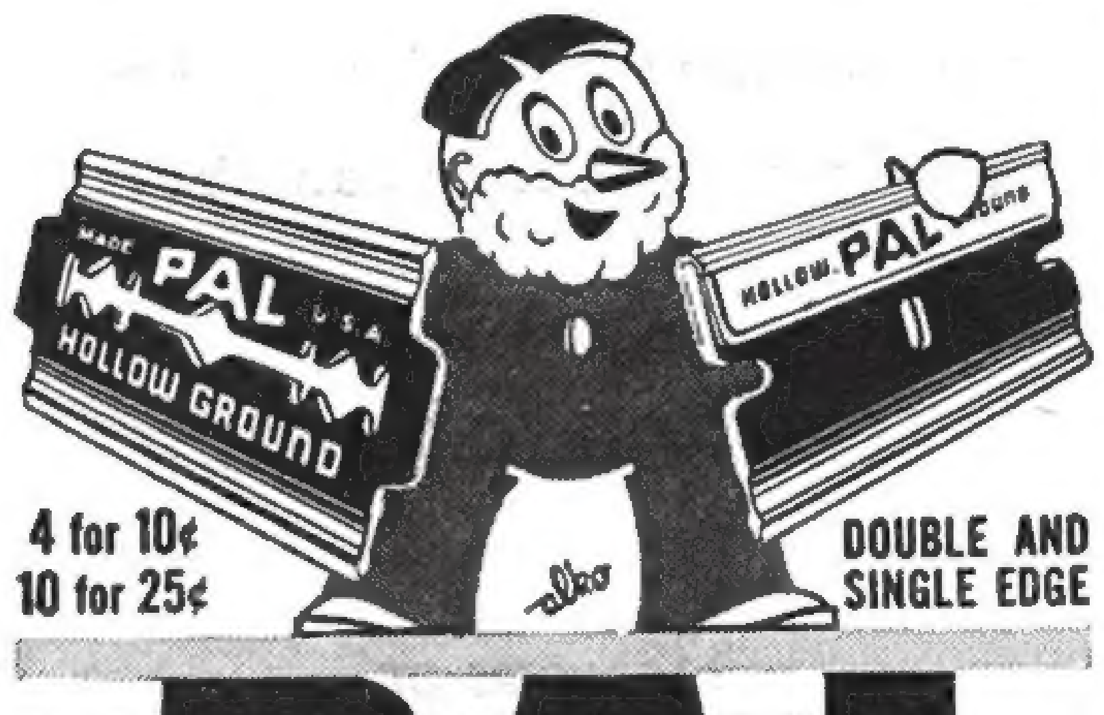
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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Famous-Sternberg, Inc. (Lordly) 172
Fat Men's Shop, Inc. 16
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 150
51 (The Parker Pen Co.) II Cover
Flagg Bros. (Zombies) 15
Fleischmann Distilling Corp. 137
Flying Boot (Allen Edmonds) 179
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses) 11
Frost Co., George (Boston Braces) 176

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) 150
Galvin Mfg. Corp. (Motorola) 123
Gantner & Mattern Co. (Wikies) 15
General Motors (Customer Research Dept.) 18
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., (Kentucky Tavern) 19
Globe Novelty House (Royal London) 15
Glover's 8
Glover Co., H. B. 152
Golden Wedding (Joseph S. Finch & Co.) 14
Gooderham & Worts, Ltd. (William Penn) 163
Gothic Jarproof Watch Corp. 153
Graves & Sons Co., C. H. 158
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe) 8
Guardsman (Robinson Reminders) 160

Haggar Co. 154
Hale Rubber Co., Alfred (Rajah Soles) 154
Hamilton Watch Co. 172
Havana Club (Williams Import) 179
Hickok 111
Hickory (A. Stein & Co.) 162
Holeproof Hosiery Co. (Beacon Clocks) 161
Hollywood Polish Co. 16
Home Equipment Co. (Porta-Poker) 16
Homis Watch Co. 16
Hull Mfg. Co. 18

Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. (Jayson) 168
Jantzen 29
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 128

Kahn, Inc., David (Zenith) 162
Kaye-Meyers Co. (Terry Wallets) 134
Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 159
Kelly's, Jimmy 23
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.) 19
King (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.) 117
Kings Men (Windsor House, Ltd.) 145
Knopf Mfg. Co., S. H. 178

Laird & Co. 24
Lamm Bros., Inc. 170
Leon & Eddie's 24
Leroux & Co., Inc. 180
Lion of Troy Shirts 143
Literary Guild of America, Inc. 17
Longfellows (Penn Tobacco Co.) 165
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.) 108
Lordly (Famous-Sternberg Inc.) 172
Lounger (Bates Shoe Co.) 171
Lubin Weeker Co., Inc. (Weldon) 116

MacFadden Foundation 18
MacRae (Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.) 180
Magazine Repeating Razor Co. (Schick) 163
Manhattan Sportswear 28
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc. (DuBouchett) 143
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 126
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc. (Ameritex Fabrics) 115
Marxman Pipe 174
McCurrach Organization 131
Meeker Co., Inc., The 158
Middleton, John (Walnut) 173
Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc. 3
Moore, Inc., John Hudson (Sportsman) 124

Continued on page 180

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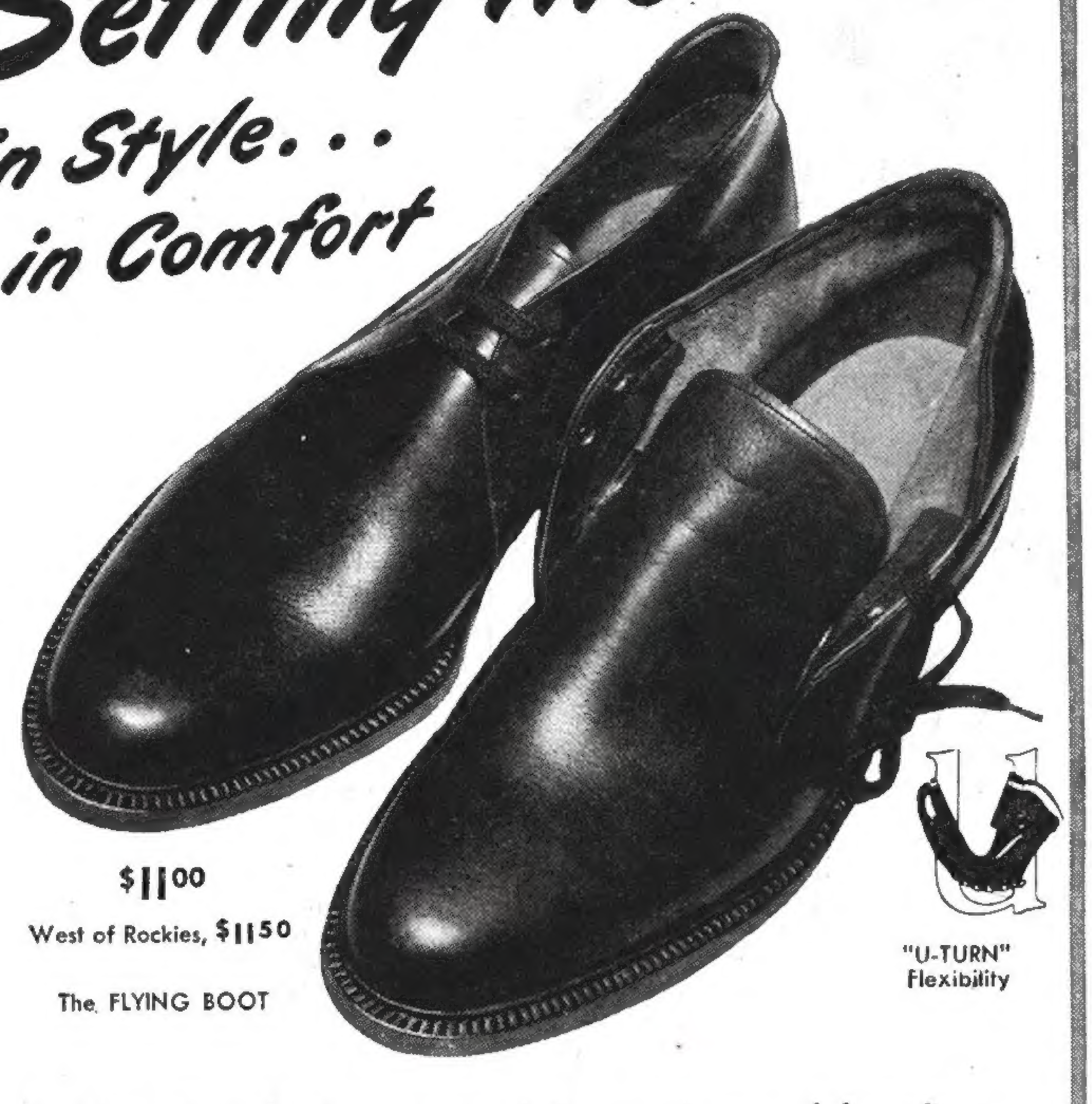
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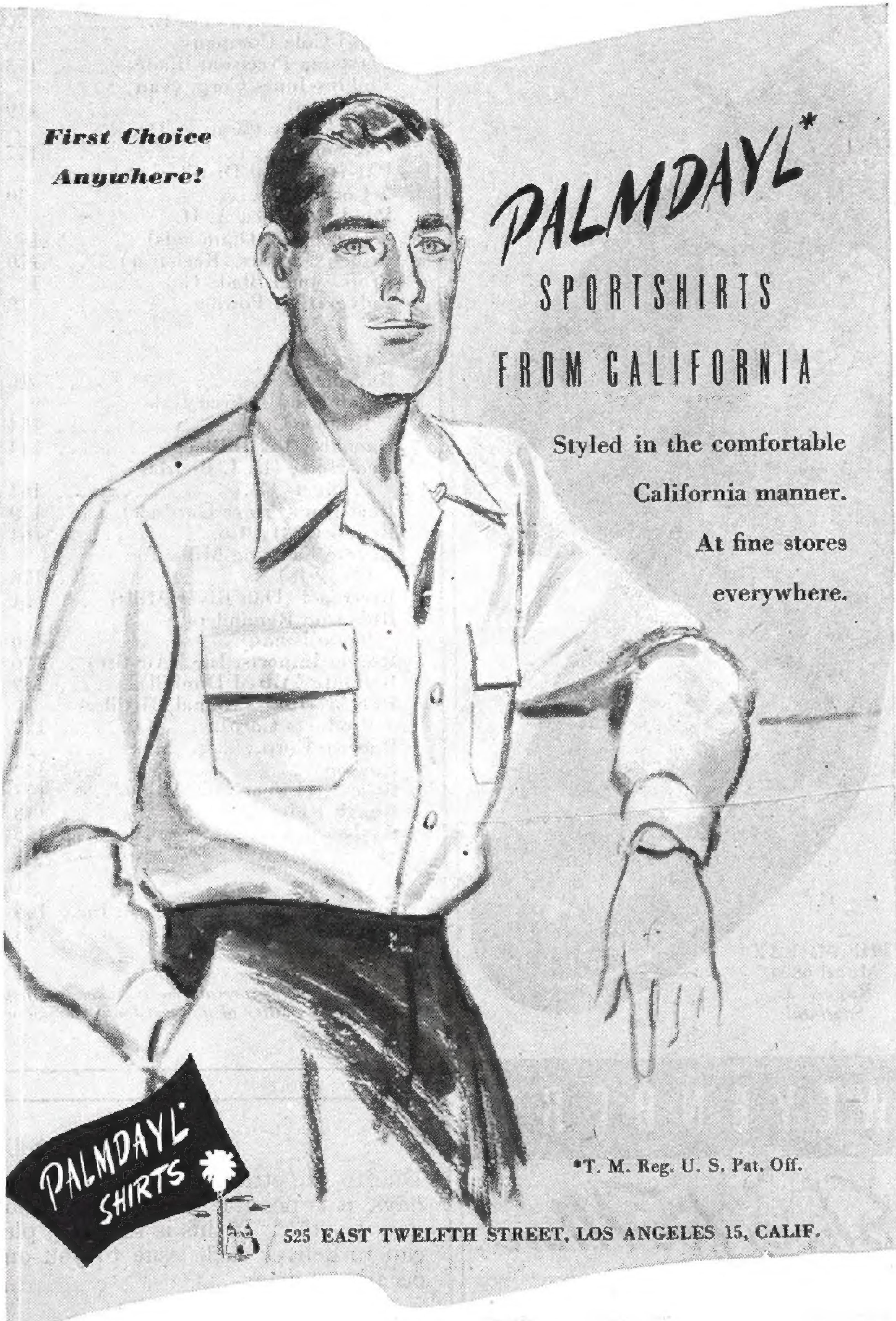
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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor.............. 8
  Marlboro Cigarettes.......... 126
  Philip Morris............. 110
Morro (Rose Neckwear Co.)..... 177
Motorola (Galvin Mfg. Corp.)... 123
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas)... 141
Mum (Bristol-Myers Co.)....... 168
Myers's (R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.)...................... 155

National Distillers Products Corp:
  Chateau Lejon............. 173
  De Kuyper's Delecta......... 23
  Old Angus................ 167
  Old Crow................. 149
  PM...................... 30
  Ron Merito............... 127
National Magic Co............. 8
National Premium Beer......... 23
New Ocean House.............. 24
Noymer Mfg. Co............... 172
Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale Inc.)...................... 171

Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.)............. 167
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.)............. 149
Ogilvie Method Men's Shop...... 16
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.)........ 107
O'Leary, Inc., Lydia (Spot-Stik). 16
O'Rourke of California (Castle Hats)............... 140

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer....IV Cover
Pak-Cap (Bancroft Hat Co.)..... 175
Pal Hollow Ground Blades...... 179
Palmdayl (Cohn Goldwater)..... 179
Paris Belts (A. Stein & Co.)..... 114
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords....... 24
  Brugal.................. 161
  Vat 69.................. 145
Parker Pen Co. (51)........II Cover
Penn Tobacco Co. (Longfellows). 165
Penn, William (Gooderham & Worts, Ltd.)................ 163
Penny Wate Ten (Disney Hats).. 150
Peper, Christian (London Dock Tobacco)............. 23
Pepper & Co., James E......... 120
Pepsi-Cola Company........... 113
Personna Precision Blades....... 173
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen).................. 119
Play-A-Way (Wm. F. Drueke & Sons)................. 177
PM (National Distillers Products Corp.)................... 30
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds)........ 159
Prince Gardner (Registrar)...... 170
Professional Blade Co.......... 177
Pulvex Flea Powder........... 18

Rabsons..................... 16
Rajah Soles (Alfred Hale Rubber Co.)............... 154
Rancho (H & L Block)......... 144
Red Horse (D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.) 164
Registrar (Prince Gardner)...... 170
Reliance Mfg. Co.............. 164
Revere Knitting Mills, Inc. (Travelo).................. 176
Rivercool (Dan River Mills)..... 21
Robinson Reminders (Guardsman)................ 160
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-tite)... 136
Rollalite (Alfred Dunhill)....... 159
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp)............. 127
Ronrico Corp.................. 24
Ronson...................... 142
Rose Neckwear Co. (Morro)..... 177
Rough Rider.................. 148
Ry-Krisp.................... 156

Samsonite (Shwayder Bros., Inc.) 166
Sanford's Ink................. 15
Sand Hues (Botany Worsted Mills)..................... 12
Schenley Distillers Corp. (Reserve)................... 27
Scherk (Tars)................. 151
Schick (Magazine Repeating Razor Co.)................. 163
Schieffelin & Co. (Teacher's)..... 141
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross) . 8
Seggerman Nixon Corp. (Ron Oliver)................... 23
Seven Seas (Moyer Mfg. Co.).... 141
Shedd-Bartush Foods, Inc. 15
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice)........ 107
Shwayder Bros. Inc. (Samsonite). 166
Skinner & Sons, William (Tackle Twill).............. 109
Skytop (Dan River Mills)....... 157
Sonora Radio and Television Corp..................... 7
Speas Co..................... 24
Spiffy (Crest Specialty Co.)..... 175
Sportsman (John Hudson Moore, Inc.)..................... 124
Stacy-Adams................ 18
Stein & Co., A:
  Paris Belts............... 114
  Hickory.................. 162
Stern, Inc., L & H (Sterncrest)... 166
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.......... 16
Style King (S. Buchsbaum & Co.) 139
Sugar Barrel Associates......... 178
Sugar Manufacturer's Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The.......... 23
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 138
Swank:
  Jewelry.................. 121
  Leather.................. 146

Tackle Twill (William Skinner & Sons).................. 109
Tars (Scherk)................ 151
Teacher's (Schieffelin & Co.)..... 141
Terry Wallets (Kaye-Meyers Co.). 134
TexTan..................... 167
Textron, Inc..............III Cover
Timely Clothes, Inc............ 153
Travelo (Revere Knitting Mills, Inc.)...................... 176

Union Pacific Railroad.......... 4

Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.).................... 119
Van Roy Co., Inc.............. 147
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.).................... 145
Vivaudou Co., Inc., Jean (Bergamot)................. 136

Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)............. 165
Walker, Inc., M. S. (Swanee Pride).................... 138
Walnut (John Middleton)....... 173
Weber & Co., C. B............. 18
Weejuns (G. H. Bass & Co.) 176
Wegman Co., S. J.............. 18
Weldon (Lubin Weeker Co., Inc.)..................... 116
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (MacRae).................. 180
Wildroot Co., Inc.............. 160
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Benedictine D. O. M.)....... 169
Williams Importers:
  Bardinet................. 122
  Havana Club.............. 179
Wilson Sporting Goods Co....... 125
Wilson Mfg., Inc. (Berkeley).... 178
Windsor House, Ltd. (Kings Men) 145
Wine Advisory Board........... 22
Wings Shirts................. 151
Winship Co., The.............. 137
Wright, Curtiss................ 13

Yale, George.................. 23
Yello-Bole Pipes.............. 142
Young, Inc., W. F............. 15

Zenith (David Kahn, Inc.)...... 162
Zippo Mfg. Co................ 178

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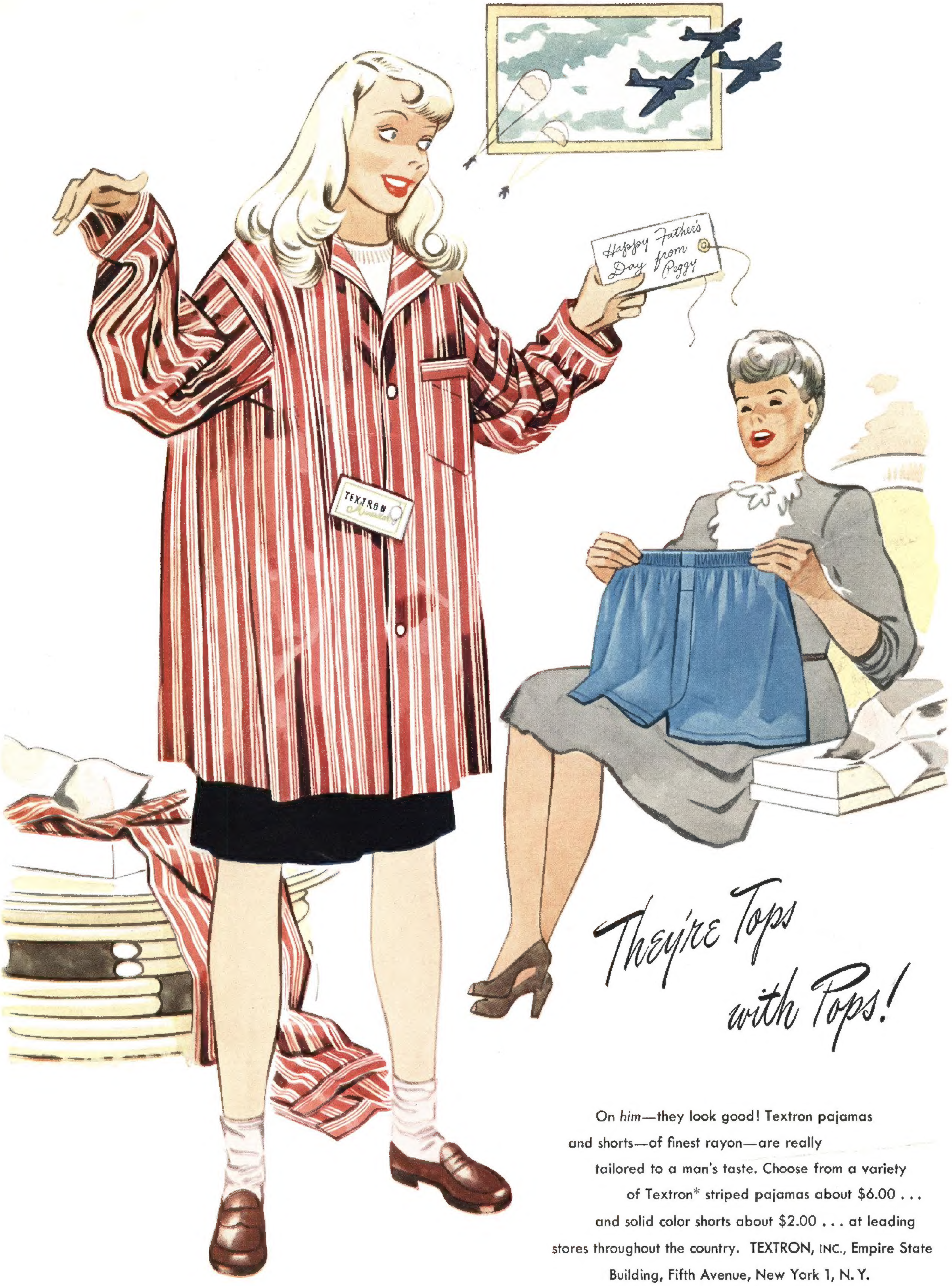
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